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Costikyan: The Back-Room Boss Behind Ed Koch

NE DOLLAR NOVEMBER 21, 1977

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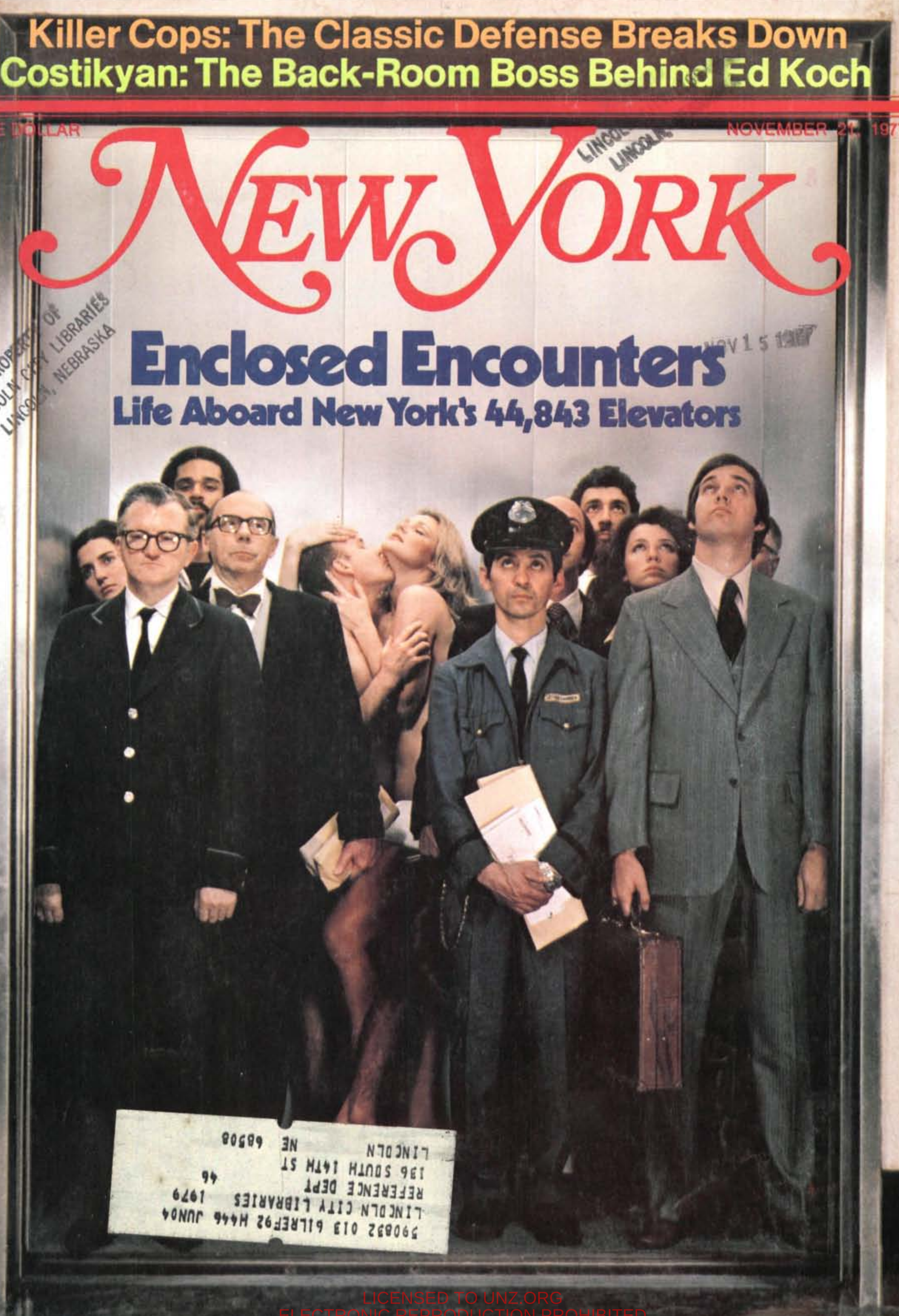

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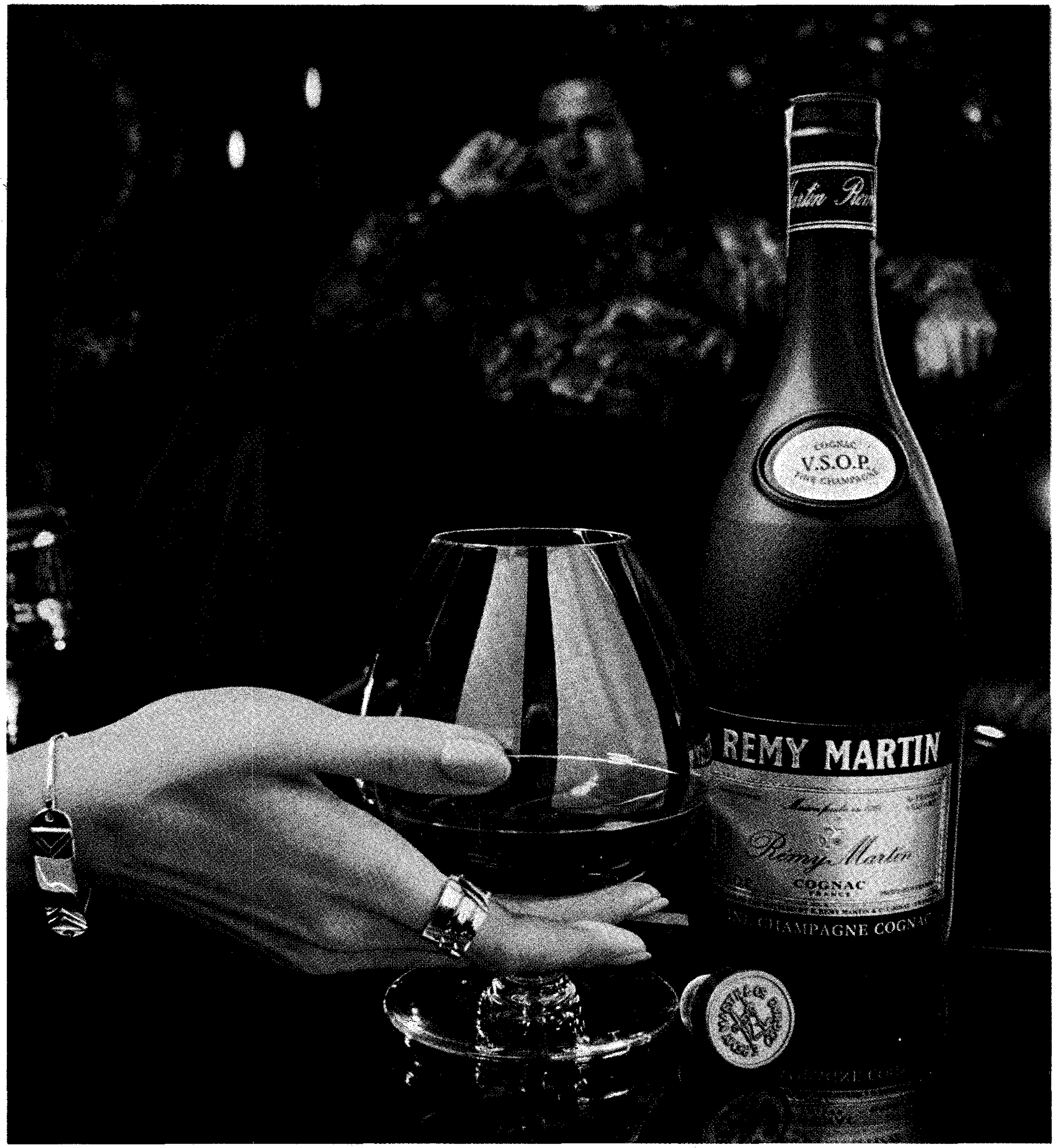
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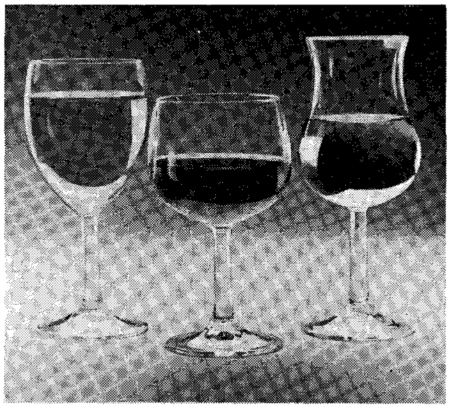

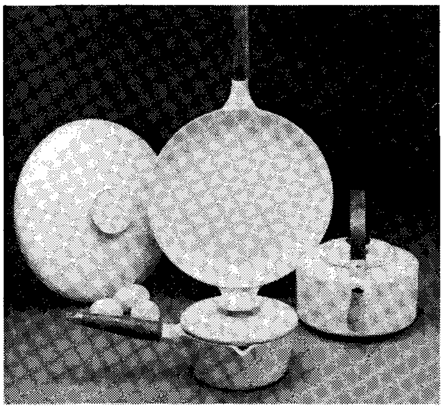

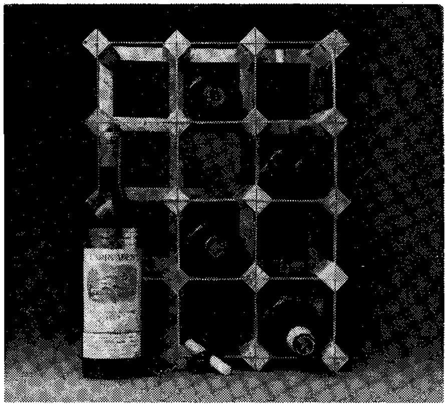

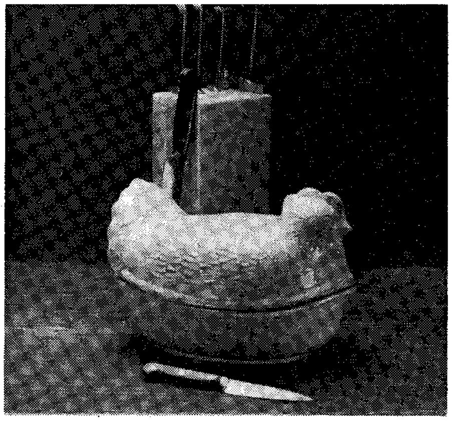

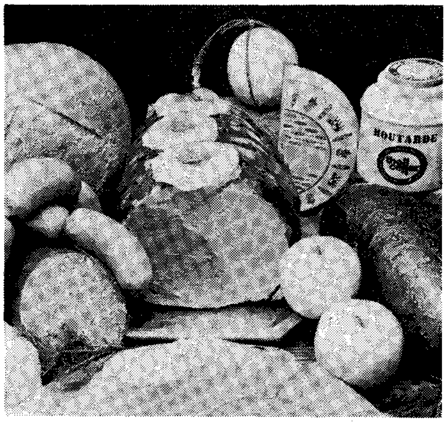

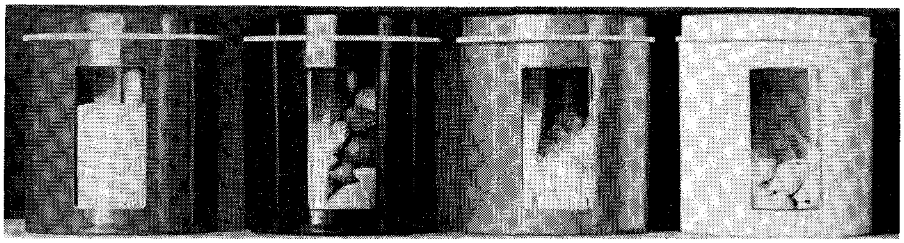

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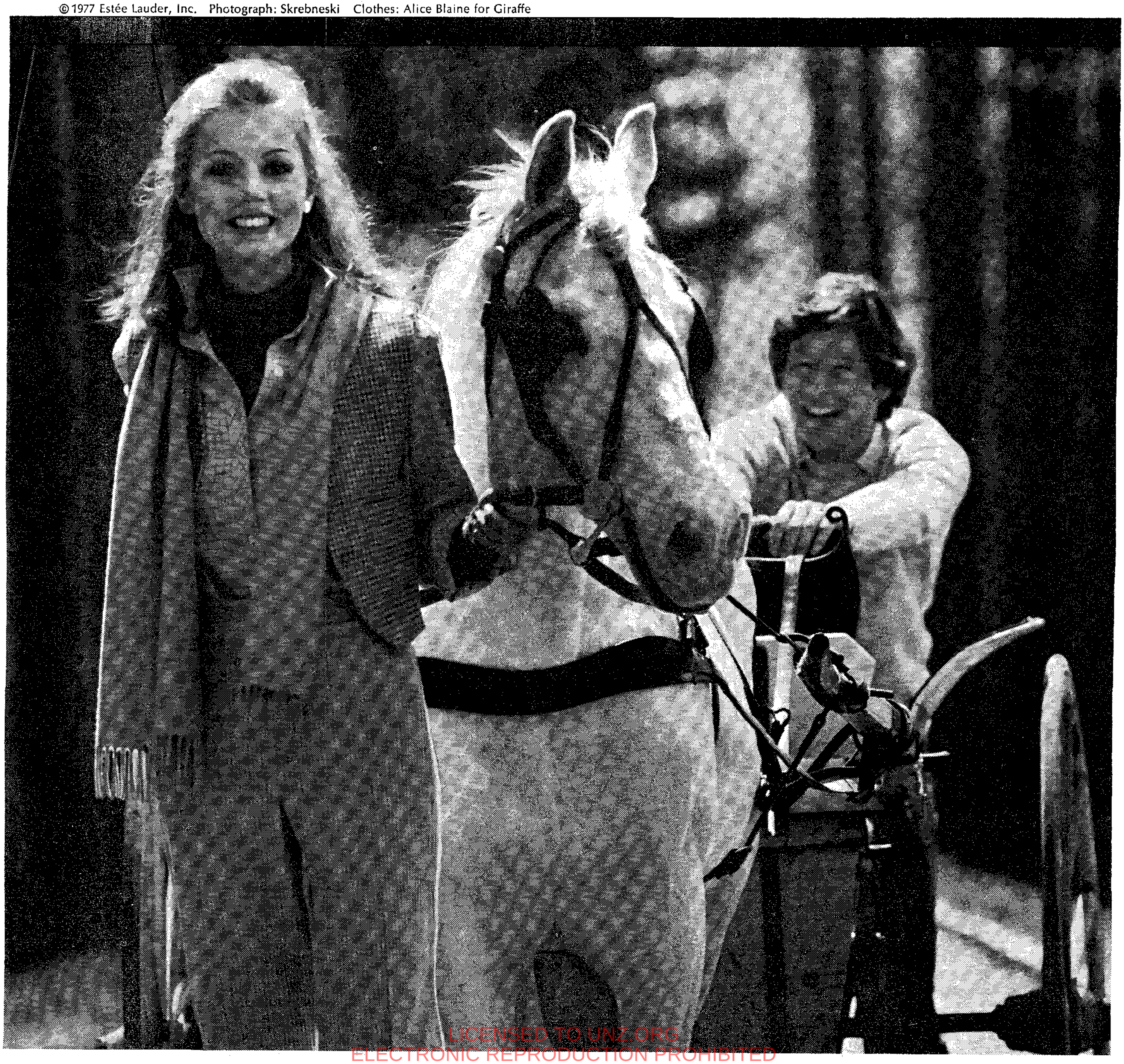

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Venice has its canals; New York, its elevators. But for Elisha Otis's invention, this city (to say nothing of Omaha) would be a cluster of bungalows. In this special, uplifting section, we study the impact of the elevator on New Yorkers—and vice versa.

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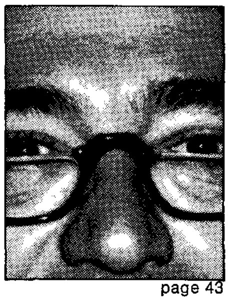
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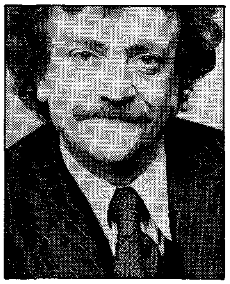
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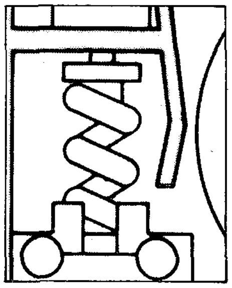
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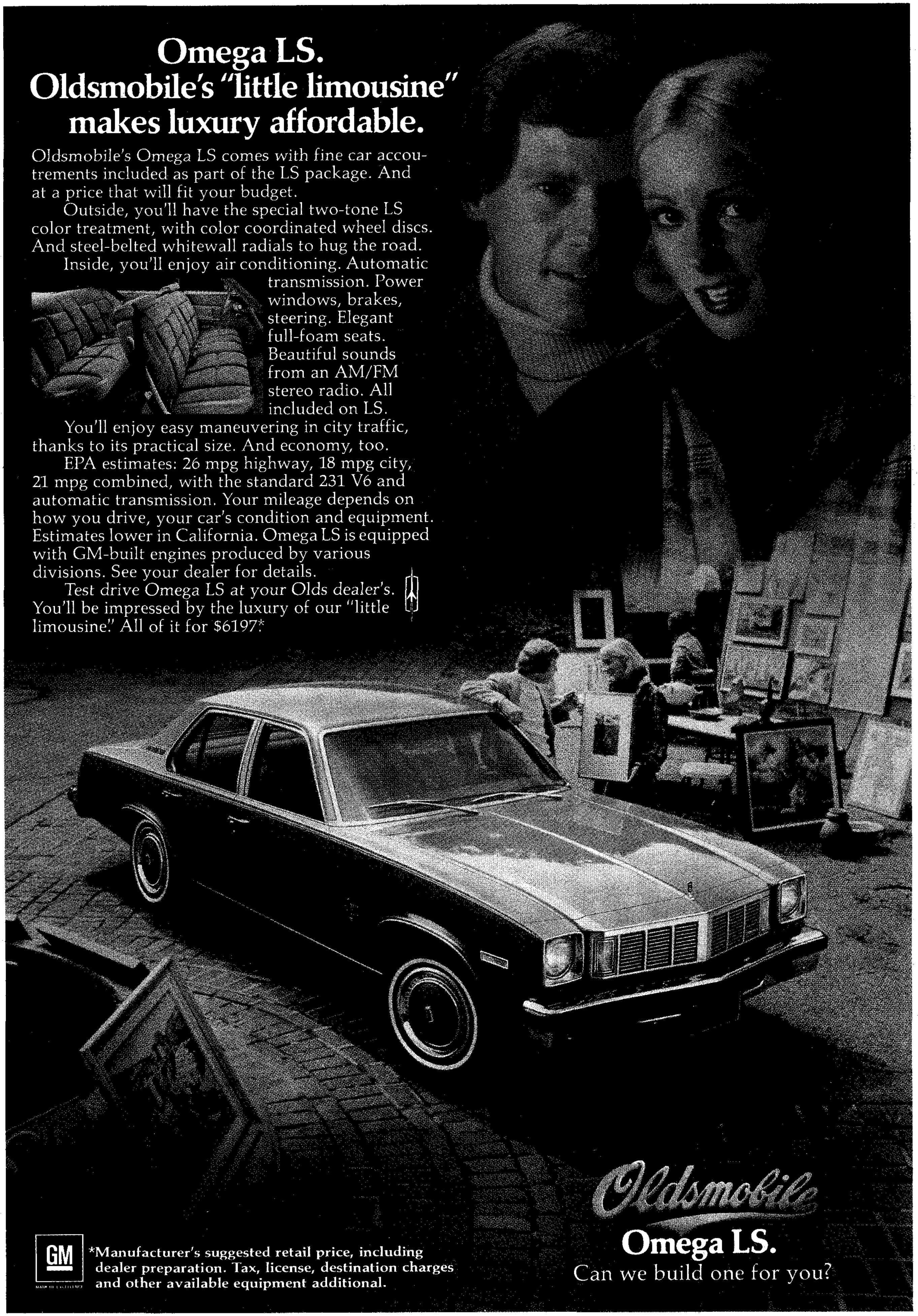

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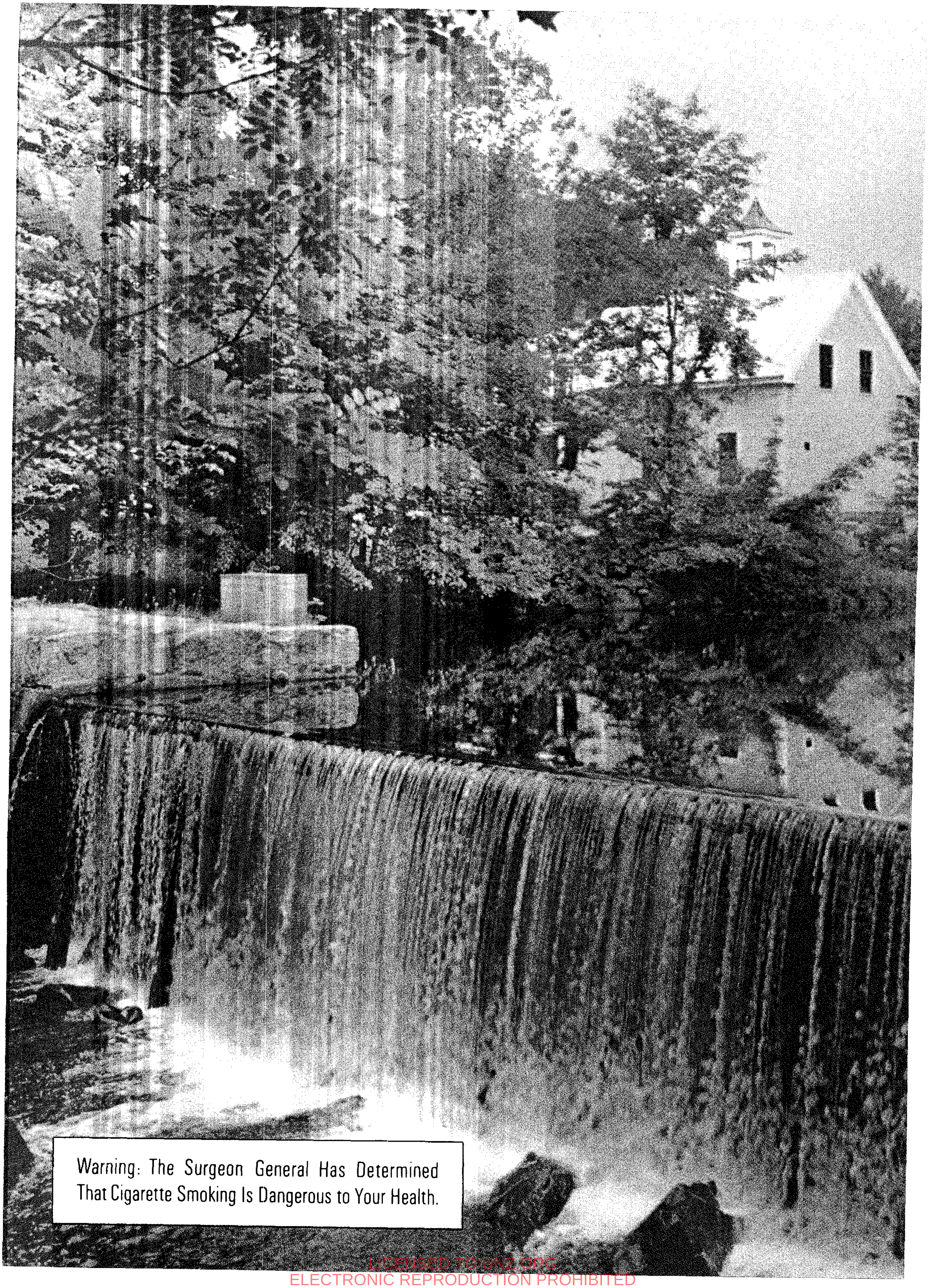

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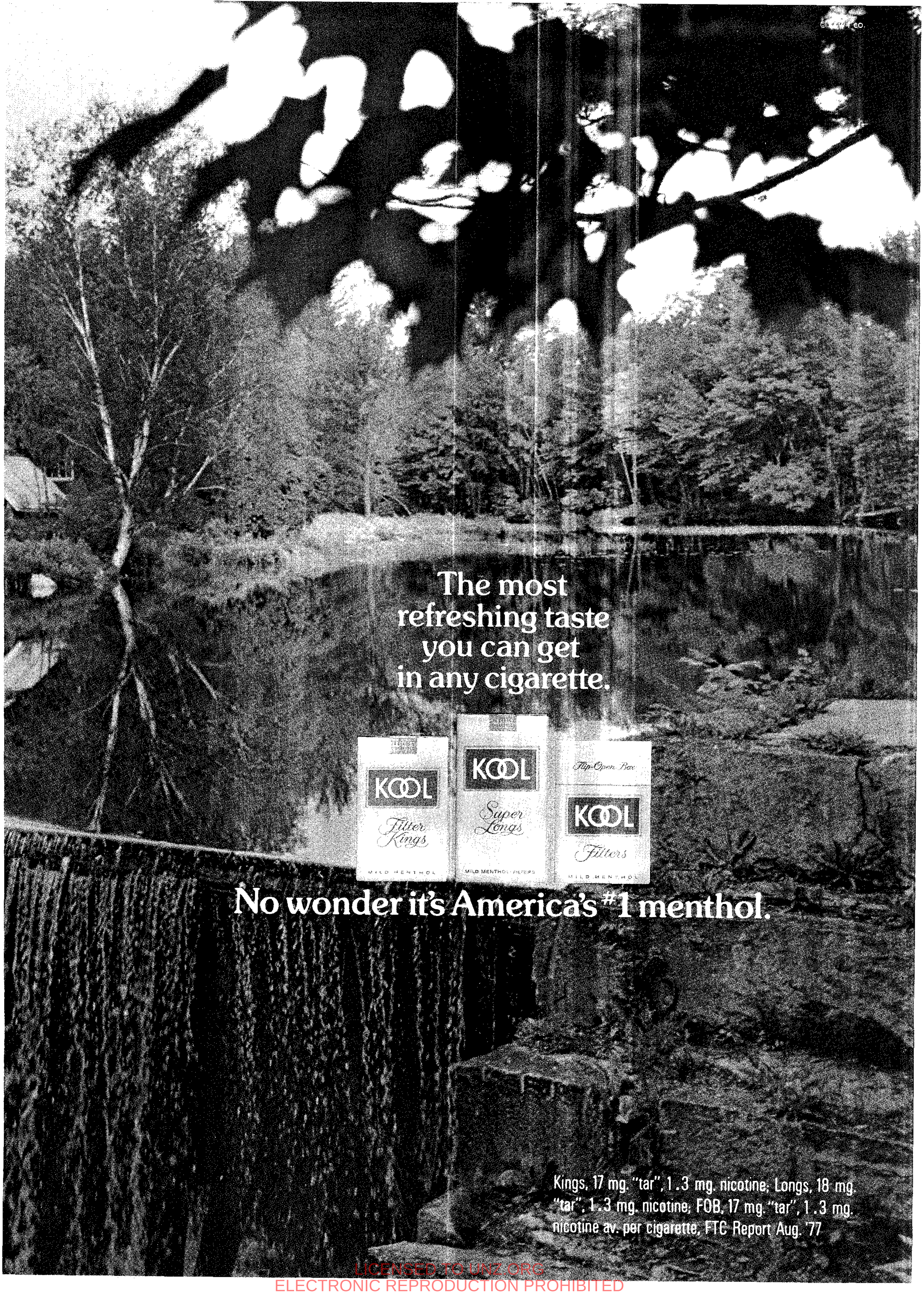

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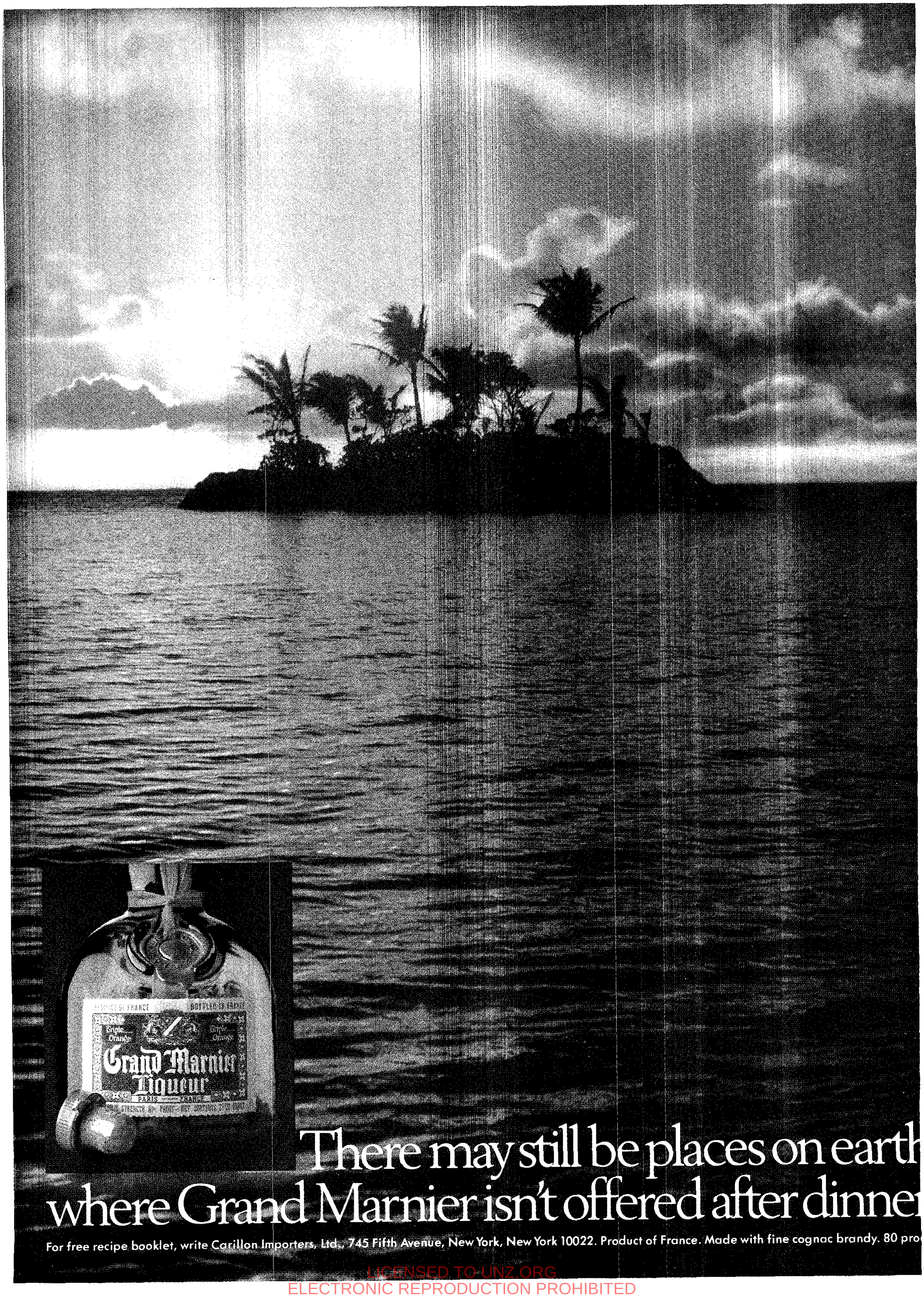
Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; FOB, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77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LETTERS

"Close Encounters": It's a Bird; It's a Bomb?

Boo to William Flanagan ["An Encounter With *Close Encounters*," November 7]. One has the feeling that after schlepping all the way to Dallas and bribing his way into the theater, he would either have had to hate the film or else be at a loss for something to write about. Bad form. And it was only a preview, for Christ's sake. Even an undergraduate film major respects that what is seen in preview is not always what is released commercially. Please, *New York*, enough of the whole crew of film critics who wield their typewriters like rusty coat hangers, trying to abort a film before it is given a fair chance to be delivered to the theaters.

Tom DoRenzo
Philadelphia, Pa.

William Flanagan's opinion of Columbia Pictures' upcoming sci-fi release, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, is anything but humble. It *is* audacious, ignorant, and—in *my* humble opinion—*contrived.*

For Mr. Flanagan to judge its box-office potential by comparing the lack of dazzle, charm, wit, etc., to the supposed surfeit of said facets in *Star Wars* is cunningly naïve. You might as well compare *Jaws* with *The Old Man and the Sea.*

First of all, *Star Wars* is science fantasy. *Close Encounters* is science fiction. These films aren't even in the same genre. *Close Encounters* might very well generate its own little subculture following, akin to those of *Star Wars* and *Star Trek*, should the film be even *remotely* successful. The ramifications of contact with extraterrestrial life forms made *The Day the Earth Stood Still* a minor "classic." Why not here?

Second, Mr. Flanagan tells us the story from a completely negative point of view, hardly journalism at its best. Nowhere to be seen or read is the dazzle of a Rex Reed, the charm of a Vincent Canby, or the wit of a Gene Shalit. Just a thoroughly bored and confused version of episodes made pointless by a fellow who seems to be doing it for the fun of it. Why?

Third, I submit that if Mr. Flanagan had flown all the way down to Dallas and had witnessed merely a good and decent sci-fi flick, he would have had *no* story! A good film is not news nowadays, even if the outlay *is* $22 million.

Alan M. Newman
Brooklyn

Mr. Flanagan replies: There are always those who cry, "Shoot the messenger!" when he bears ill tidings. But some additional points should be made.

☐ I was not the only writer to sneak into the film in Dallas and write about it. Frank Rich, of *Time* (which, coincidentally, has an investment in the film), wrote a generally favorable review—and Columbia called him "distinguished." After an "official" press screening last week, critics and others whose views have come to me have been about evenly divided on the film.

☐ Comparing the film to *Star Wars* is inevitable. Most moviegoers will. More important, Wall Street judged the film's box-office potential on the basis of *Star Wars'* success and has valued Columbia's stock accordingly. I loved *Star Wars*—which I saw in Dallas, among the same kind of folks Columbia invited to *Close Encounters.* Most of the people I questioned after the Columbia preview said they preferred *Star Wars* to *Close Encounters.*

☐ I had nothing at all against Columbia Pictures—before the review. Nor have my editors, who dispatched me to Dallas in the first place. Their expectation was that I would return with nothing but an honest evaluation—and that is exactly what they got. Columbia subsequently issued a press release stating that I was biased because I was denied access to the film. I have never even spoken to anyone at Columbia.

The Dorfman Dress Code

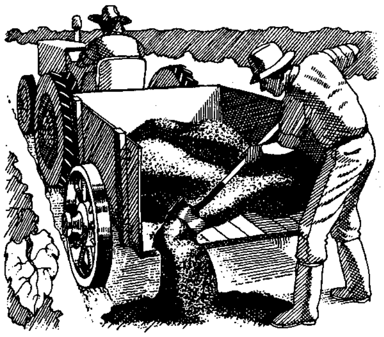
I was most amused by Dan Dorfman's comment that Studio 54 mastermind Steve Rubell "looks and dresses like a slob" ["The Eccentric Whiz Behind Studio 54," November 7]. Since Mr. Dorfman himself always looks as if he has just stepped out of a Jackson Pollock painting, I think he should refrain from commenting on other people's mode of dress.

Howard Kaplan
Brooklyn

Mr. Dorfman replies: Since Mr. Pollock's paintings are works of art, who could ask for a nicer compliment? Many thanks.

Correction: The photographs of the bridges on page 53 of last week's issue were taken by Elizabeth Lennart. ■

Ecology In The Vineyards



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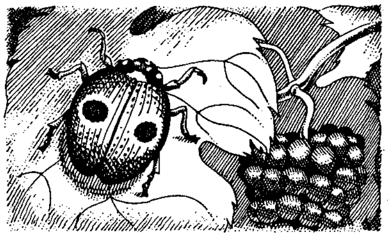

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Windows Versus Tavern: Some Gross Comparisons

NY TIMES

LeRoy, Baum: Case of one-upmanship.

People may not eat atmosphere, but they sure will pay for it.

Two of the city's newest and flashiest restaurants—Tavern-on-the-Green and Windows on the World—are each claiming the Guinness-style record for having grossed the highest annual figures ever in restaurant history, this despite mixed reviews from food critics on both places.

Warner LeRoy, part owner of TOG, claimed the lavishly decorated restaurant grossed $8.6 million in its maiden year, just ended. But Joe Baum, who runs WOW, said that when his restaurant celebrated its first birthday in May, its gross was a loftier $10 million. Baum added that this year it should do $16-million. (Hilton International, which operates all the restaurants in the World Trade Center, is still running a net deficit, however.)

Xmas at Dell: Bah, Humbug

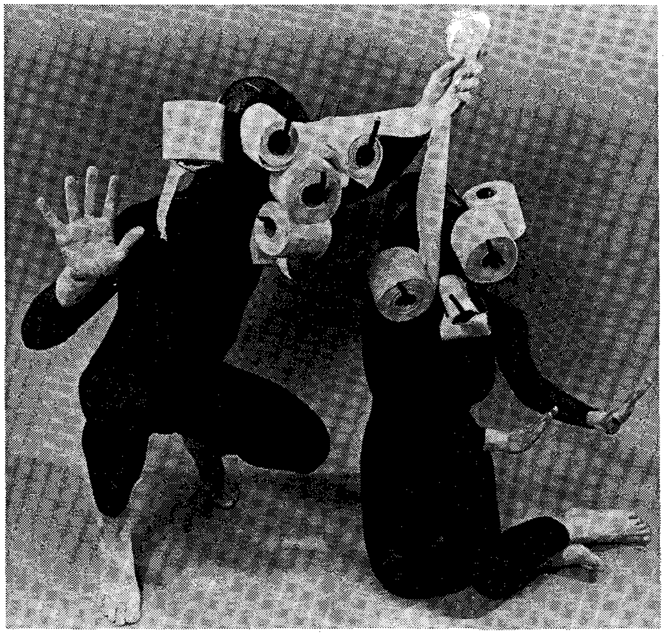
Dell Publishing employees have long received an annual bonus of a week's pay at Christmas—but not this year.

Dell, a privately owned company, was purchased by Doubleday in June of 1976. This year, the staff received a memo concerning changes in the bonus policy, and employees were presented with the Doubleday gift catalog. Choices in lieu of the Christmas bonus include "deluxe" items like a Water Pik or a Hot Dogger and Double Prestoburger, or two smaller gifts, such as a Hamilton Beach Section Seal "Sealobag" and a popcorn machine. Dell's publicity director explains that the change made it "a lot less complicated" for the company.

Contest News

There's still time to enter our Koch-Myerson Look-alike Contest. Photos, addresses, phone numbers, should reach *New York*, 755 Second Avenue, NYC 10017, by 11/18.

Mum's the Word on Cast Changes



Mummenschanz: *An unmasking.*

Probably for the first time in Broadway history, an entire cast was replaced overnight, and nobody noticed. When *Mummenschanz*, a Swiss mime-theater production, opened last spring, it was for only a three-and-a-half-week engagement, but it's still running. Recently the original three-man cast—two Swiss and an American—was replaced with two Americans and a Swiss. Not surprisingly, the management has kept mum on announcing the change in cast, who are masked throughout the entire performance.

Making $35,000 At Age 35? Flop!

Executive recruiters like to use formulas to size up which executives are on a "fast track." One is the age-wage ratio. Your salary is pegged to how old you are—$1,000 for each year of age used to be the norm. But that won't do anymore, says Bill Battalia, president of Battalia, Lotz & Associates, a head-hunting firm. Now the ratio is more like $1,200 per year—up to age 35—when it jumps dramatically. Thus, a hotshot 30-year-old should be pulling down $36,000 to turn headhunters' heads. At age 40, for example, you are not in the groove unless you're doing considerably better than $50,000.

Adela's Dilemma

Although Broadway producer Adela Holzer's new book, *If at First . . .*, seems to be doing pretty well, her legal troubles continue to mount. Recently, a federal-district-court judge ruled Holzer in contempt for refusing to answer questions directed to her by a bankruptcy-court judge. Holzer was forced into bankruptcy court by angered creditors who claimed she defrauded them of large sums of money. At the first meeting of creditors Holzer refused to answer questions on the grounds that it would tend to incriminate her. Apparently, she is reluctant to reveal the true nature of any assets. However, the federal-court judge said the claim was without merit, and ordered her to answer any questions by bankruptcy Judge Edward Ryan. Holzer also faces indictment on 137 counts of grand larceny, falsification of business records, and violations of New York's securities laws relating to the alleged sale of more than $7.8 million in securities to 745 investors.

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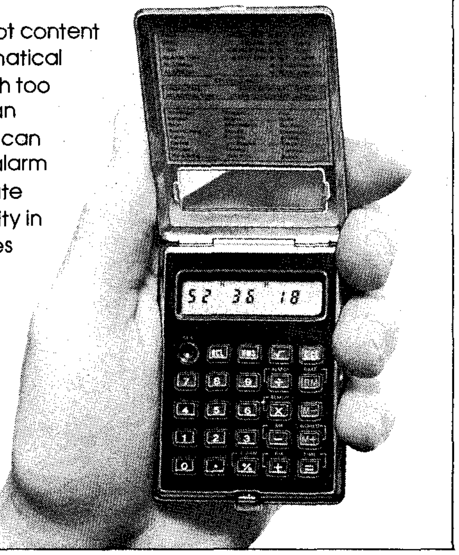

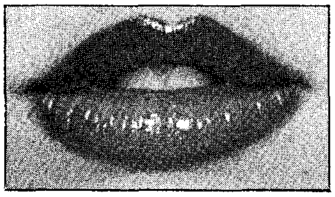

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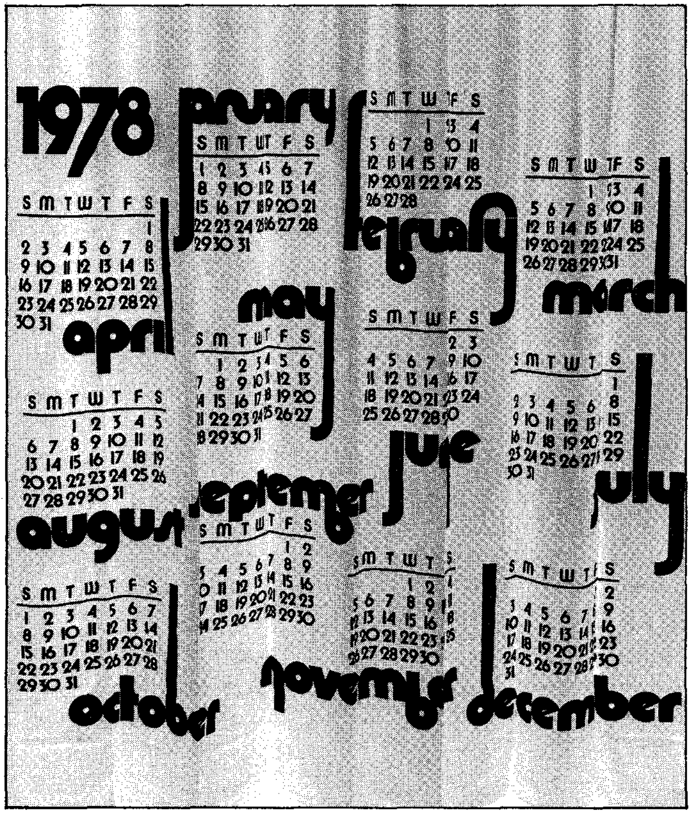

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BLACK REPUBLICANS: A DYING BREED

MARK HAVEN

Remembrance of days past: *Gloria Toote with her Republican memorabilia.*

Republican Soul

There was a time, back before Franklin Roosevelt's ascendancy, when most black Americans were Republicans. Today, despite the fact that the GOP needs all the help it can get—just ask Roy Goodman—there are still states where the entire enrollment of black Republicans can meet comfortably in a phone booth.

New York is one of them. So on December 3, the executive committee of the New York State Conference of Black Republicans will meet in Buffalo to discuss their latest disaster: Only three of the twelve black Republicans who ran for office across the state last week won.

Black Republicans are the country's latest endangered species. They are fighting for their lives and have been for the past two years—ever since a woman named Gloria Toote fell from Republican grace.

At eight one April morning in 1975, Carla Hills, the newly appointed secretary of housing and urban development, asked Ms. Toote, a HUD assistant secretary, to resign. The signal was clear; Gloria Toote had been a Republican star, at one time the highest-ranking woman, white or black, working for the federal government. Now she was out. Said Carla Hills: "I must have my own people working for me." A sop was thrown Toote's way, the chance to lead the American delegation to a world conference on ecology in Africa. She refused. Instead, she came home to Harlem and to golf. The powerful did not rally to her side. There were no reverberations—except, of course, among her fellow black Republicans, to whom Toote was the symbol of upward mobility, the one they looked to for leadership.

Cleveland Johnson Jr., an assistant deputy county executive for Suffolk County, remembers the Toote incident very well: "To put it mildly, we were surprised. We realized how vulnerable we were. We knew then that we had no collective strength in the Republican party, so in November, 1975, we formed the state Conference of Black Republicans." Johnson became the group's first president and his increased activism brought him a plum: He is now vice-chairman of the New York State Republican Committee. Perhaps because of his position, Johnson is given to hyperbole: "We black Republicans are the blacks of hope," he says. "We know that we have the ears of decision makers in this country." Really? Johnson bobs and weaves: "I'm not convinced that the Right has taken over the soul of the Republican party. Besides, the problems of blacks in both parties are identical. We are the have-nots and we want more. We are facing haves who are reluctant to give up anything. As black Republicans we have to keep chipping away at that resistance. I am not saying that it is easy, but it is not impossible. And it is certainly easier to get a hearing, today, within the Republican party than among the Democrats."

If this is so, the reason is simple: There are fewer Republicans around these days to drown out the voices of blacks. On August 20, the Gallup Poll reported that only one American voter in five wanted to be called a Republican—a condition so worrisome that on September 18, the biennial Michigan Republican conference asked for divine guidance so that the GOP "will become more sensitive to the needs of the minorities, the workers, the veterans, the senior citizens, urban youth, the business community, and last but certainly not the least, the women." In short, more sensitive to everybody. In short, a prayer of desperation.

The next day, September 19, in Grand Junction, Iowa, Mary Louise Smith, the former GOP national chairperson, said that the Republican party was not "in tune with the tempo of the times. . . . The impression is," she said, "that ours is a party without a soul."

It is this professed search for soul that gladdens the hearts of black Republicans today. Archibald R. Murray, attorney in chief and executive director of the Legal Aid Society, sees glory days ahead: "We need the Republican party because in our society blacks must invest their energies in a two-party system. To do otherwise is to be taken for granted and controlled. The Republican party needs us to reinvigorate them, to remind them that the pluralism of this country is one of the things that makes it great." Adds Cleveland Johnson: "The negativism of blacks to the political process is dangerous. Now that the Republicans are making overtures to us, we should rush in and establish once and for all our importance to the party." Even Gloria Toote, getting over her disgrace in fortune's eyes, continues to tout the GOP: "Only in the Republican party are blacks treated as peers," she says. "There are more black closet Republicans in this city than you can shake a stick at. They can't come out because the Democrats are so powerful, but they know that the Democratic party represents second-class citizenship. They know that they are after-

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Fortunoff, the source

thoughts in the party. They know that they are only considered when the needs of everyone else have been met."

Curious? You bet—until you visit Ms. Toote's library on West 137th Street. Republican memorabilia are everywhere: a Steuben glass star that was a 1972 gift from the president of Watergate; photographs of Gerald Ford and Richard Nixon smiling on Toote before Carla Hills gave her the sack; a glossy of Ronald Reagan expressing his thanks to her for seconding his nomination at the Republican convention in 1976; a 1977 Republican Woman of the Year award that attests to her "perseverance in adhering to the principles which made our country great." It is a room lined in bedrock Republicanism. Darien has come to Harlem.

Behind these symbols of acceptance, an uneasiness follows black Republicans everywhere. It is the bone that sticks in their collective craw and cannot be removed. For no matter how hard they work, no matter what they accomplish, they are never members of the Republican club. Gloria Toote's life is explanation enough. She grew up in Harlem, the daughter of Bishop Frederick Augustus Toote, an immigrant from Nassau who ran his Episcopal church—the Good Shepherd African Orthodox—with a firmness that carried over to his home. Tradition demanded that she "amount to something"—her father had been a vice-president of Marcus Garvey's "Back to Africa" movement, her uncle the solicitor general of Nassau. After graduation from Howard University School of Law in 1954, she decided that the Democrats were trifling and unconcerned about greatness and individualism, and she joined the GOP. She considered herself a Republican insider until Carla Hills—"that cold, colorless person"—showed her that she could be precipitously fired without a whimper of protest from her "friends." "If Nixon had still been in the White House," she says, "I could not have been removed like that. He was a good president. In a memorandum he said that as a result of years of prejudice against minorities, the federal government had an *obligation* to help. His theme was to put the right blacks in the right jobs and they would take care of their own. He didn't want what he was doing to become public knowledge. But he did more for minorities than you and the country will ever know." Gloria Toote is breathless and I am flabbergasted at this bouquet thrown with such affection at the recluse who now holds forth in San Clemente.

The Koch Watch

UP FROM THE RANKS

When Ed Koch ran unsuccessfully for mayor in 1973, he told anyone who'd listen that crime was the city's number-one issue. In victory last week, Koch touted a new theme: The economy must be City Hall's top priority. Quite clearly, though, despite his earlier loss, Koch was right both times. While economic revival is certainly the key to the city's future, most of the electorate is more concerned with personal safety than with the integrity of a Big Mac bond.

For this reason Ed Koch must immediately concentrate on beefing up the city's war on crime and fire. That's why his police- and fire-commissioner choices will be among his most crucial—and he must begin by dumping those we have now.

Mike Codd, Abe Beame's up-from-the-ranks P.C., is both unimaginative and incapable, a general who can't control his troops. It's hard to forget thousands of cops lined up at Yankee Stadium, hands in pockets, watching youth gangs beat up innocent fans attending last year's Ali-Norton fight.

Koch has already said he'll fire Codd, but he's been mum on Fire Commissioner John O'Hagan, the man who used Fire Foundation money for his own tuition. If the mayor's job is the second toughest in America, it's only because being a New York City fire fighter is first. And morale in the Fire Department, as well as among cops, is the lowest in memory.

Unhappy cops and firemen don't make for a safe city—they're not like ballplayers who win a World Series while hating each other.

So the matter of replacements for Codd and O'Hagan is important business—and, not surprisingly, the brass and ranks have different choices in mind. The police hierarchy have heard rumors. Among those mentioned: former deputy chief of field services Joseph Hoffman, who now runs the Health and Hospitals ambulance services; James Sullivan, commander of the Brooklyn South Unit; William J. Devine, boss of Support Services; Charley Peterson, deputy commissioner of Suffolk County; David Durk of Knapp Commission/*Serpico* fame (a very unlikely commissioner but a man whose friendship with Koch assures a big promotion). Sanford Garelik, who now runs the transit police, is a whispered sleeper. Yaaawn!

Rank-and-file cops don't hear as many rumors, but they certainly have their preferences. Police officer Bobby Gates of Emergency Services echoes the choices of many cops I questioned. "I think a guy like Inspector Artie McNevin of Special Operations is terrific," he says. "Or that guy Fred Kowski, who ran the Times Square outpost—Christ, he's tough and outspoken. Or Deputy Chief Inspector Ray McDermott of the Bronx. I think any guy on the job would be happy with any of those guys because they understand our pressures and problems. We need a guy from the force. We don't need an outsider."

Among firemen—both brass and rank-and-file—there's greater unanimity. One man mentioned above all is Michael O'Connor, chief of the fire marshals. With eighteen years on the job and a law degree, O'Connor has vast administrative ability and a superior record.

"Before O'Connor took over the fire marshals there were only about 35 guys and two vehicles," says fireman Danny Gorman of Brooklyn. "Now we have about 150 guys and about 55 vehicles working against arson."

Another suggested is author-fireman Dennis Smith—but most agree Smith lacks the requisite administrative ability. Steve Murphy, currently number one under O'Hagan, is also said to be a strong candidate, but firemen loath the prospect of an O'Hagan protégé as commissioner. It would just be business as usual—more layoffs, fewer firehouses, and a higher death toll.

Like most politicians, Koch has relied heavily on polls throughout his career. Now, he might do well to poll the uniformed rank and file before appointing their leaders. Crime and fire statistics reflect many ills besides low morale. But Koch, who likes to compare municipal jobs to those in the private sector, should remember that even in the private sector the hardest workers are those who are happy with their bosses. **—Denis Hamill**

I ask how she could nominate Ronald Reagan for president of the United States. She temporizes: "I knew Ford was going to win the nomination. I had sent a telegram to him asking about his position on minority Americans and the poor. I got no response. Reagan held a meeting with some black delegates. I asked him: 'If you were president how far would you go to protect and enforce the rights of minorities?' Reagan said: 'Dr. Toote, I would protect the rights of minorities if necessary at the point of a bayonet.' I knew that I could support Reagan."

Today, without a Republican job or even much influence in the GOP, Gloria Toote has been ostracized by blacks who can never forgive her for nominating the man who denounced "young bucks" living off food stamps, and who contemplated sending American troops to defend Rhodesian interests. They know, even if she does not, that in backing Reagan she was simply being used, that any black Republican who imagines himself a part of the Republican inner circle is courting disaster.

It does not matter what the Republican leadership says. The rank and file could not care less about black participation in the GOP. If more proof was needed, I got it last summer at a dinner dance of the Governors' Club held "in honor of our former governor and his lady, Malcolm and Katharine Wilson," at the Waldorf-Astoria. All the big guns were there: Nelson Rockefeller, Jim Buckley, Roy Goodman, Perry Duryea. Meyer Davis's orchestra played the music of the lame. Had the gladhanding politicians not been there, I might have been in southern Africa, where the defenses against the future have so pinched the faces of the defenders that there is no longer any sweetness in their smiles. I counted eight blacks.

As we moved to the dining room and to the Pinot Chardonnay and the poached striped bass in sorrel, six of them were within touching distance. Not by choice either. These affairs are carefully choreographed. It was as if the person in charge of the seating arrangements wanted to make sure that by containment the contamination would not spread. I thought of Camus's vigorous assertion of hope: "In the midst of winter, I found there was within me an invincible summer," and I despaired, for there can be no summer anytime soon for black people in the arctic landscape of the Republican party. Too bad too. The Republicans need votes—and even though they don't seem to want to admit it, they even need black ones. **—Orde Coombs**

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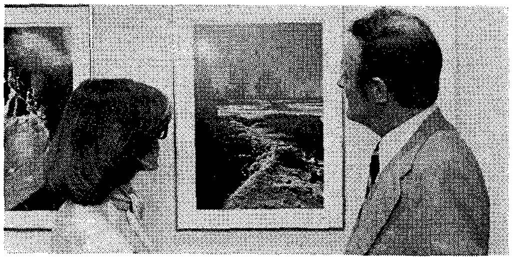

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The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

THE TROTT LINE: BUY STOCKS NOW!

Positive Thinking

Cheerful tidings, friends, from one of the hottest stock pickers around—Don Trott. He thinks that the market's within 3 percent of its bottom, that the Dow Jones industrials will shoot up some 12 percent to the 900 level by next spring, and that there's a slew of stocks that have the potential to rise at least 20 percent in the next six months. If you're about to write him off as some dreamer—don't. Trott, the balding and chain-smoking 42-year-old director of individual investor research at Blyth Eastman Dillon, has been phenomenal at picking winners the past fourteen months.

Some of Trott's biggest winners, thanks in good part to Wall Street's takeover craze, include Pizza Hut (from 22 to 36); Gerber Products (22 to 28 [although it had been as high as 36]); Bob Evans Farms (16 to 41); Sambo's Restaurants (12 to 25); Ambac Industries (23 to 30); Knickerbocker Toy (12 to 19); and Dunkin' Donuts (5 to 10). These stock recommendations—all made since September of 1976—have shot up from 35 percent to over 150 percent. Not unexpectedly, he's had some bloopers, but they've been few in number.

For Trott, one of the nice guys of the securities business, it has been a remarkable comeback. Only a little over a year and a half ago, in March of 1976, Trott quit the business in disgust after profit-draining fully negotiated brokerage commissions forced him to shut the doors of a brokerage firm he once headed, Jas. H. Oliphant & Company. Oliphant actually closed in December of 1975, and there went Trott's $110,000-a-year salary. But thanks to his hot streak, he's been able to top this figure by supplementing his $80,000-a-year salary with some $40,000 of realized and unrealized profits in his own personal brokerage account over the last fourteen months.

"I'm not sure we've hit bottom," Trott told me last week. "But we've got to be awfully close, since all the bad things we've heard the last six months, such as potential slowing growth in domestic and foreign economies and in capital spending, are more than discounted by the market's sharp decline [roughly 20 percent in the DJI in the past fourteen months]."

STEPHEN SHAMES

Trott: *"A moment of glory is coming."*

Blyth's economic scenario—hardly designed to turn on investors—calls for a 5 percent decline in 1978's corporate earnings, and, at best, flat capital spending next year. Yet, Trott says, "People can make money by buying stocks now . . . that a moment of glory is coming for the market, and when the groundhog sticks his head up next February, he will see the shadow of a bull."

Why so bullish? For one thing, Trott says, institutions have reduced their equity positions to such a degree that when annual contributions to corporate pension plans start coming in for the new year, they'll be forced to fatten their common-stock holdings. And in turn, he adds, this should fuel a healthy market rally. Trott also thinks the recent rise in short-term interest rates—a major market worry—will be arrested and then reverse itself. His reasoning: The demand for funds for new fixed investments is insufficient to justify such an increase. Trott also looks for the market to benefit from renewed confidence in the heretofore deteriorating leadership abilities of the president. He expects Carter to stimulate such confidence by developing more concrete programs and becoming more statesmanlike in his dealings with Congress.

It all sounds so sweet, but, alas, Trott doesn't think the rally will go much beyond 900. "I think it will be a short-lived phenomenon," says Trott, "because it will be followed by a resurgence of a sense that the government really doesn't have a handle on the fundamental economic problems . . . and a growing belief that Carter is an ineffective leader."

Here are the kinds of stocks Trott says he'd personally buy now—the ones he thinks have that appetizing 20 percent price appreciation potential:

☐ Companies with a combination of favorable earnings trends and an already existing above-average institutional interest: NCR, General Electric, International Telephone and Telegraph, Diamond Shamrock, Alaska Interstate, and Gearhart-Owen.

☐ Nonglamour stocks that will ultimately be perceived as glamours: Magma Power, Ambac, Interpool, Peabody International, Thermo Electron, and Research-Cottrell.

☐ Takeover candidates: Binney & Smith, Tonka Corporation, J. M. Smucker, Friendly Ice Cream, Victoria Station, Sambo's Restaurants, and Bohemia Inc.

☐ Good long-term cheap stocks whose earnings and price-earnings ratios are likely to go higher: Bangor Punta, Gerber Products, Texas Oil & Gas, Jerrico, Inc., Denny's, Dunkin' Donuts, Fairchild Industries, Ethan Allen, and Cabot Corporation.

On the negative side, Trott rates the semiconductor industry as highly risky and regards such securities as Texas Instruments, Motorola, and National Semiconductor as attractive short sales. The industry, in Trott's opinion, is "falling apart" because of growing competition from Japan, overcapacity, and resultant price wars which have already started.

Well, now you've got the views of a hot hand. But hot hands, as we all know, have a tendency to turn icy. And the best cautionary words I can offer come from Trott himself: "I'd hate to tell you about all the times I've had my teeth kicked in."

Overindulging

This is one of those stories, I'm sorry to say, about how uninformed investors can get butchered by a stock hype. And Wall Street has no one to blame in this case but itself.

The hype is Sambo's Restaurants, a major fast-food chain of coffee shops (nearly 850) whose stock was trading at around 17 in mid-September. Then came a company disclosure that it had received several indications of interest from third parties regarding possible

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3. **You don't need to read want ads.**
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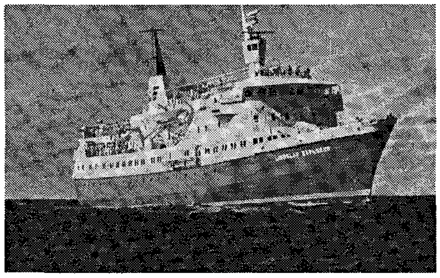

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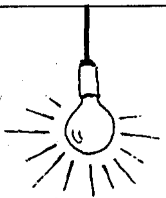

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LITTLE, BROWN

acquisition of Sambo's. At about the same time, acquisition-hungry W. R. Grace identified itself as one of those parties. Sambo's stock flew, climbing to a high of 27 on tremendous trading volume, often several hundred thousand shares a day. (The stock was recently about 25.) Accompanying the run-up in Sambo's shares was a flood of rumors that a deal for Sambo's was imminent in the mid-to-high 30s.

Well, not only is no deal imminent with Grace—which Sambo's said last week—but I can report that the 30-plus figure is a figment of somebody's imagination. Further, I've learned that an acquisition of Sambo's—should one occur—could very well be made several points below Sambo's current $25 stock price.

Sam Battistone, Sambo's president, won't comment directly on this point. But he does say: "Because of the rumors, the stock has been inflated artificially . . . and the $30 price is unreal." An excellent source tells me the purchase price is very likely to be around $25 a share—give or take a few dollars. Says this source: "Wall Street's forgetting the stock was around 17 when the acquisition discussions were announced . . . and it's already up now nearly 60 percent." In other words, Wall Street is hyping Sambo's stock beyond its true worth. Battistone himself indicated as much when he told me the dividend yield and the financial stability of a potential acquirer are as important, if not more important, than the possible acquisition price.

Battistone tells me that Sambo's, chiefly through its investment banker, Kidder, Peabody & Company, is also holding exploratory talks with two other corporate giants—each of which has annual sales of over $3 billion. In all cases, says Battistone, no definitive dollar figures have ever been discussed with regard to a potential acquisition price. Wall Street's perennial sewer of gossip has been grinding out the names of such would-be acquirers as Heinz, Mobil, Coca-Cola, Carnation, Borden, and K Mart. Battistone says none of these companies is involved.

Not only is Wall Street going off half-cocked on what it thinks Sambo's purchase price could be, but it's doing the same with its earnings prospects. Some Street estimates run around $2.25 a share this year, up from 1976's $1.80, and $2.75 in 1978. Forget it. Management, I'm told, thinks more realistic figures are $2 to $2.10 a share this year and $2.50 to $2.60 in 1978.

At current levels, then, Sambo's shares could well be as appetizing as a cold cup of coffee in the dead of winter. ∎

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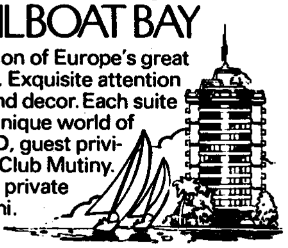

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MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

November 15 through 22

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Wednesday, November 16

IS IT OR ISN'T IT?

Melinda Dillon and **Richard Dreyfuss** become allies in their search for answers after they have both witnessed unidentified flying objects in **Close Encounters of the Third Kind,** a film directed by Steven Spielberg dealing with aliens who are making their presence felt to the world at large. With Francois Truffaut, Teri Garr, and Cary Guffey. Ziegfeld.

Thursday, November 17

Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?–Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, film is a statement on a modern phenomena—the bland colorless person who becomes a mass murderer. Cinema Studio.

Friday, November 18

A LOVELY PAIR

Burt Reynolds celebrates victory with a pretty cheerleader in **Semi-Tough,** a film set in the world of professional football and spotlighting the escapades of two notorious but appealing athletes as they try to gain a few yards, complete a few passes, and score a few points. With Kris Kristofferson, Jill Clayburgh, and Robert Preston. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Baronet; Criterion.

THE MOVIES

Alicia–Victor Casaus's documentary on the famous ballerina, Alicia Alonso, with scenes from her early life and excerpts from various ballets. We witness her triumph over blindness, and the worldwide acclaim she has received. Thru 11/16, Renoir.

The American Friend–Directed by German director Wim Wenders, film explores the possibility of using a completely innocent man to murder a man he does not know. With Bruno Ganz, Liza Kreuzer, Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, and Sam Fuller. Quad.

Black and White in Color–This first feature film by Jean-Jacques Annaud is a witty, strong, ingeniously constructed and remarkably mature piece of work. It is set in the French and German colonies during World War I, and traces the development of one brave, intelligent, and honorable person into the most efficient, deadly military martinet. Black or white, French or German, courageous or cowardly, human beings are to blame for war; this funny and fast-moving satire—in the best tradition of that genre—dispassionately exposes the ravages—not of war, but of human nature. Superb camera work, performances, music—even decent subtitles. New Yorker; thru 11/15, Art.

Bobby Deerfield–Al Pacino stars in Sydney Pollack's film as a Grand Prix racing driver. The combination of Pacino's strangeness in the role and some red-herring dream and racing sequences create a puzzling tension for the first half of the film. But as soon as the psychological issues are clarified and love (with Marthe Keller) consummated, we realize that Pollack has managed to make the machinery sexier than the characters. 34th St E; from 11/16, Loews Triplex.

A Boy and His Dog–A piece of science fiction of the dog-eat-dog, world-after-the-holocaust variety; it manages to be derivative, preposterous and midly revolting until the very end, at which point it becomes original, preposterous, and rather more revolting. 11/16, 17, Cinema Village.

Children of Paradise–One of the unquestionably great films of all time. The direction by Marcel Carne is only very professional; everything else is great, notably the screenplay by Jacques Prevert and performances that, from top to bottom, could not be bettered. You cannot miss the supurb work of Arletty, Jean-Louis Barrault, and Maria Casarès in the leads. Be sure, though, that you are seeing the uncut version, which runs 3¼ hours. There is enough substance here for a dozen lesser movies. Thru 11/16, Cinema Studio.

The Clockmaker–A penetrating first work by Bertrand Tavernier, who has since gone on to two further, perhaps even better, films. Based on a novel by Simenon, this is not a thriller, but a searching character study of a little man whose son has killed a brutish fascist. We follow the father in the process of coming to understand his son, himself, and the protofascist society he lives in. A sad but wonderfully liberating film, brilliantly acted by Phillippe Noiret and a fine cast, against a colorful Lyons background, and full of sharply observed, stunningly integrated existential details. 11/15, Cinema Village.

Equus–Peter Schaffer's play about a weary psychiatrist and the young psychopath whose violent passion for horses reveals the sterility of his own life has been brought to the screen, with a bit of rewriting, by Sidney Lumet. Richard Burton stars in what has become the *Hello Dolly* role for aging actors, with a twist—each actor playing the lead has striven to show us how dissicated and prune-like they have become. Contemptuously staged, embarrassingly written. Trans-Lux East.

First Love–In which Susan Dey, already involved with an Older Man, falls in love with William Katt, who has been made to look as if he should be fitted with wings and placed atop a Christmas tree. For all the publicity the much-praised director Joan Darling has received, all she has made is a film about a love affair between an experienced young woman and an idealistic, virginal young man—hardly a new perspective. Thru 11/17, Baronet.

Heroes–Two TV stars, Sally Field and Henry Winkler, play a Vietnam vet and his girl. They actually are playing Doris Day and Holden Caulfield twenty years after. Though there develops a lovely rapport between the two, everything about them places them within the dimensions of the small screen, and in a period before Vietnam. Eastside; 86th St E.

In the Realm of the Senses–Oshima's "art film" about sexual obsession suffers from the facts that Oshima is not very strong on art, less than secure with film and wholly unconvincing about sex. The film does not even work as pornography, only as something weird, unwholesome, on the border between repellent and ridiculous. D.W. Griffith; Quad.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento,* Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Cinema I; Cinema III.

The Lacemaker–Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton star in Claude *(The Invitation* and *The Wonderful Crook)* Goretta's film which tells of a 19-year-old beauty parlor assistant, who, while vacationing, falls in love with a university student. Fine Arts.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar–This is Richard Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, and appalling. The tension between his bluntness and Diane Keaton's instinctual delicacy has produced the ideal chemistry in this version of Judith Rossner's grisly socio-sexual thriller. Loews Tower East; Loews State I.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. Paris.

A Man and a Woman–One of these fluffy pieces of romantic nonsense that Claude Lelouch has turned out less well recently, but which here works thanks to the marvelous Anouk Aimee and the very good Jean-Louis Trintignant, and the by now hallowed sentimental theme song by Francis Lai. It's all about cars and love, in that order, but nicely photographed and pleasant in its harmless silly way. New Yorker.

Mean Streets–One of the most overestimated films of recent times, this love-and-hate letter by Martin Scorsese to the Little Italy he grew up in concerns its confused young punks, coyly sordid mafiosi, and friendship and love struggling against sterile and strangulating surroundings. Badly written and directed, with terrible photography and a sound track full of trashy old songs, the film has only a flashy performance by Robert DeNiro to recommend it, but even he has been better elsewhere. 11/18, 19, Cinema Village.

Mr. Klein–Alain Delon, in the title role, is a charming, ruthless, and cultivated Catholic whose destiny becomes intertwined with another Mr. Klein's, a Jew and anti-Nazi-occupied Paris. With Jeanne Moreau. 68th St Plyhse.

The Mother and the Whore–Director Jean Eustache's 215-minute film has Jean-Pierre Leaud as a moon-calf moocher, Bernadette Lafont as the older woman who keeps him, and Francoise Lebrun as the younger woman who persues him (all impeccable in their revelation of self). What might have been a biting and shrewd comment on a recognizable trio of fools is streached into a pretentious and boring examination of boy-meets-blobs. 11/22, Cinema Village.

1900–Bertolucci's film is a chronicle of the peasant-landowner struggle from 1900 to 1945 as it transpires on the estate of the aristocratic Berlinghiere family. Robert De Niro and Gerard Depardieu are fine, but as attractive as they are, to sit four and a half hours for their dorsal view (preferable to the frontal view displayed in an embarrassing sex scene) is too high a price to pay. Festival.

One Sings, the Other Doesn't–With this graceful mixture of feminist fiction, musical comedy, and social documentary, Agnes Varda does for the spirit of sorority what films of Renoir and Truffaut have done for the spirit of fraternity. It is first-rate feminist art. The two heroines are played by Therese Liotard and and Valerie Mairesse. Thru 11/9, Plaza; 11/16-22, Embassy 72nd; from 11/18, Gramercy; Art.

Outrageous!–A winning little Canadian film written and directed by Richard Benner. It is the story of a homosexual hairdresser and a young girl escapee *from a mental institution and of their life together.* The dialogue is fresh and spirited, witty and lifelike, the film is moving and amusing. Cinema II.

Pete's Dragon–A musical fantasy combining live action and animation, telling the story of a 9-year-old orphan whose dragon friend playfully outrages a New England town just after the turn of the century. Radio City Music Hall.

Pumping Iron–A specialized sort of documentary film about muscle men and, to a much lesser extent, their families, trainers, fans; a film that cannot help having a certain freak-show appeal. Yet it does have its riveting passages, as when we see the screen wellnigh explode with the superhuman, or superbovine, exertions of these body builders, or when Arnold Schwarzenegger, the champion of champions, gives out with mischievous bits of witty cynicism. 11/20, 21, Cinema Village.

Short Eyes–Written by Miguel Pinero, film is far from being a grim tract on prison conditions or the institutional dehumanization of the poor. With its Curtis Mayfield score and exuberant ethnic acting, *the film combines authentic funk with what can only* be called entertainment values. Yet the sense of theater is indigenous to Pinero's characters, men who begin at zero and lay claim to their square of turf through stylized gesture and idiom of "personality." Paramount; Sutton.

A Special Day–Writer-director Ettore Scola arranges a day-long confrontation between a down-trodden mother of six and a homosexual, played by Sophia *Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. As in earlier films,* Scola yokes together disparate social types and forces more cultural baggage on them than they can carry. If the presence of the two stars is what gives the movies its measure of interest, they are also its undoing—they are just too dazzling to play neorealist church mice. Beekman.

The Spy Who Loved Me–The latest James Bond film, starring Roger Moore, is the first that is not based on an Ian Fleming novel. Things start off skiingly in the pretitle sequence and end swimmingly. In between, there is every kind of sport, from sex with a gorgeous Soviet spy to blowing a couple of atomic submarines set to blow up New York and Moscow. So if you don't believe any of it, have a dammed good time, and smile from ear to ear. Embassy 46th; 72nd St E.; thru 11/15, Gramercy; 8th St Plyhe; 11/16-22, Playboy.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you *get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelm*ing banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum; Murray Hill.

That Obscure Object of Desire–Fernando Rey stars in Luis Bunuel's film as an aging man hopelessly infatuated with a young woman (Carol Bouquet). *Based on Pierre Louys's Le Femme et le Pantin.* Columbia I.

Which Way Is Up?–Michael Schultz directed this picture adapted from Lina Wertmuller's *The Seduction of Mimi,* starring Richard Pryor as a befuddled farm worker, as the worker's contankerous old father, and as a hypocritical preacher. Loews State II; Loews Cine.

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

Leslie Browne and **Mikhail Baryshnikov** in **The Turning Point,** Herbert Ross's film wherein the mother of a budding ballerina resents her old friend's taking over her daughter's career. Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft are the older ones, and Leslie the dancer whose enormous talent precipitates the crisis. Coronet.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 11/17, *Black and White in Color.* From 11/18, *One Sings, The Other Doesn't.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). Thru 11/17, *First Love.* From 11/18, *Semi-Tough.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *A Special Day.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 11/15, *Bend of the River.* 11/16, *The Big Heat; Human Desire.* 11/17, *Blood and Sand; The Eagle.* 11/18, 19, *Brewster McCloud; McCabe and Mrs. Miller.* 11/21, *Sunday Bloody Sunday; Midnight Cowboy.* 11/22, *Shane.* 11/23, *Fury; You and Me.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 11/15, *Once There Was a Girl; With a Light Steam.* 11/16, *Hamlet* (Russian film); *And Then I Said No.* 11/17, *The Three Musketeers* (D.Fairbanks Sr.); *The Iron Mask.* 11/18, *Shoot the Piano Player; Mississippi Mermaid.* 11/19, *Sweet Bird of Youth; A Streetcar Named Desire.* 11/20, *City Lights; Limelight.* 11/21, *Fury; The Ox-Bow Incident.* 11/22, *When September Comes; Sports, Sports, Sports.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Julia.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Outrageous!*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *Julia.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). Thru 11/16, *Children of Paradise.* From 11/17, *Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 11/15; *The Clockmaker; A Piece of Pleasure.* 11/16, 17, *A Boy and His Dog; The 11th Victim.* 11/18, 19, *Performance; Mean Streets.* 11/20, 21, *Pumping Iron; Lifeguard.* 11/22, *The Mother and the Whore.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *That Obscure Object of Desire.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). Thru 11/22, *A Piece of the Action.* From 11/23, *Another Man, Another Chance.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). From 11/15, *The Turning Point.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). Thru 11/17, *A Piece of the Action.* From 11/18, *Semi-Tough.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *In the Realm of the Senses.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Heroes.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). Thru 11/15, *The Spy Who Loved Me.* From 11/16, *Let Joy Reign Supreme.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *Heroes.*

Embassy 46th, 46th at Bdway (757-2408). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 11/15, *A Woman's Decision; Fun with Dick and Jane.* 11/16-22, *One Sings, the Other Doesn't.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *1900.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Lacemaker.*

First Black American Film Festival, Elgin, 19th St & 8th Ave (675-0935). 11/18, *Marijuana Affair; Leadbelly.* 11/19, *The Long Night; Bingo Long and the Traveling All Stars.* 11/20, *Blacula; Willie Dynamite.* 11/21, *Our Latin Thing; Black Street Fighter.* 11/22; *I Fell in Love With God; Moja.* 11/23, *Marijuana Affair; Bush Mama.* 11/24, *Superfly.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *Oh, God!.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 11/17, *The Spy Who Loved Me.* From 11/18, *One Sings, The Other Doesn't.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). Thru 11/15, *Valentino.* From 11/16, to be announced.

Guild, *33 W 50th (PL7-2406). Thru 11/16, Oh, God.* (11/17, theater closed.) From 11/18, *Summerdog.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *First Love.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *Which Way is Up?*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Star Wars.*

Loews State I, II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). I. *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.* II. *Which Way Is Up?*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Valentino.* II. Thru 11/15, *The Spy Who Loved Me.* From 11/16, *Bobby Deerfield.* III. Thru 11/15, *Oh, God!* From 11/16, to be announced.

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Star Wars.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 11/17, 2:30, *Has Anybody Seen My Gal?* 6 p.m. *Magnificent Obsession;* 8:30, *Imitation of Life.* 11/18, 2:30, *Thunder on the Hill;* 8 p.m. *Les Grandes Manoeuvres.* 11/19, noon, *Sign of the Pagan;* 2:30, *All I Desire;* 5 p.m. *All That Heaven Allows.* 11/20, noon *Captain Lightfoot;* 11/21, noon, Walter Lantz cartoons; 2:30, *Interlude;* 6 p.m. *There's Always Tomorrow.* 11/22, noon, Walter Lantz Cartoons; 2:30, *On Approval;* 6 p.m. What's Happening?

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). *Valentino.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Black and White in Color; A Man and a Woman.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 11/15, *The Spy Who Loved Me.* 11/16-22, *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Short Eyes.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 11/15, *Smokey and the Bandit.* 11/16-22, *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). Thru 11/19, *One Sings, The Other Doesn't.* From 11/20, *Iphigenia.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. *Aguirre, Wrath of God.* II. *In the Realm of the Senses.* III. *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden; The Story of Adele H.* IV. *The American Friend.*

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave betw 50th & 51st (246-4600). ***Pete's Dragon.***

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 11/15, *All This and Heaven, Too; Deception.* 11/16-19, *Dark Victory; Grand Hotel.* 11/20, 21, *Marked Woman; Kid Galahad.* 11/22, 23, *Bordertown; Forsaking All Others.*

Renoir, 100 Seventh Ave So (873-8702). Thru 11/16, *Alicia,* a Cuban documentary on ballerina Alicia Alonso. From 11/17, *The Confessions of Amans.*

RKO Cinerama, I, II, Bdway at 47th (975-8366). I. (Theater closed thru 11/22) From 11/23, *The Mack* II. Thru 11/22, *Valentino.* From 11/23, *Another Man, Another Chance.*

RKO 86th I, II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. Thru 11/15, *Oh, God.* From 11/16, *Handle with Care.* II. Thru 11/15, *Valentino.* From 11/16, *Oh, God.*

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 11/15, *Pardon Mon Amour; The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz.* From 11/16, to be announced.

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Mr. Klein.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Short Eyes.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 11/15, *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer; The General Died at Dawn.* 11/16, 17, *The Lost Weekend; The Major and the Minor.* 11/18, 19, *The Blue Dahlia; The Glass Key.* 11/20-22, *The Heiress; Hold Back the Dawn.*

Theatre St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 11/15, *Moby Dick; Outward Bound.* 11/16, *Bad Sister; Payment on Demand.* 11/17, *The Big Pond; Midnight.* 11/18, *So Ends Our Night; The Good Fairy.* 11/19, *And Then There Were None; Mystery of Marie Roget.* 11/20, 21, *Anything Goes; We're Not Dressing.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Bobby Deerfield.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Equus.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). Thru 11/22, To be announced. From 11/23, *Another Man, Another Chance.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *A Piece of the Action.*

Victoria, Bdway at 46th (354-5636). From 11/16, *Thunder and Lightning.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). Thru 11/15, *Oh, God.* From 11/16, *Handle With Care.*

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). 11/15-20, Ant Farm/Ramos/Soltes. 11/22-30, Barry Gerson (Para-Cinema Sculptures).

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). Thru 11/15, theater closed. From 11/16, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Wednesday, November 16

The Merchant–A play by Arnold Wesker woven around pre-Shakespearean stories, and set in the Jewish ghetto of Venice in 1563. Directed by John Dexter. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

An Almost Perfect Person–A play about a widowed woman lawyer (Colleen Dewhurst), narrowly defeated in the race for Congress, who finds solace in consecutive flings with her campaign manager and treasurer. Directed by Zoe Caldwell. Essentially a TV play with perhaps a touch of extra sex. Belasco, 111 W 44th (JU 6-7950).

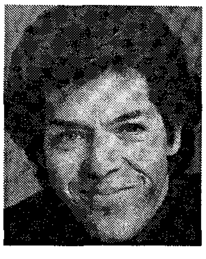
Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Dracula–Frank Langella stars as the bloodthirsty count in a play by Deane and Balderson adapted from the Bram Stoker novel and directed by Dennis Rosa. Edward Gorey designed the settings and costumes. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

HAPPY BIRTHDAY



Gemini celebrates its 200th performance on Broadway. **Jonathan Hadary** (left) is Herschel in the Albert Innaurato award-winning comedy, which is stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people who need desperately to be noticed. At the Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Golda–Anne Bancroft stars in the title role of a play by William Gibson described as a partial portrait of the former Prime Minister of Israel, based on Mrs. Meir's autobiography. Directed by Arthur Penn. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mat Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. On Sun 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Man of La Mancha–What we have here is the unparalleled impudence of Dale Wasserman's book, the tuneless tunes of Mitch Leigh, and the rather tasteless dances of the late Jack Cole. Despite the virtues of the beautiful Emily Yancy, who can act and dance, and one or two others, this play is an equal insult to Cervantes, the American musical theater, and humanity. Palace, 1564 Broadway (PL 7-2626).

Miss Margarida's Way–Estelle Parsons has moved from off-Broadway to play her solo role as a demented schoolteacher. The audience is her classroom. Ambassador, 219 W 49th (CO 5-1855).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titilating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Don Murray. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Shadow Box–Michael Cristofer's haunting play, which won a 1977 Pulitzer prize and a best-play Tony Award, is set amoung terminal patients in a California hospital, and poses some daring questions about hopelessness and self-delusion. An altogether moving work, it even manages to be funny when circumstances permit. Gordon Davidson's direction of a superb nine-member cast approaches perfection; a superior evening all told. Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555)

Side by Side with Sondheim–Hermione Gingold, Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, and Georgia Brown offer a generous sampling of songs for which Stephen Sondheim wrote words, music, or both. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Ben Jonson's *Volpone* updated to 19th-century San Francisco, with new gags stuck onto the original Jacobean plot-structure. Robert Preston, minus 76 trombones, plays the arch conniver. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

Tartuffe–Moliere's masterpiece, directed by Stephen Porter, is a comedy of an extremely serious sort. John Wood, as the pious hypocrite, is a very funny fellow who properly acts with every part of his body. His vitality is boundless. The rest of the cast is very pleasant indeed. And then there is Richard Wilbur's translation, so marvelous that it makes Moliere into as great an English verse playwright as he was a French one. Plays through 11/20. Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by Geroge Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Wed thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2, Sun at 5. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Another Way To Love–Authentic and unusual fantasies, followed by a discussion at which wine is served. Thurs and Fri at 8 p.m. $5. Project Cabaret, 127 Grand St (966-0322).

Beyond the Horizon–Eugene O'Neill's play presented by An Claidheamh Suluis. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3. $3. thru 12/4. The Irish Arts Center, 553 W 51st (757-3318).

Bon Voyage–A new musical play based on *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon;* book and lyrics by Edward Mabley; music by Jacques Offenbach. Sun 11/18-20, 25-27, 12/2-4 at 8 p.m. 11/20, 27, 12/4, at 3 p.m. $3. Parish Hall Theater, 2 E 90th (289-3402).

The Boys From Syracuse–Rodgers and Hart's 1938 musical hit revived with full orchestra; directed by Joe Sutherin. Thurs thru Sat, Thru 11/19. St. Bart's Plyhse, Park & 50th (PL 1-1616).

Brontosaurus–Lanford Wilson's play which is about an encounter of consequence between a teacher and a survivor. Directed by Daniel Irvine. Tues thru Fri at 11 p.m. thru 11/18. $3. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

The Cannibals–A play by Michael Warner concerning emotional gamesmanship played out by four people in a desolate beach house; Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 11/20. Theater Matrix, 750 8th Ave, Room 607 (221-9495).

Carnival–Music and lyrics by Bob Merrill and book by Michael Stewart, based on material by Helen Deutsch, this 1961 musical plays thru 11/20. Directed by Susan Schulman, with choreography by Stephen Gelfer. Riverside Drive Playhouse, 103rd St & the Drive (663-2028).

Chez Nous–Sam Waterston stars in a new comedy by Peter (A Day in the Death of Joe Egg) Nichols,

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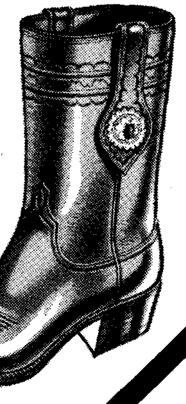

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with Christina Pickles, Barbara Caruso, and John Tillinger. Wed thru Sun at 8:30; Sat & Sun at 2:30. Thru 11/27. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd St (288-2500).

Close One Eye–Dulce Mann's play, directed by Joe Donovan, is about an attractive widow's struggle against the loneliness of single living. Thru 11/20, Fridays and Saturdays at 8; Sun at 4 p.m. $2.50 *Dramatic Workshop, 333 Sixth Ave (877-9315).*

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villiany toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle *of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling* sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

The Cold Wind and the Warm–Robias Haller stars in S. N. Behrman's play about a young Jew growing up in Worcester, Mass., at the turn of the century who is searching for what he calls "the only mystery—the key to everything." Thurs and Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 2:30 p.m. Thru 11/20. Jewish Repertory Theater, 344 E 14th St (674-7200).

Come on Strong–A play by Garson Kanin, directed *by David Graubert, starring Ingrid Boulting and Paul* Garcia. Thurs, Fri, Sun at 8; Sat at 7:30 & 10:30 p.m. 11/17-12/18. Greenwich Mews, 141 W 13th (243-6800).

Da–Hugh Leonard's play, directed by Melvin Bernhardt. Wed thru Sun at 8; Sun at 3, 11/23-12/18. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th (760-9800).

Double Bill–J. M. Synge's *Riders to the Sea,* and James M. Barrie's *Twelve-Pound Look.* Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. thru 11/19. $2.50. New Media, 350 E 81st (249-9872).

Downfall of the Egotist Johann Fatzer–Bertolt Brecht's play is about four German soldiers who desert the battlefront physically but cannot psychologically. It consists of 13 scenes interspersed with German cabaret songs (sung by Agnes Bernelle) Wed thru Sun, Thru 11/26, $2.50. Vandam Theater. 15 Vandam St (675-0498).

Drama Committee Repertory–G.B. Shaw's *Misalliance,* Thurs, Fri, Sat at 10:15, thru 12/17. Chekhov's *Ward Six,* Thurs, Fri, Sat at 7:30, thru 11/26. Aristophanes's *Lysistrata,* Tues & Wed, 8:45; Sat at 2:30, Sun at 2:30 & 5:30, thru 11/20. All shows $3. 17 W 20th St (929-8377).

Esther–A play by C.K. Mack about Esther, the Jewish queen of Persia; directed by Joel Zwick. With Dianne Wiest; Charles Turner. From 11/22. Promenade, Bdway & 76th (354-0880).

Eulogy of a Small Town Thief–A new play by Miguel *(Short Eyes)* Pinero about the urban underworld and the dream of a petty criminal to overcome his hostile environment; directed by Jack Gelber. 11/17-12/4. Ensemble Studio Theater (247-4982).

An Evening in Three Acts–A.R. Gurney, Jr.'s *The Golden Fleece,* directed by Christopher Cade; John Guare's *The Loveliest Afternoon of the Year,* directed by Elizabeth Himelstein; *Ferryboat,* by Leonard Melfi, directed by Jane Ranallo. With Robin Brown, Peter Spellos, Myke Fiorentine, Ronni Stolzenberg, Dorothy Lissner, and Brian Zoldessy. Wed thru Sat at 7:30, Thru 11/19, $2.50. 18th St Plyhse, 145 W 18th (541-7600).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Feedlot–*Patrick Meyer's play about violent goings-on* in a Texas feedlot is a bit underdone and overreaching, but Meyer is clearly someone to watch. The play holds our interest and keeps growing in stature rather than just length. The performances are basically strong and intelligent. If you leave the theater wanting more, it is not because the portions were small, but because they were so tasty. Thru 11/19, Circle Repertory Theater, 99 7th Ave So (924-7100).

Fishing–Michael Weller's play, directed by Ron Comenzo. 11/16-19 at 8p.m. Stage Works, 15 W 18th (242-2695).

Ghosts–Henrik Ibsen's play, directed by Neal Weaver. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. Thru 11/20. $2.50. Meat and Potatoes, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

The Glass Menagerie–Tennessee Williams's "memory play," directed by Robert Petito. Thurs thru Sat, at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. Thru 11/20. $3.50. Theater-Off-Park, 28 E 35th (571-7594).

Housewife! Superstar!–Barry Humphries plays Dame Edna Everage, housewife, and Les Patterson, Australian cultural attache. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 p.m. $12 to $8. Theater Four, 424 W 55th (246-8545).

The Initiate–Mixed media performance, conceived and performed by Joan Evans, with music by Matthew Greenbaum. Thurs thru Sat at 10 p.m. Sun at 5 p.m. Thru 11/27. $4. The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

Kennedy's Children–Robert Patrick's play, directed by Norman Rene, focuses on the shattered illusions of five characters. 11/17-20. Curtain at 8, except Sundays at 3. Production Company, 249 W 18th (691-7359).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–11/18 at 7:30, 11/19 at 7:30, T.S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*. 11/19, at 10:30 p.m. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Philip Massinger's Elizabethan work. 11/20 at 3 p.m. *Hamlet*. 330 Bowery (667-0060).

Kiss Me Kate–Revival of Cole Porter's musical. 11/17, 18, and 19, at 8 p.m. $3.50. University Theater, 35 W 4th St (598-3067).

Lady Windemere's Fan–Oscar Wilde's drawing-room comedy directed by Andres Castro. Fri, Sat & Sun, at 8 p.m. Thru 12/18. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

Landscape of the Body–The main trouble with John Guare's new play is that it seems to be written out of no inner compulsion except to write yet another play, and that, generally speaking, is not enough. John Pasquin has directed the play as if he knew what he was directing, and there are some good performances, especially from Shirley Knight. It is a work that comes across as a five-finger exercise of which fingers at least four are thumbs. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

THAT CERTAIN SMILE

Lee Kheel appears in **The Laboratory,** a new comedy by June Daniels, directed by Ron Daley, dissecting hippies and other lemmings of our times. Fri thru Mon at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3, 11/18 until 12/5. The Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and amtitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Little Murders–Jules Feiffer's play directed by Marvin Kahan. Fri & Sun at 8; Sat at 7:30 & 10. $3. Off Center Theater, 436 W 18th (LT 1-2900).

The Malcontent–John Marston's Elizabethan satirical comedy, directed by Richard Bruno and Maurice Edwards. Fri thru Sun, Thru 11/20. $3. Classic Theater, 20 Bleecker St (242-3900).

A Man and His Woman–Craig *(Outrageous!)* Russell stars in an evening of theater, music, and humor. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10:30 p.m. Theater East, 211 E 60th (355-7025).

The Misanthrope–A musical version of the Moliere comedy, with English verse translation by Richard Wilbur, and music by Margaret Pine; Directed by Leonardo Shapiro. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Naked–Luigi Pirandello's play, starring Fran Brill, directed by Gene Feist. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2. Thru 11/27. Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Night Shift–Rip Torn stars as Murphy, a metalworker who can cope with his job but can't handle his spare time. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 11/27. $6 ($3 to union members). Playhouse, 359 W 48th (477-0993).

Nightsong–Ron Eliran stars in an evening of his own music—folk, folk rock, and contemporary—with Holly T. Lipton, Joy Kohner, Dian Sorel, and a 5-piece back-up group. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 5 & 7:30. Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (473-7270).

Nuestro Teatro Repertory–Trilogy of one-act plays: Tennessee Williams's *Esta Propiedad Esta Condenada;* Sebastian Salazar Bondy's *El De La Valija;* Carlos Solorzano's *Cruce de Vias*. Alejandro Casona's *La Dama Del Alba*. All play thru November. Nuestro Teatro, 277 Park Ave So (673-9430).

Once Upon a Time–A Yiddish musical production with original folk melodies, about the shtetl of long ago. Thru 12/11. English narration. $10, $8, $6. Norman Thomas Theater, 33rd St & Park Ave (889-6800).

One Summer–Book, music, and lyrics by Philip M. Smith, directed by Edwin Norman Illiano. 11/17, 18, 19 at 8 p.m. Sat. 11/19, at 2 p.m. $2.50. Three Muses Theater (Hotel Ansonia), 73rd & Bdway (575-9415).

Othello–The Shakespearean tragedy, directed by Rod Nash. 11/19, 12/3, at 8 p.m. 11/20 at 7; 12/4 at 2 & 7 p.m. $2.50. YM-YWHA, 54 Nagle Ave (569-6200).

The Passing Game–A play by Steve Tesich about a basketball game one on one. Directed by Peter Yates; with William Atherton. From 11/20. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Christopher Bernau plays the toothy one. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

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Playwrights Horizons–Three plays in repertory. Sam Shepard's *Angel City;* Len Jenkin's *Gogol,* and Lanie Robertson's *Back County Crimes.* $3. 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

Repertory Theater–Jean Paul Sartre's *No Exit,* Fri & Sat at 7:30. Chekov's *A Marriage Proposal* and *The Boor,* Sun at 7:30. Both directed by Rose Lynch. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Revenger's Tragedy–Cyril Tourneur's play of the Jacobean period in the genre of the "tragedy of blood." Directed by Carol Poster. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 11/20. $3. NYTE, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

The Ritual–A musical to lift you up to a powerful experience of love. Saturdays 7:30 8 p.m. and Sundays at 4 p.m. thru 11/25. National Black Theater, 9 E 125th St (534-9882).

Royal Repertory–Jean Paul Sartre's *No Exit,* Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30; Chekhov's *The Boor* and *A Marriage Proposal,* every Sunday at 7:30. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Sandra and the Janitor–William Packard's play, directed by Michael Herring, with Richard Brock and Lauri Welles. Fri at 8, Sat at 3 & 8, Sun at 3, thru 11/20. Soho Books, 307 W Bdway (925-4948).

The School for Wives–A romantic comedy by Moliere, written in 1662; directed by Marshall Anker. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 11/27. $3. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (JU 2-4240).

Soho Repertory–11/18 at 8:30; 11/19, 11/20, at 7:30, *Peer Gynt.* 11/19 at 10:30; 11/20 at 4:30, *Mister T,* by Michael Zettler (dilemma of a professional athlete). Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Spanish Theater Repertory: *Te Juro Juana, Que Tengo Ganas,* by Emilio Carballido; *La Celestina,* by de Rojas; *La Dama Duende,* by Calderon; *El Censo,* by Carballido; *Los Habladores,* by Cervantes; *La Difunta,* by Unamuno. All plays in rotating repertory. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates call 889-2850.

El Super–Written and directed by Ivan Acosta, this tragic-comedy is presented in Spanish. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 6 p.m., thru January, 1978. $4. Cuban Cultural Center, 601 W 51st (586-8564).

Survival–Performed by four black South Africans who seem to have lived every syllable and phrase of it, this may not be much of a play, still less a musical, though the quartet sings slyly a capella, and dances with a fine, mocking grace. That the dung heap of white South African politics could produce the dignity and unflappable purposive laughter of these four gallent men—their agility of body and suppleness of mind and soul—should command our attention. *Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 6 & 9; Sun at 3 &* 8 p.m. Astor Place, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

Swansongs–New plays of whimsy and allegory by Constance Wilkinson and Allan Havis, directed by John Fisher. Thurs thru Sat at 9 p.m. Cloudchamber, 45 E 20th St 12th floor (475-9623).

A Taste of Honey–Shelagh Delaney's modern classic about an English girl's emergence into womanhood. Fri at 8; Sat at 7:30 & 10:30; Sun at 3 & 7:30. 11/18-12/11. $2.50. Stagelights, 218 W 48th (244-4270).

13th St Theater Repertory–Israel Horovitz's *Line* and *Shooting Gallery,* Fri & Sat at 7:30; Sun at 5:30. Richard Hall's *Love Match,* Mon at 10 p.m. Tues & Thurs at 7:30. George Xirimisa's *Pogey Bait,* Thurs thru Sat at 10; Sun at 8. David Rappoport's *The Styx Border,* Mon at 7:30. Alan L. Reed's *Aftermath of an Eagle,* Tues at 10. Tom Millot's *Three by Two,* Wed at 7:30. Sklaroff & Magesis's *Swamp Fox,* Fri & Sat at midnight. 50 W 13th (924-9785).

Uncommon Women and Others–Wendy Wasserstein's play, directed by Steven Robman, deals with five women emerging from their senior year at college. Tues thru Sun at 8; Sat & Sun at 3. 11/17-12/4. Marymount Theater, 221 E 71st (730-0794).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

WHAT PRICE SURVIVAL?

Michael Marcus stars in Harold and Edith Lieberman's drama, **Throne of Straw,** a play dealing with the Nazi Holocaust; directed by Petr Micka. Wednesdays through Sundays, thru 11/27. $2.50. St. Clement's Theater, 423 W 46th. Call 246-7277 for reservations.

Venture Theater–*Desmond* (based on Kafka's story about a former ape), and William Osborn's *Sim,* both featuring Mary Bozeman and directed by William Osborn. Ape plays Wed thru Sat at 8; $4. The other, Fri & Sat at 10:30. $3. Theater, 230½ 8th Ave at 22nd (924-4791).

Ward Six–Arthur Reel's dramatization of an Anton Chekhov short story probes the thin line between sanity and insanity. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30. Drama Committee, 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Wonderful Lives–Musical about a gay man and *straight woman and the men they love, written and* directed by James Ferguson. Wed, Thurs, Sun at 8:30; Fri & Sat at 7 & 10:30 $6. Glines, 260 W Bdway at 6th Ave (925-2619).

Woyzeck–Georg Buchner's play, directed by Andrei Belgrader. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4 p.m. Thru 11/27 (no perf. Thanksgiving Day). $3. Changing Space, 120 W 28th (242-6663).

Zinnia–Woman's ultimate confrontation with reality, with Carol Mayo Jenkins and Emily Frankel, directed by John Cullum. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3, from 11/18. Colonnades Theater, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonette–890 2nd Ave. French boite with Rita Dimitri singing the songs of Piaf, Aznavour, and Jacques Brel. Dancing, Tues thru Sat. Dardanelle at the piano Mondays (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Hot Sugar, a revue starring 21 singers, dancers, and musicians, plays thru 11/15. Juan Salazar and his orchestra play for the show and dancing. Shows 9:30 & midnight Tues thru Fri, 3 shows on Saturday. Closed Monday (PL 2-8080).

Cleo's–Bdway at 63rd St opposite Lincoln Center. Mabel Mercer, nonpareil cafe singer and living legend, is here and doing well (724-6301).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 9:30 & 12:30. Closed Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque with entertainment. Singer Kimberly Vaughn here 11/18, 19. Irving Fields and his trio play nightly for dancing. Downstairs disco is open Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (PL 5-6010).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. The Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss Quintet appear nightly except Sundays at 10 p.m., midnight, and 2 a.m. thru 12/3, with the Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Lorelei–233 E 86th. Viennese cuisine, a large dance floor, and the Hof Brau Revue every night at 8 p.m. (722-9897).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. Caberet '77, a 90-minute songfest with a five-member cast, Tues thru Sat at 9, with an added 11 p.m. showing Thurs, Fri & Sat (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Cabaret: 11/16, 17, Harry James Orchestra. 11/18-21, Leslie Dawson and Irwin C. Watson. In the Playroom: Thru 1/1/78, Minsky's Burlesque (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Mimi Hines sings and clowns here, way up in the sky (with Picasso weavings on the walls). Mon thru Sat, thru 11/19. Lana Cantrell comes in 11/21 (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Here, for an extended engagement, Sy Oliver and his orchestra (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (Cl 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Fame, a record & disco sextet from Bermuda here, Mon thru Sat, thru 12/10 (421-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub, with dining, dancing and a revue headlined by Aris San and Vicky Michail, one of Greece's leading singers (683-9409).

Starship Discovery #1–350 W 42nd, betw 8th & 9th. Futuristic discotheque in a three-floor entertainment complex. 11/18-20, Crown Heights Affair. 9 p.m. to 7 a.m. Wed thru Sun (695-1114).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

La Vie En Rose–227 E 56th. *Pouff,* a musical revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 9:30; and at 11:30. Disco dancing and dining before and after show (755-1820).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (678-7000). **Under the Clock:** The Phillips Brothers, Al on piano and organ and Perry, the drummer, Mon thru Fri, 8 p.m. thru 1 a.m. **The Guard Room:** pianist Theresa Kelly, 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Mon thru Fri.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Bobby Short plays Tuesday thru Saturday from 9:45 p.m. **Bemelmans Bar:** Marian McPartland plays Monday thru Saturday from 9:30 p.m.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** Bucky Pizzarelli, who, plays a seven string guitar and needs no accompaniment, has exemplary support nonetheless in pianist Tony Monte and bassist Ron Napso, Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, 11/14-12/17, Melody Stewart. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Yvette Souviron, 6:30 to 11:30, Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Maisonette:** The Peter Duchin Quartet, directed by Mark Shane, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday. Ray Hartley at the piano, from 5 to 9, Mon thru Fri. Dining and dancing 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. The esteemed tenor saxaphonist Sonny Stitt, 11/15-19, and he's inconsistent—capable of brilliance at one moment and facile coasting the next; the odds are still better than good. On Mon, Ted Daniels's big band. 11/22-26, George Braith's Space Island (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Barbara's–78 W 3rd St. 11/18, 19, French tenor saxist Gerard Badini, and the Swing Machine. 11/25, 26, Japan's leading trumpet star Teramusa Hino and Quintet (663-8697).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. 11/16-19, Diane Snow Quartet, at 9 p.m. Wed, Thurs. 10 p.m. Fri & Sat. (675-4720).

Bondini's–62 W 9th. A Mediterranean dining grotto, with pianist Norman Rollins doing Porter, Romberg, Rodgers, and other masters, from 7 p.m. on (777-0670).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, a bewitching singer of blues, ballads, and optimistic standards of another era, is one of the most exciting finds of the decade. After a 20-year retirement, she proves to be fresh, energetic, utterly authoritative, and charming. Accompanied by Jimmy Rowles and Al Hall, she is simply not to be missed & is here thru 11/19. Odetta arrives 11/21 to stay thru 12/28. Sundays, Rose Murphy, the big lady with the tiny voice, sings from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. accompanied by Morris Edwards on bass (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th & Vanderbilt. Doc Cheatham, a marvelously clean and lyrical trumpeter who has been perfecting the same style for half a century, is leading a trio Mondays thru Fridays (889-8331).

Daly's Daffodil–59th St & First. Pianist-arranger-composer Ellis Larkins plays Tues thru Sat from 9 p.m. until forever (688-0018).

David Copperfield Pub–38th & Lexington. It's a Dicken's of a place, English food. Len Metcalfe plays every night but Mondays from 9 until 3 a.m. (684-8227).

David's Harp–131 W 3rd St. Singer-guitarist Shlomo Haviv has returned to this Israeli hotspot. He performs every night but Monday from 9 (982-0328).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Red Balaban and his Cats. 11/15, three guest stars sit in—trumpeters Gris Griffin and Larry Weiss; tromonist Jimmy Knepper. 11/20, Harold Ashby, the gravel-toned tenorist who sustains the Ben Webster tradition, brings in his quintet (265-8277).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Karen Springer; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Grand Finale–210 W 70th. 11/21-12/3, Morgana King sings Showtimes are at 9 p.m. and 11:45 (595-4206).

Great Aunt Fanny's–340 W 46th. A cozy, reasonable theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 Tuesdays, Fay Reed entertains (765-7374).

Greenstreets–566 Seventh Avenue. A Times Square area restaurant with continuous jazz from 9 to 1 a.m. Thurs thru Sat. (354-0239).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon & Tues, Al Haig Trio, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Wed thru Sat, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio. Mon thru Sat, 7 to 10, Gene Roland Trio (371-2220).

Jacques'–210 E 58th. Hungarian cuisine here, and composer-pianist Jorge Rios plays nightly from 5 to 9 p.m. followed by pianists Lynn Richards and Marc Marique for the late night crowd (PL 3-5513).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is here, with the excellent rhythm section of Eddie Locke and Ted Sturgis, and the music is everything but complacent. On Mondays, another crackling veteran, Max Kaminsky holds forth (664-9700).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, a gifted disciple of lyric stride piano, a natural singer, and a walking file cabinet of pop and jazz tunes no one else plays, is in deft command of a quartet (with reedman Russell Procope, bassist Aaron Bell and drummer Shelton Gary) Thursdays thru Sundays. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays he duets with Bell, an irristably authoritative musician with lovely touch and perfect time (744-2540).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Singer Johnny Hartman headlines, with Toni Monti and Carmen Mastren joining him on the piano and guitar, in a tribute to the music of Nat King Cole, thru 12/3. From 9:15 p.m. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. thru closing. Pianist Steve Marks, Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. New Dawn, a vocal-instrumental quartet in the main room. The illustrious pianist-singer Bill Russell in the lounge (752-0200).

Penguin–21 W 9th. A romantic dining spot that features jazz pianist Ted Kocielek at the keyboard nightly (777-2670).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St, two blocks below Canal. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino

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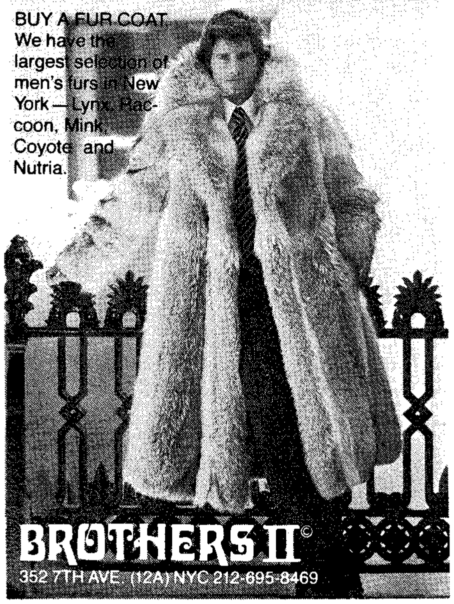

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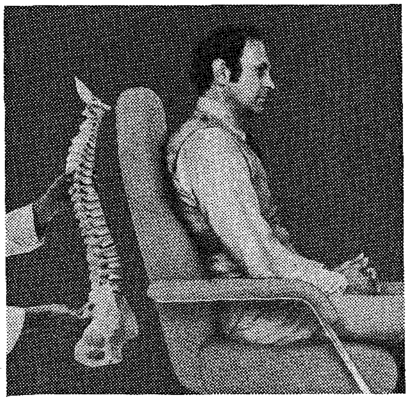

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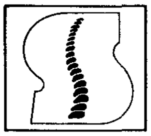

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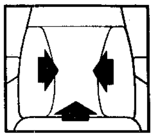

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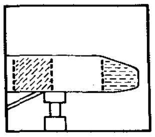

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Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Wed & Fri, Original Traditional jazz band. Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fridays, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. 11/15-19, singer Cissy Houston. 11/20, 21, Carol Broadbelt. 11/22-12/4, Barbara Cook. Fri & Sat, 5 to 7 p.m. the Daphne Hellman Trio (692-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Storyville–41 E 58th. Eddie Cleanhead Vinson is one of the most invigorating bluesmen around, a distinctive singer (and versifier), and an alto saxophonist of distinction (in a Charlie Parker vein). His band takes over 11/15-19, and is well worth hearing. 11/22-26, Kustbandet, a 12-piece Swedish band with a repertoire of classical jazz of the '20s and '30s (744-1640).

Stryker's–103 W 86. Mon, Dave Matthews Big Band. Tues, Joao Palma sextet. Wed, Nightflyte. Art Farmer, whose flugelhorn is mellower than any other, is a craftsman, and his quintets reflect his sturdiness. He'll be playing pretty 11/17-19. (874-8754).

The Third Phase–Bdway & 111th St. 11/17, 18, 19, Two-Tenor Boogie, with Sammy Price. 11/24, 25, 26, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans (749-0200).

Village Gate–160 Bleecker. 11/18, 19, Mose Allison Trio, and Tahuantinsuyo, music of the Andes (473-7270).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. 11/15-20, the Sonny Fortune Quartet. 11/21, the Thad Jones & Mel Lewis Band (AL 5-4037).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

Harvest Crafts Festival, Nassau Coliseum (516-794-9100); 11/18: 1-10, 11/19: 10-10, 11/20: 10-8.

Dances & Musicians of Bali, Carnegie Hall, 11/16 at 7:30, 11/17-18 at 8.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Tues, Thurs & Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3 & 7:30 Wed at 2 & 8.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Concerts

Tuesday, November 15

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.

Erick Friedman, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Molly Picon, Town Hall, at 2.

National Orchestral Association, Carnegie Hall, 8.

Jazz Concert, NYU Theater, at 8.

Nathaniel Rosen, cello/**Samuel Sanders,** piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Emerson String Quartet, Fraunces Tavern Museum, at 5:30.

Wednesday, November 16

Mirella Freni, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Chamber Music, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.

Gretchen Wyler, Town Hall, at 5:45.

Manhattan Concert Jazz Band, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. (749-2802), at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

Rolf-Bruce Forsland, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (790-4331), at 8.

Municipal Chamber Orchestra, Edenwald Senior Center, 1150 E 229th St. (682-6567), at 1:30.

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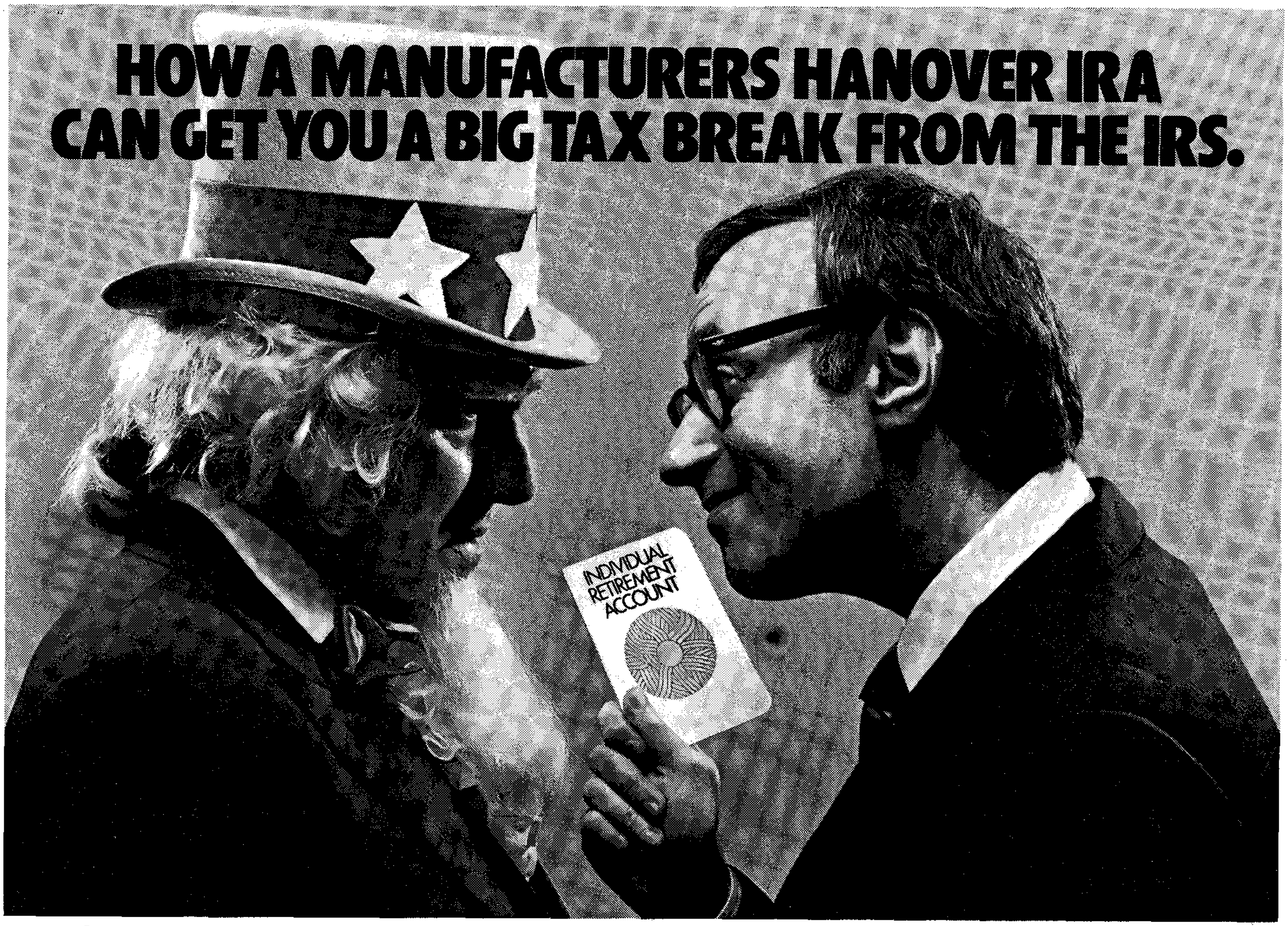

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35	$189,774	50	$44,657
40	$121,674	55	$23,700

NOTE: In order to earn interest at these rates, deposits, including accrued interest, must not be withdrawn prior to maturity. Federal law and regulation prohibit the payment of an IRA Time Deposit (7¾% IRA) prior to maturity or before the depositor attains age 59½ (except in the case of death or disability), unless three months of the interest thereon is forfeited and interest on the amount withdrawn is reduced to the Regular Passbook Savings rate.

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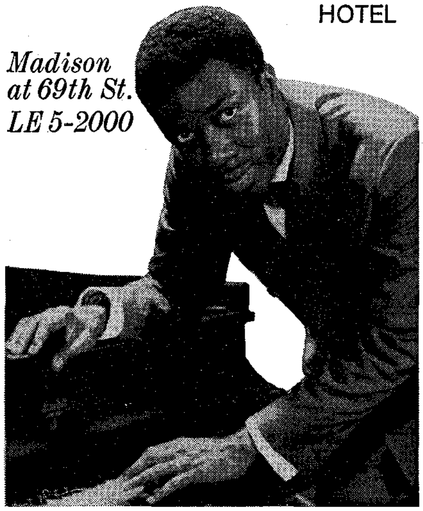

Joseph Smith, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Ramon Ramonov, guitar, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Joel Sachs, piano, Brooklyn College Gershwin Theater, at 12:15.

Thursday, November 17

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Chamber Music, Manhattan School of Music, at 5:30.
Ars Viva, First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. (989-3591), at 8.
Rosalyn Tureck, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
String Arts Trio, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Montreal Brass Quintet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Donn-Alexandre Feder, piano, Manhattan School of Music, at 8.

Friday, November 18

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Repertory Orchestra, Manhattan School of Music, 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Musical Comedy, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Municipal Chamber Orchestra, Engel Day Center, 241 W 72nd St. (682-6567), at 1:30.
Alexandre Lagoya, guitar, Town Hall, at 8.
Montreal Brass Quintet, NYU Graduate School of Business, 100 Trinity Pl. (269-0320), at 12:30.
Joseph Villa, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.
Brooklyn Philharmonia, BAM Opera House, at 8.
Concert Social, Hotel Biltmore Music Room, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (749-5464), at 8:30.
Rogeri Trio, Metropolitan Club, 1 E 60th St. (752-4907), at 8.

Saturday, November 19

Jon Lucien, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Brooklyn Philharmonia, BAM Opera House, at 8.
Waverly Consort, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Felicitas Keil, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Dickran Atamian, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Neal La Monaco, Metropolitan Museum, at 2:30.
New Riders of the Purple Sage/Sea Level, Palladium, 126 E 14th St. (249-8870), at 8.
Concert Party, Barbizon, Lexington Ave. at 63rd St. (873-5173), at 8:30.
Mary Jaccoma, cello, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (865-3571), at 2.
Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Queensborough Community College, Springfield Blvd. at 56th Ave. (268-3440), at 8:30.
Theodore Edel, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Jorge Bolet, piano Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
The Seldom Scene/John Herald Band, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (427-1488), at 8.
Musical Comedy, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Sunday, November 20

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, 92nd St. Y, at 8:30.
Alicia de Larrocha, Avery Fisher Hall, at 3.
Brooklyn Philharmonia, BAM Opera House, at 3.
National Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 7:30.
Jane White, Town Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.
Heidi Nitze, soprano, Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.
Cantilena Chamber Players, Guggenheim Museum, at 3.
Herbert Kramer, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Keith Jarrett, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
North Indian Instrumental Music, Asia House, 112 E 64th St. (751-4210), at 2:30.
Alexander Schneider, violin/**Yo-Yo Ma,** cello/**Yefim Bronfman,** piano, The New School, 66 W 12th St. (741-5689), at 2.
Jan Gorbaty, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Arkady Shindelman, violin, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
New York Baroque Ensemble, St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. (799-7890), at 3.
Jethro Tull, Nassau Coliseum, at 7.
Young Artists in Recital, New-York Historical Society, at 2:30.
Elizabeth Swados, Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 4.
Bronx Arts Ensemble, Riverdale-Yonkers Ethical Culture Society, 4450 Fieldston Rd. (548-4445), 3.
Pansy Keyes & Lysle Greenidge, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Monday, November 21

Matitiahu Braun, Town Hall, at 8.
Quilapayun, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New Directions in Music, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Tuesday, November 22

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully, at 7:30.
Aviva Players, *Christ and St. Stephen's Church,* 120 W 69th St. (362-2277), at 8.
String Trio of New York, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Jazz Museum, 236 W 54th (765-2150).
The Kitchen, *484 Broome St. (925-3615).*
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (799-3100); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Nassau Coliseum, *Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).*
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave. (246-4600).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

GREAT BRITTEN

Jon Vickers sings the title role in the Metropolitan Opera's season premiere of *Peter Grimes* on Monday, November 21 at 8. The cast also includes Heather Harper, Lili Chookasian, Donald Gramm, and Jean Kraft. John Pritchard conducts; Tyrone Guthrie directs; sets and costumes by Tanya Moiseiwitsch (799-3100).

Tues, 11/15 at 8: **La Traviata** with Nunziata, Aragall, Quilico, Kraft. Conductor: Woitach; director: Lunt; designer: Beaton. Wed, 11/16 at 8: **Rigoletto** with Cotrubas, Jones, Domingo, MacNeil. Conductor: Levine; director: Dexter; designer: Moiseiwitsch. Thurs, 11/17 at 8: **Madama Butterfly** with Cruz-Romo, Quivar, Luchetti, Sereni. Conductor: Patane; director: Aoyama; designers: Nagasaka, Elson & Lee. Fri, 11/18 at 8: **La Bohème** with Scotto, Costa, Aragall, Sereni. Conductor: Conlon; director: Melano; designer: Pizzi. Sat, 11/19 at 2: **Rigoletto** (Same cast as 11/16). Sat, 11/19 at 8: **La Traviata** (Same cast as 11/15). Mon, 11/21 at 8: **Peter Grimes** (See box). Tues, 11/22 at 8: **Rigoletto** (Same cast as 11/16. Shicoff for Domingo).

OTHER

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Cosi Fan Tutte,* 11/19 at 7:30, 11/20 at 2:30.

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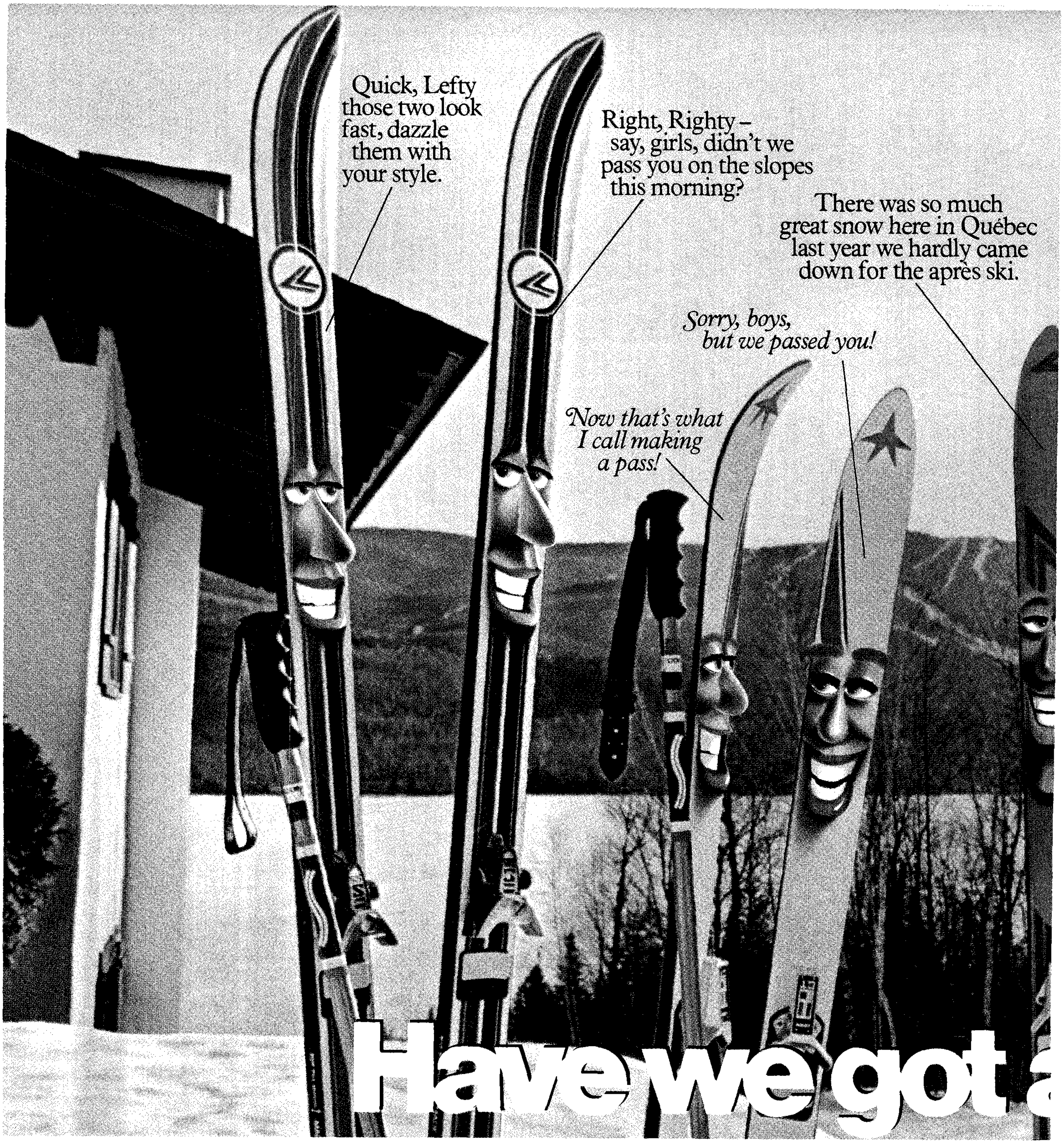
Quick, Lefty those two look fast, dazzle them with your style.
Right, Righty – say, girls, didn't we pass you on the slopes this morning?
There was so much great snow here in Québec last year we hardly came down for the après ski.
Sorry, boys, but we passed you!
Now that's what I call making a pass!
Have we got a

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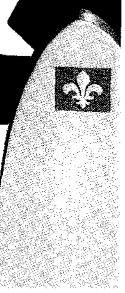

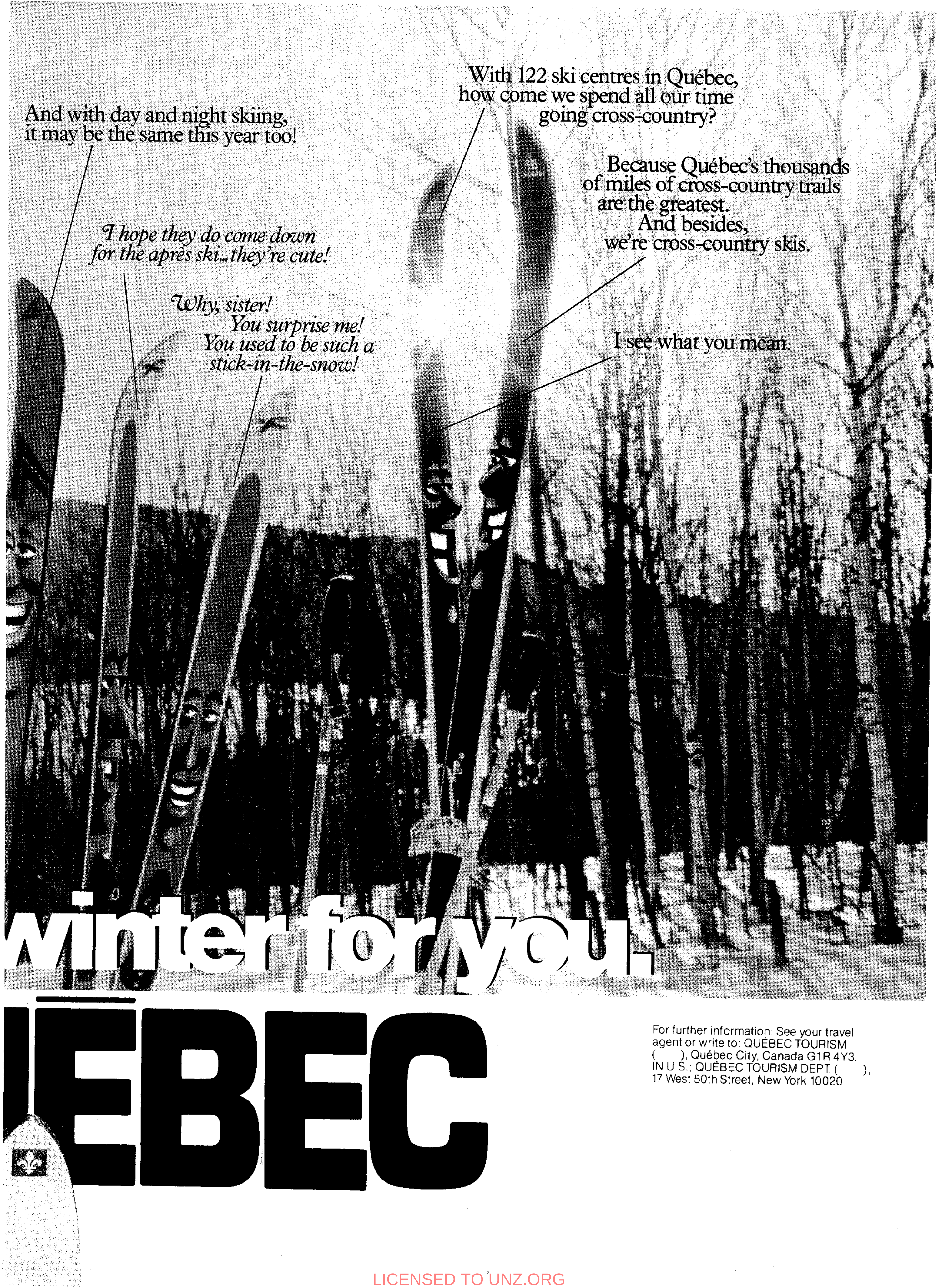
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Because Québec's thousands of miles of cross-country trails are the greatest. And besides, we're cross-country skis.
I hope they do come down for the après ski...they're cute!
Why, sister! You surprise me! You used to be such a stick-in-the-snow!
I see what you mean.
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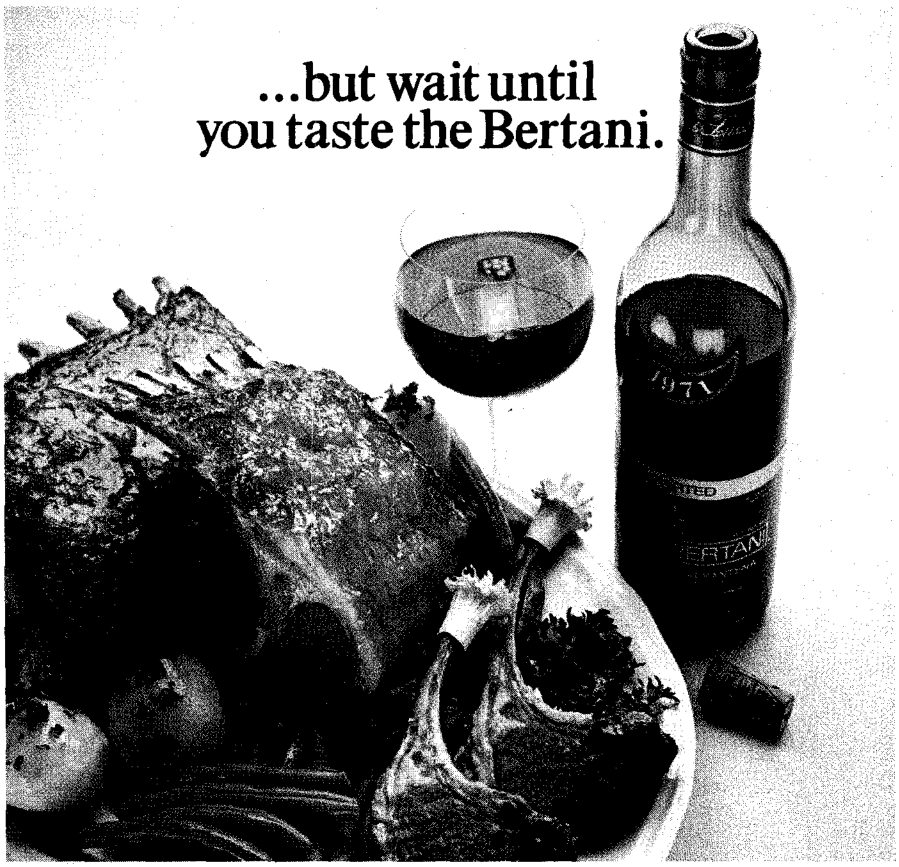

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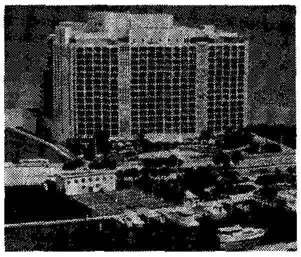

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Barnard Gilbert & Sullivan Society, Minor Latham Playhouse, Bdwy at 119th St. (280-5302). *The Pirates of Penzance,* 11/15 at 5:30, 11/16-18 at 8, 11/19 at 2 & 8.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *The Sorcerer* and *Trial by Jury,* 11/16 at 2 & 8:30, 11/17-18 at 8:30, 11/19 at 4 & 8:30, 11/20 at 4.

Opera Theater, B'nai Jeshurun Community Center, 270 W 89th St. (595-1161). *Madama Butterfly,* 11/19 at 8, 11/20 at 3.

Stuyvesant Opera, Church of the Covenant, 310 E 42nd St., *Madama Butterfly,* 11/19 at 7:30.

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 11/15 at 8: Benefit program. Wed, 11/16 at 8: *Concerto Barocco; Prodigal Son; Agon.* Thurs, 11/17 at 8: *Firebird; Agon; The Cage; Stravinsky Violin Concerto.* Fri, 11/18 at 8: *Fanfare; Prodigal Son; Symphony in C.* Sat, 11/19 at 2: *Fanfare;* Pas de deux; *Scotch Symphony; Symphony in C.* Sat, 11/19 at 8: *Square Dance; Vienna Waltzes.* Sun, 11/20 at 1: *Bournonville Divertissements; Square Dance; Stravinsky Violin Concerto.* Sun, 11/20 at 7: *Serenade; Prodigal Son; Symphony in C.* Tues, 11/22 at 8: *Seredade; Who Cares?; Symphony in C.*

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction.
Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

***Balthus**–Works from 1934 to 1977, thru 12/15. Matisse, 41 E 57th (EL 5-6269).

Susan Crowder/Bilge Friedlaender–Stone sculpture/Paper works, thru 11/17. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).

***Max Cole**–Recent abstractions, thru 11/26. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).

Yrjö Edelmann–Trompe l'oeil from Finland, thru 12/3. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).

Perle Fine–Recent paintings, thru 11/26. Zarre, 41 E 57th (752-0498).

***Helen Frankenthaler**–New paintings, 11/19-12/7. Emmerich, 41 E 57th (PL2-0142).

Barbara Gerard–Womanscapes in drawings and collage, thru 12/3. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

***Marcel Gromaire/Georges Rouault**(1871-1958)–Etchings for *Macbeth/*Graphics for *Les Fleurs du Mal,* thru 11/19. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

Alan Gussow–Lyrical abstractions, thru 11/26. Washburn, 42 E 57th (PL3-0546).

Sidney Hurwitz–Etchings of industrial landscapes, 11/22-12/10. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

***Jasper Johns**–Prints, thru 11/19. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

***William King**–Painted ceramic and large-scale aluminum sculpture, thru 12/10. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

Mon Levinson–Stretched canvas after it has been dipped and creased, thru 12/3. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

Michael Loew–Tonal abstractions, thru 12/1. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310).

Thomas Rose–Room interiors of unglazed porcelain fragments, thru 12/10. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Cristina Rubalcava–Satires on marriage, thru 11/24. Findlay, 17 E 57th (HA1-5390).

***Eugene Rukhin**(1943-1976)–Paintings from the last three years by this contemporary Russian, thru 12/2. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Albert Sharp–The Hamptons, thru 11/26. Eric, 61 E 57th (371-9270).

***Horatio Torres**–Major works, thru 12/1. Long Contemporary, 7 W 57th.

William Weege–Large hand-made paper and string pieces, thru 12/3. Markel, 50 W 57th (581-1909).

Robert Wilson–Furniture, 11/22-12/24. Multiples, 38 E 57th (755-3520).

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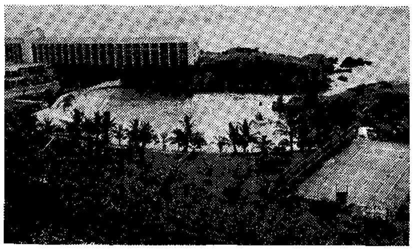

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MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Ed. Baynard–Serial abstractions, thru 11/26. Willard, 29 E 72nd (744-2925).

Varujan Boghosian–Constructions, thru 12/10. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Chris Burden–A reconstruction of the first TV set of Baird, 1915, thru 12/3. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Ainslie Burke–Expressions of the Maine coast, thru 12/3. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (535-9888).

Alexander Calder(1898-1976)–Aubusson tapestries, including *Les Masques* plus lithos, thru 12/3. Brewster, 1018 Mad Ave (472-9481).

Margot Datz–Soft sculpture, 11/17-24. Julie, 687 Mad Ave (688-2345).

George Deem/Christ Van Allsburg–Recent paintings/Scultured objects, thru 11/30. Stone, 48 E 86th (YU8-6870).

***Willem De Kooning**–12 oils on canvas, 1977, thru 11/19. Fourcade, 36 E 75th (535-3980).

Manzano De La Vega/Milan Popovic–Fantasy watercolors/Wood sculpture, thru 11/26. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (AG9-2155).

***David Durst**–Statements in steel, thru 12/7. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Frances Cohen Gillespie–Recent paintings, thru 12/3. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

****Milton Glaser**–Posters from the last decade, thru* 12/15. Poster Originals Ltd., 16 E 78th (861-0422)

J.C. Rodriguez Grodona/Daphne Sola–Oils, lithos, and engravings/The terrain and people of Peru, thru 12/3. Galerias Paco, 26 E 63rd (935-8790). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-5.

***Hannah Hoech**–Collages and watercolors from 1919 to 1967 by this Dadaist pioneer, thru 11/26. Carus, 1044 Mad Ave (879-4660).

Hans Hokanson–Recent wood sculpture, thru 11/23. Borgenicht. 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

***Douglas James Johnson**–Large figurative drawings, thru 11/26. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

***Lester Johnson/Michael Kirk**–Figure groups from the city/Sequential self-portraits on paper, thru 11/26. Gimpel, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

Ynez Johnston–A retrospective, thru 11/21. Wiener, 963 Mad Ave (249-2100).

Gary Kuehn–Drawings on paper with copper stencils *and sculpture, thru 12/3. Cucalón, 145 E 72nd* (472-8741).

***Hans H. Luttgen**(1896-1976)–Architectural drawings and photos from Germany, 1924-38, sketches from Brazil, 1941-3, and paintings in the USA, 1955-76, thru 11/26. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

Maria-Luisa Pacheco–Mixed-media, heavy imposto abstractions on canvas, thru 12/17. Ault, 25 E 77th (861-2317).

George Price–Cartoons from *Browse at Your Own Risk,* thru 12/3. Nicholls, 1014 Mad Ave (472-0211).

Joseph Reboli–Long Island landscapes, thru 11/23. Christopher, 766 Mad Ave (737-3224).

Charlotte Shoemaker–Wire, fiberglass and resin wall and floor pieces, thru 12/3. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

Susan Smyly–Sculpture, thru 11/30. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

Oswaldo Vigas–Female figures, thru 11/25. Galeria *Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). M-F* 9-4.

***Jamie Wyeth**–Portraits of Carter, Nureyev, Schwarzenegger, 11/30-12/3. Kerr, 49 E 82nd (628-1340).

SoHo

Karen Bokert–Abstractions, thru 11/30. Key, 130 Greene (966-3597). Wed-Sat 11-6.

Jack Bosson–Black and white abstractions, thru 11/26. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

Salvatore Del Deo–Vanitas in paint, 11/20-12/3. 47 Bond (475-3899). Wed-Sun 1-6.

Charles Duback–Maine landscapes, thru 11/24. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Gail Cohen Edelman–Etchings of parks USA, thru 11/27. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

Robert Gable–Male nudes, thru 12/3. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173).

Farid Haddad–Hovering geometric abstractions, thru 11/26. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

Robert Kushner–Decorative animals and patterns on fabric and paper, thru 11/30. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Eugene Leake–Large oils of the Maryland countryside, 11/16-12/3. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).

***Roy Lichtenstein**–New sculptures, 11/19-12/17. Castelli, 420 W Bdwy (431-5160).

Katinka Mann/Bill Wiman–Space sites on 3D canvases/Texas realism, thru 12/9. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Mevorach–Acrylic sculpture, thru 12/23. Mirage, 132 Greene (925-7045).

***Eileen Raucher-Sutton**–Energy-filled abstracted nature in watercolors, thru 11/24. Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince (925-6951).

***Edwin Ruda**–Dark-hued vertically layered paint, thru 12/3. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

***Joel Shapiro**–Recent sculpture and drawings, thru 12/7. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

***Norma A. Shatan**–Still life on canvas and paper, 11/18-12/7. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

Sica–Prints about mythologies, thru 11/26. Nonson, 133 Wooster (982-9356).

***Colin E. Smith**–Chappaquiddick windows, thru 11/30. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

***Arthur Weyhey**–A large natural wood pole sculpture, thru 11/26. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

OTHER

Gesner Armand–Drawings by this Haitian, thru 12/3. Carrefour, 300 W 17th (255-0387). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Jerry Atkins/Minnie Evans–Tubular figures in clay/Visions and folk images in drawings, thru 11/27. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

Colo/Robert Llimos–Contradictions in violent abstractions by both, thru 11/22. Spanish Institute, 684 Park at 68th (628-0420). Mon-Sat 10-6.

Fritz Eichenberg–Wood engravings, thru 11/23. Associated American Artists, 663 5th Ave (PL5-4211).

Clair Hague Moore–Floor sculptures, thru 11/27. Noho, 542 LaGuardia (677-7180). Daily 1-6.

Richard Prince–Recent works, 11/19-12/17. Sragow, 43 5th Ave (929-2734).

Tony Rosenthal–A monumental steel tubing sculpture entitled *Hammarskjold,* thru 1/31. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (861-3115).

***Donn Russell**–Satirical sculptures of people and windows, thru 11/30. Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl (477-6710). Daily 12-6, closed Wed.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Caro**–41 E 57th (753-2166). Chinese paintings from the 10th to the 18th centuries, thru 11/27.

Kennedy–40 W 57th (541-9600). Portraits, landscapes, by Chase, Cassatt, Prendergast, thru 11/19.

***Pace**–32 E 57th (HA1-3292). Japanese screens from the 14th to the 18th century, 12th century sculptures, and Ukiyo-e woodblock prints, thru 11/19.

Spectrum–30 W 57th (246-2525). Football works, including Thomas Hart Benton's *Forward Pass,* thru 11/30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Davis & Long–746 Mad Ave (861-2811). American and English paintings, watercolors and drawings, thru 12/3.

Hirschl & Adler–21 E 70th (535-8810). 18th, 19th, and 20th century masterworks, thru 11/19.

Lerner-Heller–956 Mad Ave (861-9010). American painting (1910-77), including Avery, Bluemner, Dove, O'Keeffe, Stella, others, thru 11/30.

***L'Ibis**–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Coptic textiles and relief carvings, vessels, amulets from Ancient Egypt, thru 3/6.

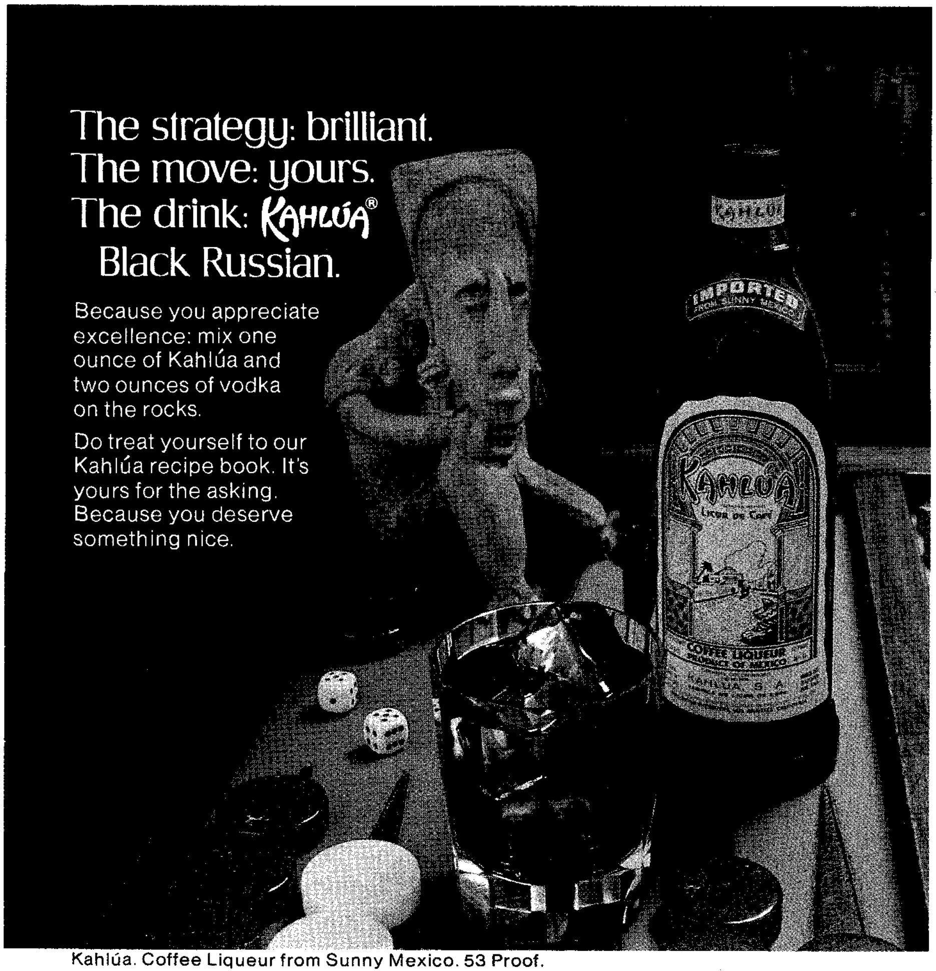
***Wildenstein**–19 E 64th (TR9-0500). The artistic relations between Paris and NYC from the neo-classical period to impressionism, including Boucher's *Toilet of Venus,* thru 12/17.

SoHo

Bromm–90 W Bdwy (431-3927). Tues-Sat 1-6. Gallery artists, thru 11/26.

***Cunningham Ward**–94 Prince (966-0455). Drawings and small paintings by Bleckner, Cote, Moore, others, 11/22-12/23.

***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). Original works commissioned for postcards by Brainard, Dine, Frank, Steinberg, Vignelli, others, 11/19-1/7.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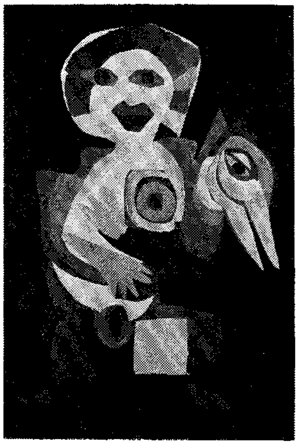

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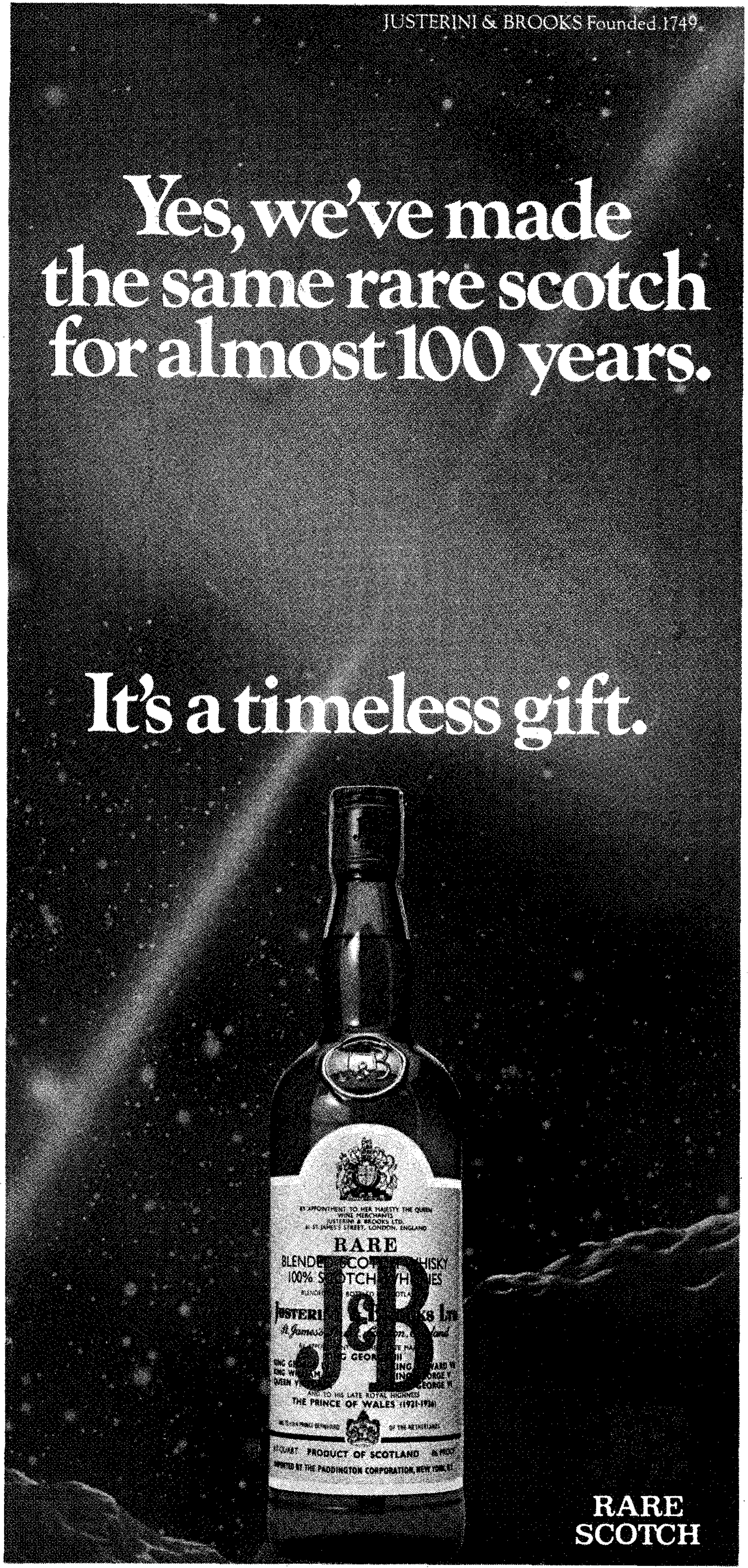
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***Sperone Westwater Fischer**–142 Greene (431-3685). Recent art from Europe, 11/17-1/7.

***OK Harris**–383 W Bdway (431-3600). Glass wall pieces by Buxbaum, paintings by Jacobs, sculpture by Rohm, watercolors and iron age pottery from the Dead Sea, thru 12/3.

***SculptureNow**–142 Greene (966-3066). Sculpture yesterday and today by di Suvero, Doyle, Forakis, and Ginnever, thru 12/3.

***Jordan Volpe**–457 W Bdwy (533-3900). 19th century French drawings by Degas, Delacroix, Pascin, others, thru 11/30.

Weber–420 W Bdwy (966-6115). Drawings for outdoor sculptures by Andre, Christo, di Suvero, Giacometti, Kelly, Smith, Segal, others, thru 11/23.

Women in the Arts–435 Broome (966-5894). Tues-Sat 2-5. Furth, Shainswit, Tango, and Vacha, thru 11/26.

OTHER

African-American Institute–833 United Nations Pl (949-5711). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. Works by 20 contemporary African artists living in America, thru 1/14.

***China Institute**–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. Ceramics, paintings and calligraphy from I-Hsing, China, thru 1/29.

***Contemporary Arts**–Loeb Center, NYU 566 LaGuardia Pl (873-0216). Mon-Sat 9-9. Paintings and poems by Bishop, Delaunay, Neel, Von Weigand, others, thru 11/29.

Educational Alliance–197 E Bdwy (877-1367). Sun-Fri 9-9. Women at work, thru 11/27.

***Grey**–NYU, 33 Washington Pl (598-7603). Government art projects of the 30s by Abbott, Davis, Gorky, Neel, Pollock, others, 11/18-12/23.

***New York Public Library**–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Tues 10-9, Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. Sacco and Vanzetti case, including posters, letters, newspapers, thru 12/31.

***PosterAmerica**–174 9th Ave (961-1615). World War II posters from the USA, Japan, China, France, England, others, thru 11/19.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Weyhe–794 Lex Ave (TE8-5466). Portraits and self-portraits in drawings and graphics by Beckmann, Frasconi, Grosz, others, thru 11/26.

Photography

***Murray Alcosser**–Large format vegetable images, *thru 11/26. Meisel, 141 Prince (677-1340).*

***American Museum of Immigration**–Base of the Statue of Liberty (732-1236). Daily 9:15-5. *Italian Americans:* A pictorial essay from 1875 to 1977, thru 1/29.

***Alice Austen**(1866-1952/**Chansonetta Stanley Emmons**(1858-1937)–The World that is no more, 11/17-1/4. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

J.J. Castro–Light-filled black-and-white scenes of Venezuela, thru 11/19. Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave (249-8950). Daily 12-6.

French Institute–22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 11-8, Fri 11-5:30, Sat 11-1:30. Color images by De Croix, Gruere, Jourdrin, and Rovers, thru 12/17.

***A. David Gurewitsch**–Post White House photos of Eleanor Roosevelt, thru 12/17. Gurewitsch, 55 E 74th (RE4-7302).

Carole Harmel/Lawrence John–Photos, thru 12/3. Foto, 492 Broome (925-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Yves Humbert/James Van Derzee–Disorientation of familiar objects/Afro-American life, 1907-1945, thru 12/3. International Arts, 28 E 4th (473-6072). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Kimmel/Cohen–1 W 64th (799-6675). Subjective views by Bayer, Bellmer, Man Ray, Weston, others, thru 12/17.

Kodak–1133 6th Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. The growth of model railroads, including models, memorabilia, and movies, thru 1/7.

Arthur Leipzig–New Russian immigrants in America, plus master works, thru 11/20. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs 12-8 pm, Fri til 4.

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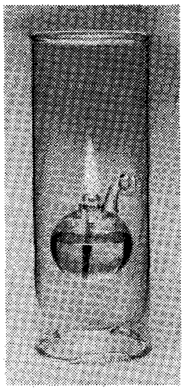

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Joel Meyerowitz/Lou Stoumen–NY, Cape Cod and Florida in color/People and places in the 40s and 50s, 11/16-12/17. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

***Arnold Newman/Garry Winogrand**–New portraits, including Brassai, Wyeth, other/Rodeos, thru 11/26. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

John Phillips–The surrender of the old Jewish Quarter in Jerusalem, 1948, and those sites today, thru 12/30. American-Israel Cultural Foundation, 4 E 54th (751-2700). Mon-Fri 10-4.

***Jacob Riis**–The slums of NYC from 1887-1897, thru 11/26. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

Steven Scher–Firefighting in NYC, thru 11/30. Image, 565 5th Ave (TN7-4747). Mon-Fri 9-5.

***Soho/Steiglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9 pm. Dancing in NJ by Fetter, erotic temples of Khajuraho by Goldsmith, others, plus portraits of women by George Alpert, thru 11/29.

***Alfred Stieglitz**(1864-1946)–Vintage prints covering his career, thru 12/3. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

***Doris Ulmann**(1884-1934)–Soft focus images of Appalachian craftsmen and southern blacks, thru 12/23. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

James P. Valentine–Georgia's wilderness in color, thru 12/5. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

Wolf–30 W 57th (586-8432). 40 calotypes from the collection of the Royal Scottish Academy, plus Adamson and Hill, thru 11/19.

***Becky Young**–Female nudes, thru 11/23. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Peru's Golden Treasures:* Spanning a 2,000 year period and representing the pre-Inca cultures; thru December. **Hayden Planetarium:** *The Cosmic Laser Concert:* Laser light and recorded music; Fri & Sat at 7, 8:30, 10 & 11:30 Sun at 7, 8:30 & 10:30.

LOOK MA, NO CAVITIES

This twelve-foot long alligator is one of the stars of the new **Hall of Reptiles and Amphibians,** opening Friday, November 18 at the American Museum of Natural History. Other exhibits include Komodo Dragons, a female king cobra, a 25-foot python, and two giant leatherback sea turtles. The new hall shows how these animals adapted to their environment (873-1300).

Asia House–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. The flora and fauna of Japan on hand-scrolls, ceramics, lacquer boxes, other, from the 12th to the 19th century, thru 12/4.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. *Images of Horror and Fantasy:* 19th and 20th century art; thru 12/30.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Women Artists, 1550-1950,* thru 11/27.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Battles of the Revolution;* thru 1/31.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Lucio Fontana 1899-1968:* A retrospective; thru 12/8.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8. *The End of the Game:* Peter Beard's 20-year African experience; thru 1/22.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Seurat As Draughtsman:* Fifty drawings and oil sketches; thru 11/27. *Treasures of Early Irish Art: 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D.;* thru 1/15. *Rococo Fountains in Prints:* About 40 etchings and several books by Watteau, Boucher, and others; thru 11/27. *Highlights of the Irwin Untermyer Collection:* About 400 works of English and continental decorative arts; thru 6/78. *Blue and White:* Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 1/31. Louis XVI period-rooms, including the newly-acquired J.L. David portrait of the Lavoisiers. *Signac: Paintings, Watercolors, Drawings, and Prints:* 32 works by the Neo-Impressionist master (1863-1935); thru 11/27.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *American Literary Autographs:* From Washington Irving to Henry James; thru 11/27. *Medieval Musical Manuscripts;* thru 12/4. *Rembrandt Etchings:* About 40 of his landscape and portrait etchings; thru 12/4.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Mon-Fri 10-4, Sun 12-5.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *Young Americans:* Works in fiber, wood, plastic, and leather; thru 12/31.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Holodeon:* Innovative holographic movies, thru 12/31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Cézanne:* More than 100 paintings and watercolors focusing on the ten years preceeding Cézanne's death in 1906; thru 1/3. *Public Relations:* Garry Winogrand's photographs of "the influence of the media on events;" thru 12/11. *Universal Pictures:* thru 1/31. *Noguchi: The Sculptor As Designer:* An exhibition of akari—light scultures/lamps; thru 1/6. *Herbert Bayer:* Photographic works; thru 1/29.

National Art Museum of Sport, Madison Square Garden Center, Penn Plaza (244-4127). Tues-Sat 10-6.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *Jenny Lind in New York:* thru 11/30. *Moving in the City:* Three centuries of transportation in New York.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. *African Artists in America;* thru 1/14.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7. Also by appt. *Traditional Design in Ukrainian Textiles.*

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-10, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Jasper Johns:* A retrospective spanning 22 years; thru 1/22. *Foirades/Fizzles:* Etchings by Jasper Johns and texts by Samuel Beckett; thru 11/20. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

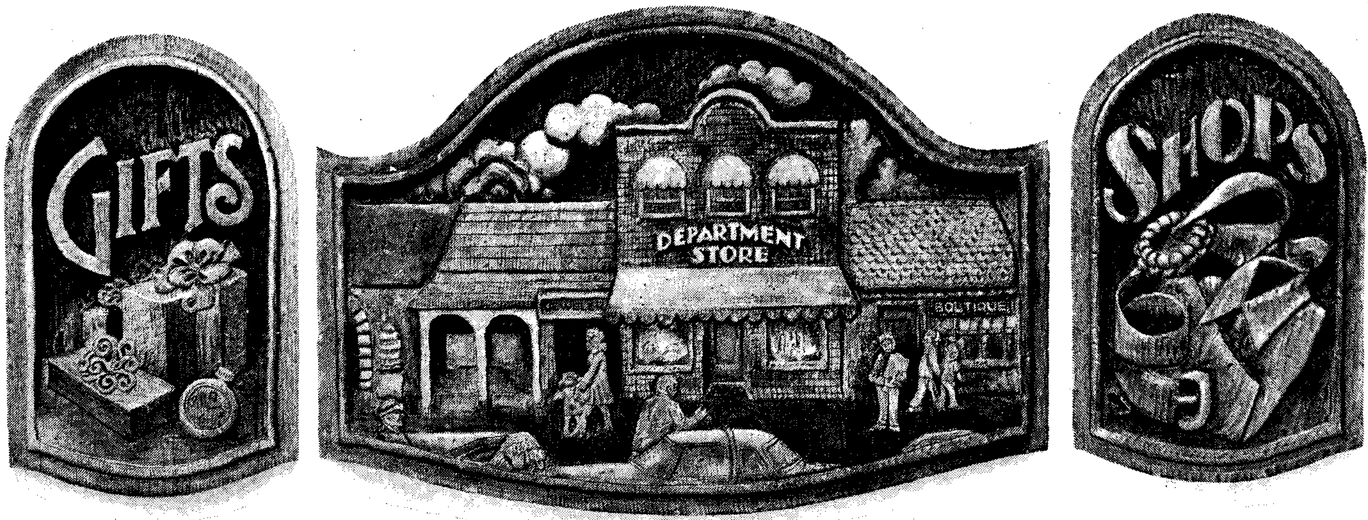
Giants, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (201-935-8222); vs. Cleveland Browns, 11/20 at 1.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Chicago Black Hawks, 11/16; vs. Vancouver Canucks, 11/20. At 7:35.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Chicago Black Hawks, 11/15; vs. Vancouver Canucks, 11/19; vs. Colorado Rockies, 11/22. At 8:05.

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. New Orleans Jazz, 11/15 at 7:30; vs Indiana Pacers, 11/19 at 8; vs. Buffalo Braves, 11/22 at 7:30.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888); vs. Milwaukee Bucks, 11/16; vs. Indiana Pacers, 11/18. At 8:05.



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Ed Costikyan: The Man You Really Elected Mayor

By Paul Hoffman

"...Costikyan will be the power beneath the throne—the back-room boss who'll make the deals and say no for the mayor..."

On the second rerun it was a familiar scene: At the lectern in the Americana ballroom was the gangling scarecrow, Mayor-elect Ed Koch, acknowledging the cheers of his supporters. To his right, his constant companion on the campaign trail, the former Miss America and present Ms. Consumer, Bess Myerson. Immediately behind him, City Council President-elect Carol Bellamy and Controller Harrison J. Goldin and his wife, Diana, along with Governor Carey and Congressmen Herman Badillo and Charles Rangel. All surrounded by a phalanx of New York's finest and attended by an aide who translated Koch's victory speech into sign language for deaf TV viewers.

Off to the left, overshadowed even by outgoing Mayor Abe Beame, was a pint-size, pudgy man, impeccably attired in a vested navy-blue suit, with black horn-rims on his balding head, smiling and ebullient as any of them.

He was Edward Nazar Costikyan, a twice-married, 53-year-old, five-foot-five Park Avenue attorney, conductor of amateur oratorio concerts, former Manhattan Democratic leader, cochairman of the Koch campaign, first deputy mayor–designate in the new administration, and one of the wiliest operators to come on the New York scene since Aaron Burr transformed Tammany from a social society into a political power.

"Eddie's very smart," says one acquaintance. "He can be very charming. But I wouldn't turn my back on him for 30 seconds. But that's not to say he's not a nice guy."

And he will be the power beneath the throne in the Koch administration, the back-room boss who'll make the deals and say no for the mayor.

Koch: *"I came, I saw . . ."*

For a time Eddie Costikyan shot at the throne itself. In a quixotic venture, he announced for mayor. Beset by a lack of campaign funds and low voter recognition, he soon withdrew from the race.

Costikyan's was the only appointment Ed Koch announced during the campaign, and it will be Costikyan's first government job since 1949, when, fresh out of Columbia Law, he clerked for federal Judge Harold R. Medina for two years.

The powers of the first deputy mayor are not defined by statute. They vary with the personalities of the officeholders—and their bosses. Bob Wagner's deputies were up-from-the-ranks bureaucrats. John Lindsay's were powerful political advisers, and Abe Beame's were urban technocrats with few partisan proclivities. What Costikyan's role will be is not clear: He and Koch have yet to discuss and define it. According to Koch, "These things build themselves."

Costikyan suspects that his major contribution will be in the realm of "policy or ideas." "Neither he nor I

Photographed by Sepp Seitz

"...'Eddie's very smart,' says one acquaintance. 'He can be very charming. But I wouldn't turn my back on him for 30 seconds'..."

is strong in management," he says. Great.

Still, Costikyan will be the *first* deputy mayor, second only to Koch himself.

"Koch . . . was smart enough to turn his strategy inside out halfway through the campaign, strong enough to turn a losing campaign into one that could be won." So said Costikyan on how he helped steer Koch to victory over Carmine De Sapio for the Greenwich Village district leadership in 1963. Costikyan had commissioned a poll showing that if Koch continued to campaign on regular versus reform issues he would be a sure loser. Koch, according to Costikyan, switched his stance to stress the solving of local problems—and edged De Sapio by 41 votes.

Costikyan played no similar role in this year's mayoral campaign, although the strategy was remarkably familiar. Soon after he withdrew as a candidate, he threw his support to Koch. It was hardly a case of Costikyan's climbing aboard a winner's bandwagon. "I was number six in a field of seven," Koch recalls. "He made a decision that he and I were the closest on the issues. We're not exactly always in agreement, but we look at things very much the same."

When Costikyan joined Koch's campaign—to avoid confusion aides call Costikyan "Eddie" and Koch "Ed"—he was given the title of cochairman, along with Bess Myerson, to be joined after the first primary by Congressmen Badillo and Rangel. Badillo and Rangel had titular roles; Myerson was "out front" with the candidate; Costikyan performed behind the scenes.

But the battle plan had already been set, the field commanders chosen. Strategy had been hammered out by media expert David Garth; the nuts-and-bolts administration was in the hands of John LoCicero. And, although Costikyan claims that he was a "policy adviser," Koch's program was also a matter of record.

Still, notes Koch, "everything that we are doing bears an input from Eddie. But there's no fundamental change from what he and I were saying. We were saying the same things."

According to LoCicero, Costikyan's chief contribution was that "he added credibility to our campaign—more respectability among businessmen, newspapers, good-government groups." Others credit him with securing the support of Rupert Murdoch and the *Post*. He helicoptered in from Long Island in an unsuccessful attempt to win the endorsement of Congressman Mario Biaggi, and also filled in as "surrogate" speaker when Koch couldn't make it.

But some Koch aides complain privately that while they—and the candidate—were busy campaigning, Costikyan picked up the ball of transition and carried it so far down the field that they'll never catch up. And when the new administration takes office January 1, it will be Costikyan—not they—who'll have the ear of the king.

Costikyan labels himself a "WASP—a white Armenian Swiss Protestant." He may be a member of a racial and religious minority; he's also often been a minority of one politically, a sort of chameleon who over 25 years in the political arena has managed to land on virtually every point in the Democratic spectrum.

After clerking for Judge Medina, Costikyan joined the prestigious law firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison. James J. Leff—now a supreme-court justice—who did battle with Costikyan on behalf of Tammany two decades ago, viewed his role there with a jaundiced eye. In a 1960 memo—which, he notes, does not necessarily reflect his views today—Leff said Costikyan "performs an invaluable function in his firm and has his counterpart in most of the large Wall Street law firms, whose senior partners practice law as gentlemen.

"In such firms, when the exigencies of bitter litigation require that the opposition be forced to trial, denied extra time for briefs, or subjected to similar techniques of legal gamesmanship, such tactics are made the province of the Costikyans. They are not expected to develop clientele of their own or to move in the same circles as the seniors."

Costikyan now ranks fifteenth among the 50 partners. His income is probably in six figures and he admits it will be a bite to become deputy mayor at $51,524.

Curiously, Costikyan is one of the few Paul, Weiss lawyers who went *from* the firm to politics. He was drawn to it by Adlai Stevenson's campaign in 1952. Three years later he became a Democratic district leader on the East Side, running unopposed when the Tammany candidate's petitions were ruled invalid. Although he ran as a "reformer," neither Costikyan nor his club affiliated with the Committee for Democratic Voters, then the central council of the reform movement.

"Costikyan's five-year tenure of office [as district leader] coincided with the advancement of his personal fortunes," Leff noted in his 1960 memo. "He acquired a car, a larger apartment, a summer place in the Hamptons, and he 'made partner.' The same years brought no discernible contribution to the advancement of the 8th Assembly District, Part A, nor to the well-being of the people who lived there. . . . His range of political perceptions has been critically measured at about an hour and a half and his recollection of facts after the event has often been challenged."

After De Sapio was defeated in 1961, Mayor Wagner tapped Costikyan to be the Manhattan Democratic leader. He was supposed to have been a compromise between the regulars and reformers. Some compromise! Costikyan got the votes of all the regulars and none of the reformers—except himself and his co-leader. "He became convinced that all reformers were irrational," says Charles Kinsolving, who was then the reform leader in an adjoining district.

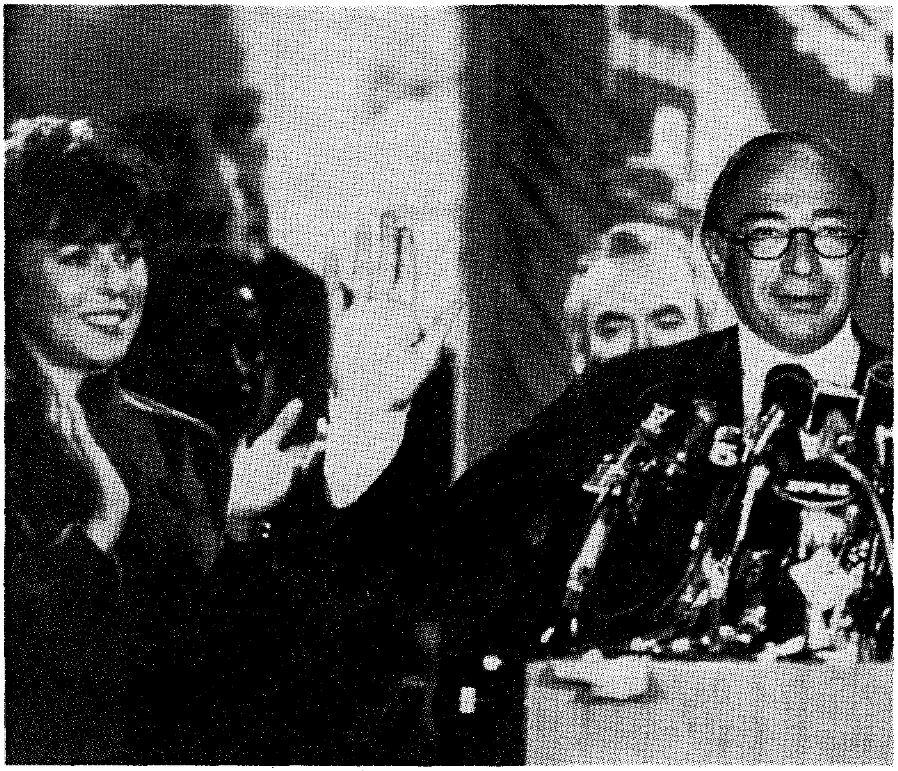
Costikyan usually relied on his ability in argument to convince the opposition, but he was not above taking shortcuts. He avoided a knock-down-drag-out fight in 1963 by waiting until the reformers caucused; then he called a "rump" meeting of the executive committee and had himself reelected county leader. Afterward, Kinsolving called Costikyan a "Caligula" and Costikyan replied that Kinsolving was a "Tartuffe"—surely strange epithets from a Tammany council.

His tenure coincided with the shift of power from the party councils to City Hall. Mayor Wagner had become the dominant Democrat in New York City and his chief political adviser was not Costikyan or any other Democratic leader, but Alex Rose, the Liberal party kingpin.

According to one observer, Wagner treated Costikyan "like an errand boy." If nothing else, Costikyan has an ego, and Wagner's treatment rankled him. Finally, in a fit of pique, he resigned as county leader.

Indeed, so great was his resentment that in the 1965 mayoral election he backed not Wagner's choice, Paul Screvane, or the reform contender, Congressman William Fitts Ryan, but

SEPP SEITZ / FRED W. MC DARRAH



Costikyan: *"I conquered."*

Abe Beame, the candidate of the old-line regulars. And Costikyan became Abe Beame's campaign manager.

Yet five days after Beame won the primary, when the candidate met with his top advisers at Jerry Finkelstein's summer home in Southampton, Costikyan suggested that Koch be named Manhattan county leader—to defuse the "bossism" issue that Lindsay was certain to raise.

"He's a fag," someone protested.

"No, he isn't," said Stanley Steingut, then the Brooklyn Democratic leader.

"How do you know?"

Steingut replied: "Carmine [De Sapio] had this guy investigated more thoroughly than anybody in the world and he didn't find anything."

Confident of victory, the Beame forces ignored Costikyan's proposal. Nor did they accede to a second Costikyan suggestion that Beame refuse to debate Lindsay. So much for the Beame team.

Costikyan gradually gave up active participation in the political wars. He stepped down as district leader and was succeeded by his then wife, Frances. He sat out the Lindsay-Procaccino-Marchi race in 1969 and, except for handling one legal chore for Beame, the 1973 campaign.

As he withdrew from politics, his focus shifted to the structure of government. He served on state commissions studying intergovernmental relations and revision of the City Charter. He wrote a memoir, *Behind Closed Doors*, and numerous articles about government and politics. He became not a force to be reckoned with but a sort of civic gadfly.

Costikyan once admitted that "the ideas I am suggesting seem at first blush to be radical, perhaps half-baked, certainly unusual." As a civic gadfly, he has been an iconoclastic—and caustic—critic of city government:

"The civil-service unions have such power over the city . . . that in the final analysis the bureaucracies are in a position to dictate to elected officials and their appointees. The bureaucracies can specify what they will and will not do . . . what they will wear, and where they will work."

"The average New Yorker is always amazed when a Khrushchev or a Pope Paul or a president of the United States arrives in the city and the streets are *lined* with police. . . . It is not, I suggest, too much to ask that these public guardians devote the same energy . . . to protecting New Yorkers as they do to protect Russian dictators."

"The most outstanding accomplishment of the city public-school system is the creation of an ever improving network of private schools." (Both of Costikyan's children were sent to private schools. "I never thought that I should choose schools for my children on the basis of politics," he explains. "I wanted to put them in schools where they would get the best education.")

"Given the mission assigned it—preventing starvation on the streets—the Department of Welfare probably does its job better than any other department. For, while the streets may be unsafe and dirty and the schools may be inefficient, starvation is not a frequent cause of death in the reformed city."

Staffers on the Charter Revision Commission describe him as "brilliant but reckless," easily "the most radical member of the panel." He proposed a drastic restructuring of city government—by decentralizing both decision-making and delivery of services. Under his plan, the City Council would be abolished ("few will mourn its passing"), its budget functions absorbed by the Board of Estimate, its lawmaking role dispersed over an area about the size of an assembly district. In each of these districts, a local administrator—perhaps the assemblyman—would be responsible for such things as police patrols, garbage pickups, and enforcement of parking, health, and housing regulations. Ultimately, the school system, hospital network, and courts would also be decentralized. To cries of "Balkanization," Costikyan argues: "The tide is running against centralized government because it has been unable to govern the city."

Confronted now with the prospect of power, Costikyan realizes that his paper proposals were visionary. A new City Charter—which he had a hand in drafting—is taking effect. "I think it will be years before we can attempt to do any more," he says.

What then are Costikyan's priorities for the new administration?

"I can't answer that," he says. "Overall, the primary goal is to regenerate the economy. The first test is to give the economic-development program a thrust that deals with the whole economy, instead of bits and pieces. I don't think we yet have a sense of what the city's economy is. The current budget is part of the problem. The big problem is the next budget."

But a Beame aide cautions: "I can see problems down the road if he keeps up with his textbook approach to government. It won't work."

Both Koch and Costikyan are strong-willed men with egos that require regular feeding. Both tend to take political slights as personal affronts and both can harbor grudges for years. Despite their current amity, there are bound to be conflicts between them. As a former aide puts it: "Eddie burns on a short fuse and that's going to be his big problem."

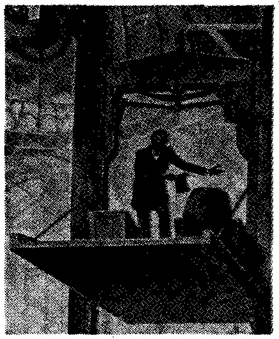
So a final caveat: "A serious politician allows his power to be exercised by subordinates only so long as he trusts them."—Edward N. Costikyan, from *Behind Closed Doors.* ■

Elevator City

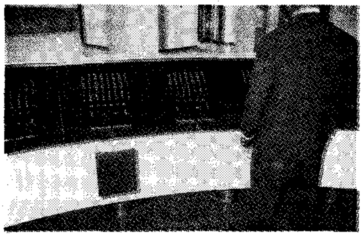
By T George Harris

New York, New York, it's a vertical town... thousands of pueblo communities and workshops... a bundle of high-rise villages set around elevator shafts. As Venice grew along canals, this city spiraled upward along up-down cable-car lines: 44,843 passenger elevators, one out of every eight of the country's total and one out of every sixteen of the world's. New York's elevators are ubiquitous and hardworking; high-rise lifts such as those in the Empire State Building and the World Trade Center towers may travel as far as 35,000 miles in a year.

New York, in fact, is the elevator's hometown. The modern elevator—and thus the modern city—was born 123 years ago at New York's Crystal Palace Exposition. That's where Elisha Graves Otis of Yonkers put on his beaver hat and had himself hoisted high on the platform of his "safety elevator," then ordered a workman to chop the lift rope with an ax. The crowd gasped, but Otis gallantly doffed the beaver and bowed.


Otis tests his first safety elevator—and survives.

His safety brake, granddaddy of the design still used, had snagged the guide-rail notches and held him safe. While thousands are still terrified, there's no safer way to travel.


This panel controls the fastest elevators in town—the express cars in the Pan Am Building.

The Otis stunt in 1854 launched a revolution. Retailers and innkeepers here and abroad jumped at the commercial possibilities. In 1857, glass merchant E. V. Haughwout proudly rode the first permanent Otis in his five-story headquarters at Broadway and Broome. Masonry buildings were free to sprout as high as their weight-bearing walls could stand; about twelve stories in those days. And when Chicago architect Louis Sullivan unveiled his plans for a steel-girdered skyscraper, the Manhattan skyline began its now famous climb tier by tier in lockstep with the latest improvements in elevator engineering. The elevator literally remade this city. Financiers of an earlier day dropped their plans to move out of overcrowded Wall Street and funded the dramatic skyline in lower Manhattan that today, with the completion of the World Trade Center towers, soars an incredible 110 floors above New York Harbor.

The most gracious period of our elevated urban culture may seem to be behind us; elevator operators in their smart uniforms began going out of style some years ago and modern elevators lack the ornate stateliness of the past. But the fun—and fear—of leaping tens of stories in a single bound has increased with the speed of these modern-day cable cars.

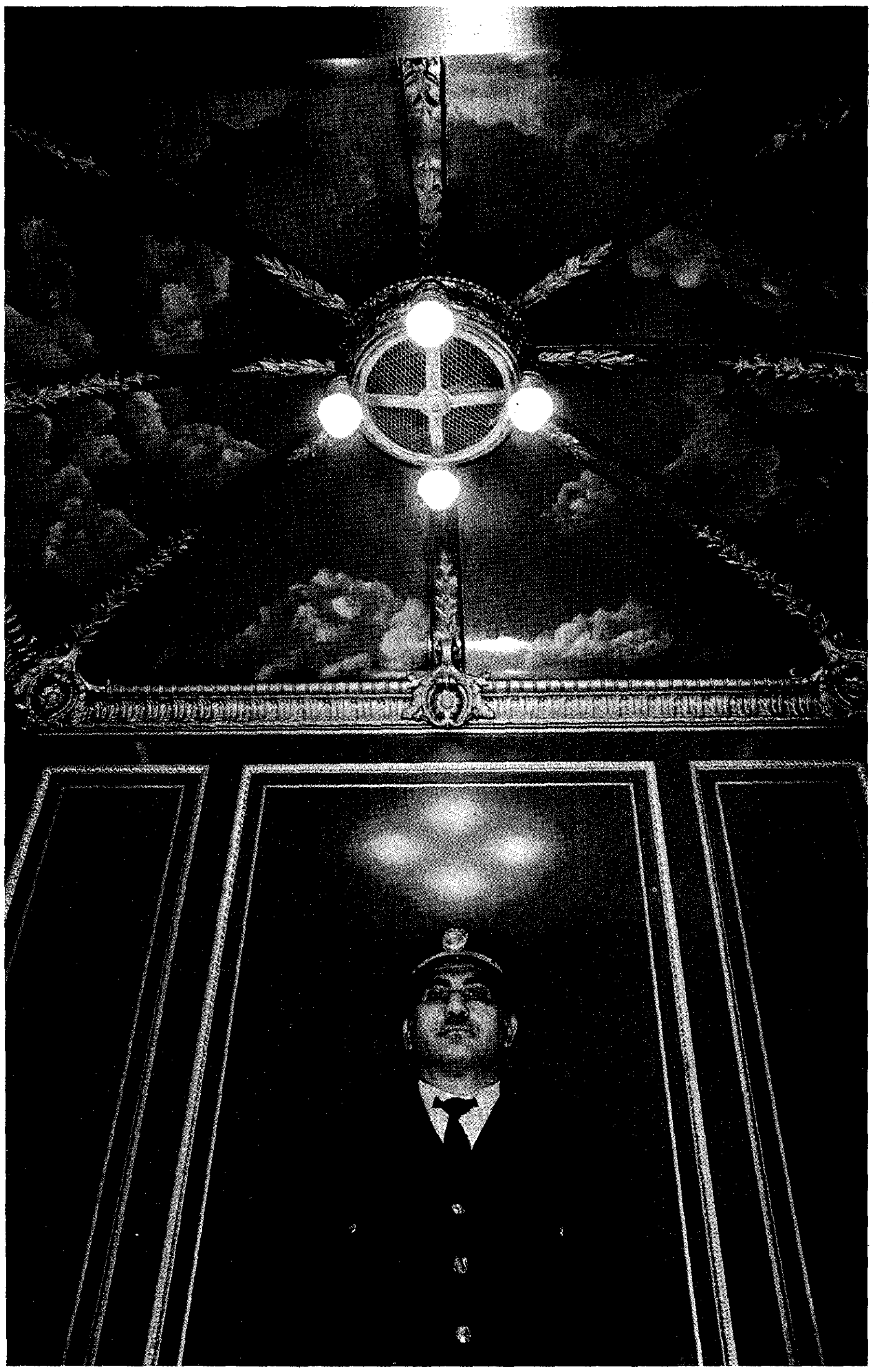
The Whitney has the tallest public lift—12.5 feet.

On the following pages we present some elevators whose owners have restored the magnificently grand cabs of days gone by (opposite), an essay on the psychology of elevator riding (page 51), a surprising report on what has happened to some New York celebrities in elevators (page 59), and a cutaway of the engineering wonders that keep us aloft today in safety (page 64). Sprinkled throughout, short notes on: those elusive inspectors, the nonriders among us who haven't overcome their fear of falling, and the mysterious, taboo-laden rituals of elevator riding. Topping all that (page 68), a few facts guaranteed to lift your consciousness about the common lift. So get a lift out of life; read on. . . .

Magnificent Little Rooms

By Suzanne Slesin and Nancy McKeon

> "...Today, in a high-rise world of Formica and fluorescence, the elevator is commonplace—but a beautiful one is remarkable..."



A couple of centuries ago, Louis XV installed a "flying chair" in the courtyard outside his room in Versailles. On this primitive elevator he was hauled up one story to the bedchamber of his mistress.

Today, in a high-rise world of Formica and fluorescence, elevators are commonplace, but a beautiful elevator is remarkable. There are some treasures still: old ones like the elegant cabs at the Sherry Netherland; new ones like the soft sculptures at 747 Third Avenue. But, says Harold Friedman, president of the National Elevator Cab & Door Corporation, 70 percent of the early masterpieces were abolished in the rush to automation.

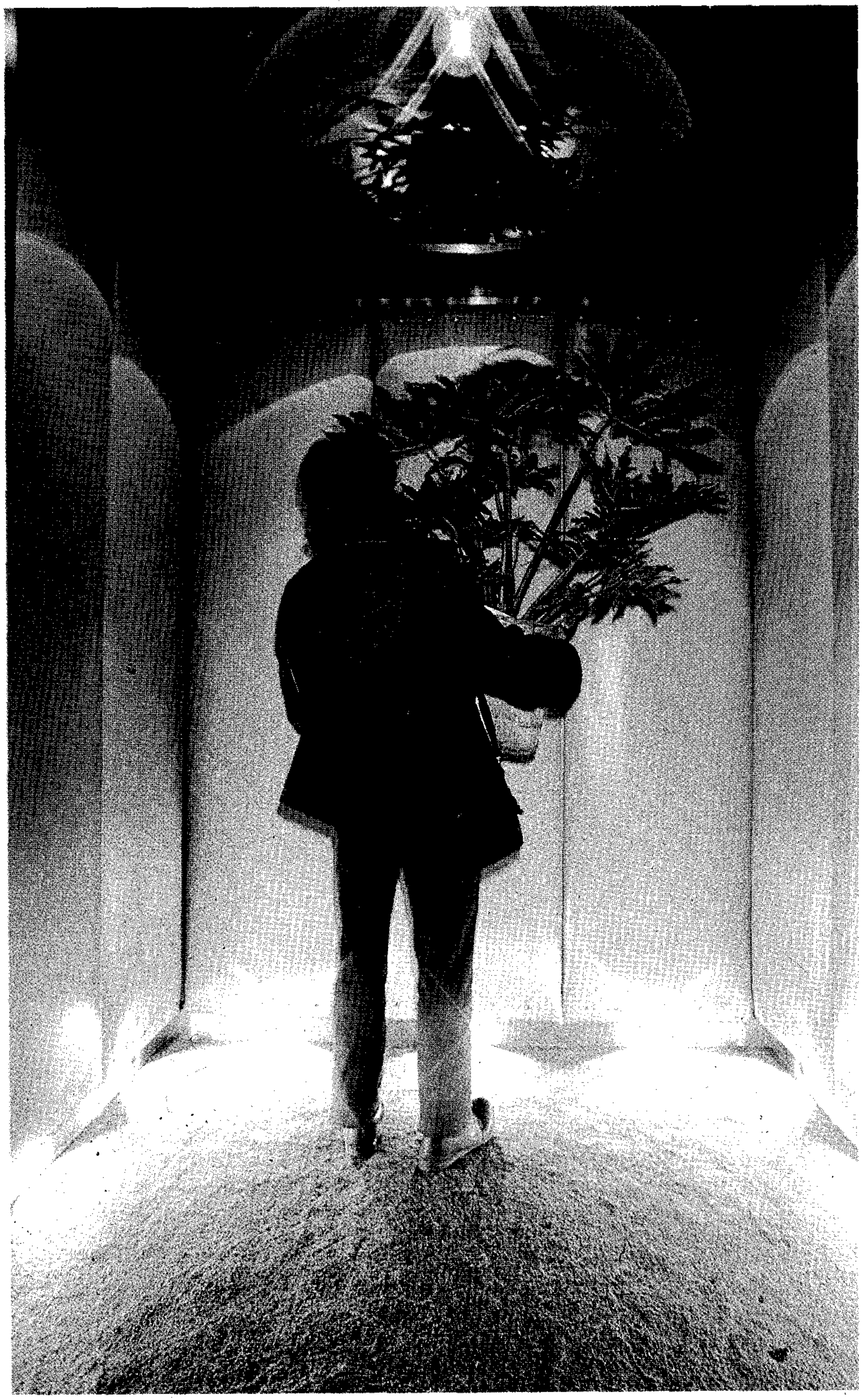
Commercial landlords are just now beginning to respect the integrity of their elevators, choosing to keep the mahogany veneer, the brass fittings, the ornamental grillwork, and the friezes that are logical extensions of lobby design. As almost everything in the world is getting worse—i.e., "modern"—this is an encouraging trend. These pages will show you why.

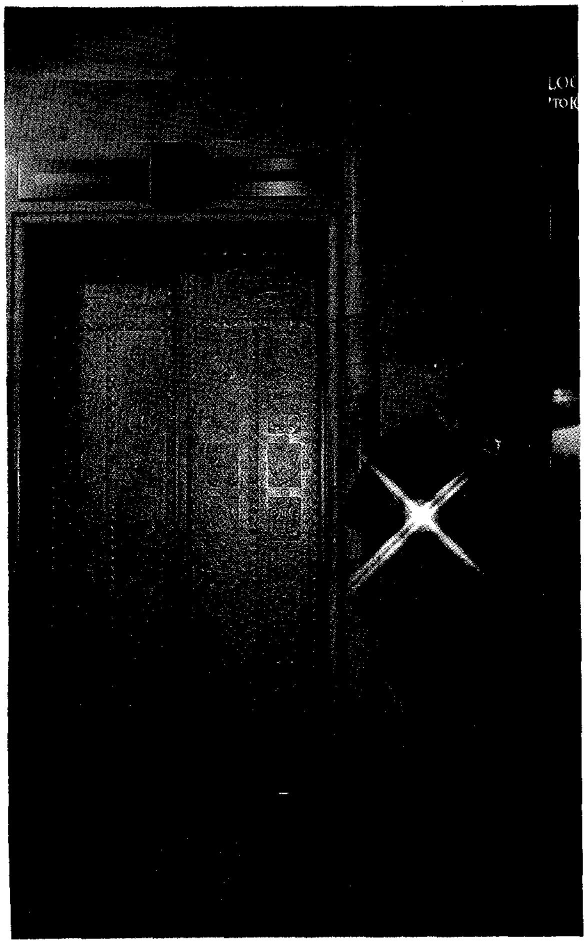
Heavens above: *Starter Frank Gagliano in one of the impressive elevators (left) at 230 Park Avenue (at 45th Street), with its painted clouds, its gilt moldings, its bright-red enamel walls.*

Splendor from the past: *Italian artists recently rescaled the paintings in the wonderful 1928-vintage elevators (above) at the Sherry Netherland, 59th and Fifth.*

Photographed by Torkil Gudnason

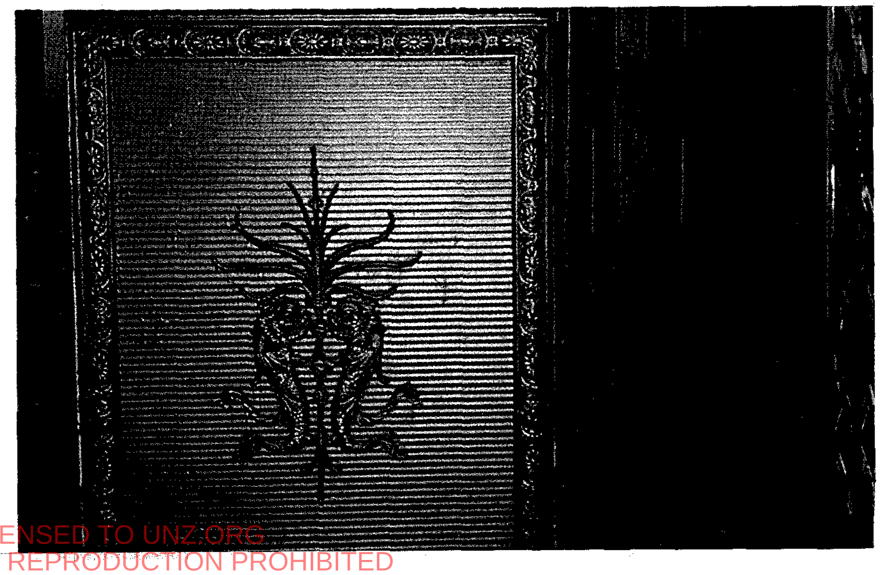
Padded cell: *Industrial designer Pamela Waters, who designed the lobby at 747 Third Avenue (at 47th Street), outfitted the elevators (right) with padded walls and spooky footlights.*

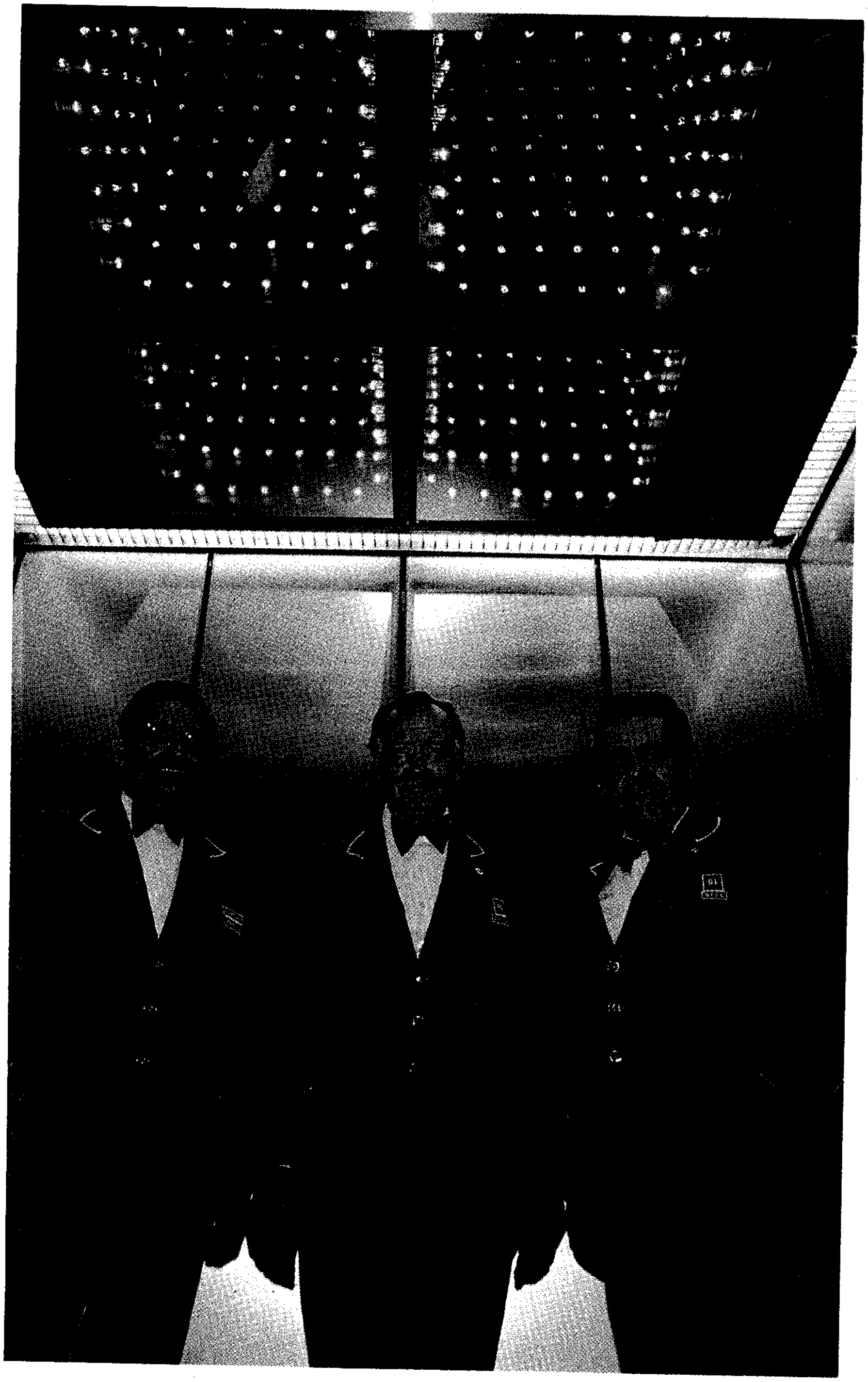




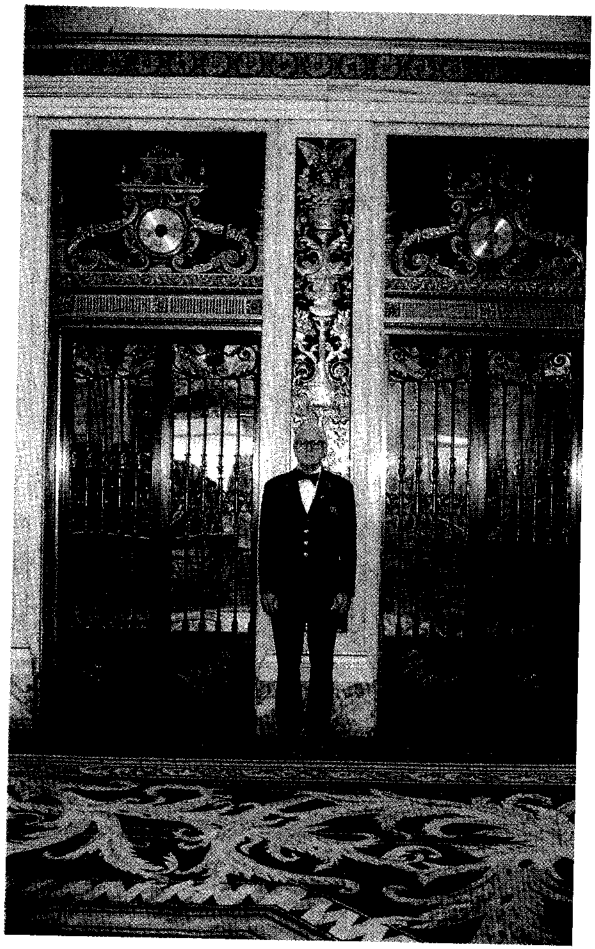
All the virtues: *At One Park Avenue (above 32nd Street), the 52-year-old elevator doors (above) are embossed in bronze with the words* Fidelity, Sincerity, Integrity, Courtesy, Industry, *and* Amity.

It's number 1: *All that remains of Elisha Otis's first passenger elevator is the set of original doors now in storage at the Haughwout Building, Broadway and Broome Street. The lower panel (right) is cast iron, the upper portion is glass.*





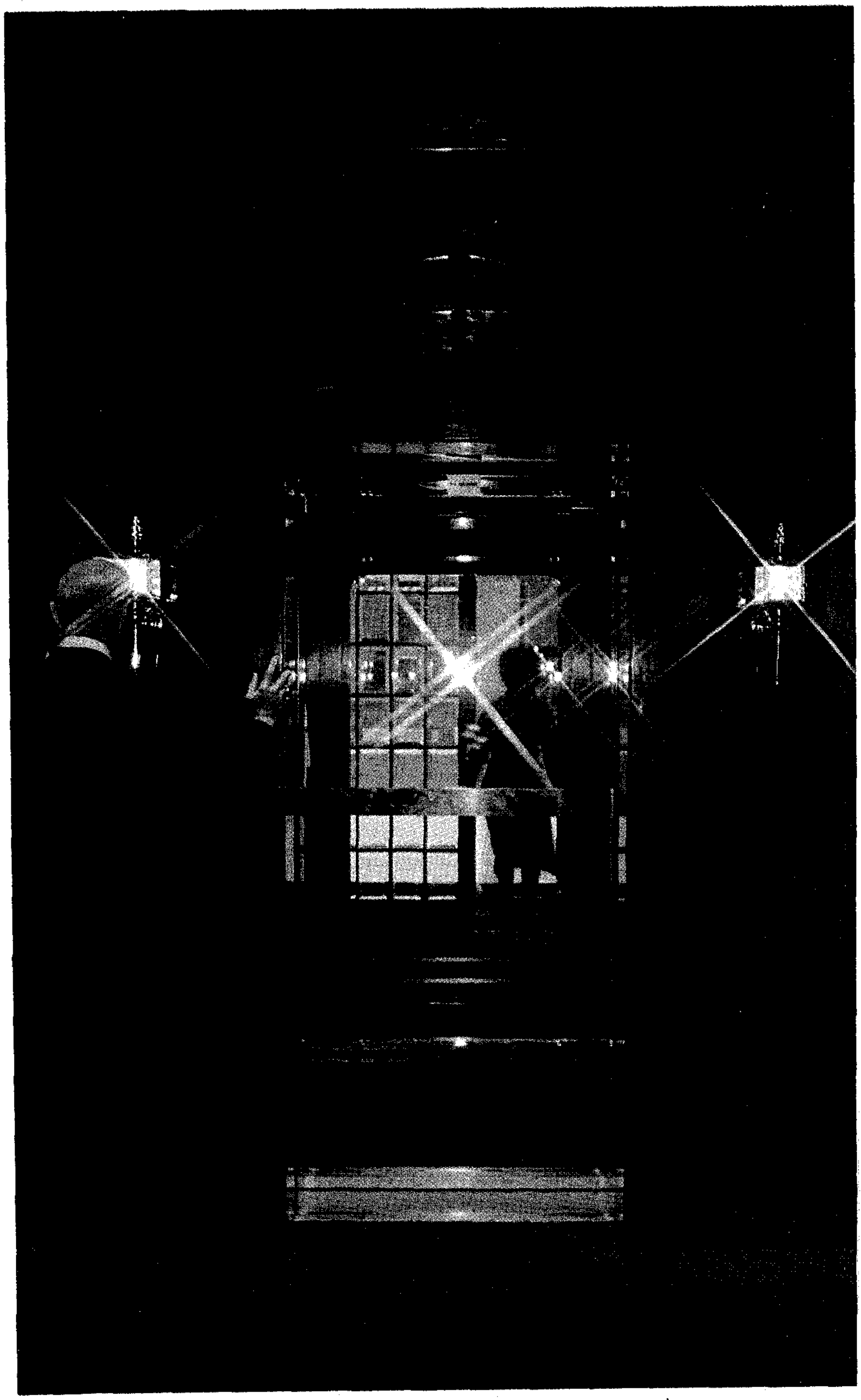
Cheered up: *Two years ago, American Airlines, which had bought the Americana Hotel, 52nd and Seventh, began relining the tacky Formica elevator cabs with burnished copper (left) to give them a jet-age look. Left to right, bellmen Eddie McElroy and Bob Eissner and bell captain Genin Camacho.*



Greek classics: *Radio City Music Hall doorman Louis Venable (left) amid the Art Deco flash of one of the theater's original passenger elevators, built in 1932. The Greek motifs are rendered in maple marquetry.*

Grand hotel: *At the Plaza, 59th and Fifth, the elevators (above) have been cunningly modernized to retain their turn-of-the-century look. Bellman Harold Yobs stands with seemly dignity between the bronze-filigreed doors.*

Class glass: *The Mark Cross shop in Olympic Tower, 51st and Fifth, boasts a glass elevator (right)—a first for New York City. Installed this year, it was the first glass cab to pass the stringent safety code for lifts.*



Pennies from heaven: *Edna Fuerth Lemle collected 8,000 pennies to brighten the floors (above) of the five elevators in her Greeley Arcade Building, 132 West 31st Street.*

Leathered up: *At the Ford Foundation, 320 East 43rd Street, even the unusually tall elevators (right) are leather-lined to coordinate with the desk accessories. Showing this one off: secretary Josephine Wright.*

What New Yorkers Do in Elevators

By Ralph Keyes

"...Research shows that the average American won't get on an elevator offering less than two square feet of space per occupant..."

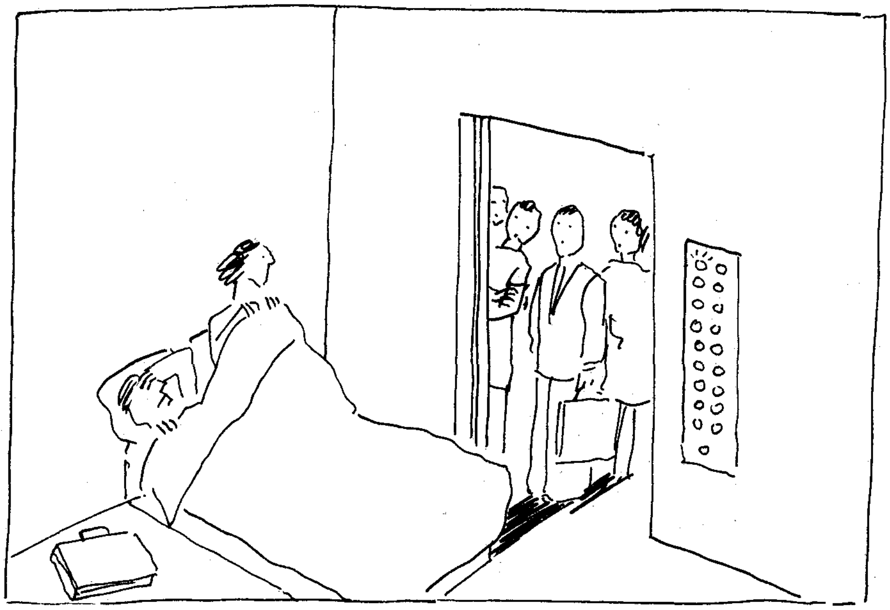
Going to work one morning, a Manhattan advertising executive was pleased to find herself alone in the elevator with her company's shiest and most naïve vice-president. As she later explained, "I've always figured that if two co-workers get in a kiss before the seventeenth floor—that's bound to be an *exciting* kiss." So she cornered her unsuspecting partner as they rose past the third floor, joined her lips to his by the fifth, was in a passionate embrace by the tenth . . . and reluctantly gave up as "14" blinked into "15," "16," and "17," where both had their offices.

"He was worried that the doors might open on us," she said. Then she giggled. "I kind of hoped they would."

The typical New Yorker spends at least eight minutes a day in elevators, two minutes waiting. Such constant exposure helps us forget how bizarre the moment is—to be sealed in capsules leaping straight up at fifteen miles an hour, pressed tight as cattle off to the slaughter, gravity tugging at internal organs, fear charging the air as the cars strain to fly off into space. Not to speak of an even harsher terror: close encounters of the weirder kind—with would-be rapists and robbers.

Hardly the place for romance? Guess again. New Yorkers may look bored or tense in elevators, but the more resourceful—like our Manhattan ad executive—treat time in the elevator (whether they know it or not) as an opportunity to engage in the exciting art of liftmanship. To a practiced liftman, time aloft can be a grand chance for making political progress, making new friends—and for making love.

"There's no doubt that elevators are erotic places," says priest-sociologist Andrew Greeley. "If exciting things didn't happen in them, I'd fear for the future of the species."



Several women told me they also find an elevator ride physically arousing. A psychologist mentioned a female patient who stopped using elevators because she was sure other passengers could see how physically turned on she was by the ride. The doctor was dubious, but one secretary I spoke with was not. It's the slowdown at the bottom, she explained, that gives women "a definite twinge of excitement."

Air-force researchers agree—sort of. Dr. Henning E. von Gierke, out at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, says it's the speeding up and slowing down that our bodies notice most. The body doesn't react much when it's moving at a constant speed, no matter how fast, if it's in a closed capsule and can't pick up visual cues like floors flashing by. But during acceleration, says Dr. von Gierke, who has studied such things for our astronauts, the vestibular system of the inner ear warns the brain about the change in gravity's pull. And the belly, being heavier than the bone structure, tugs the trunk out of shape and presses the bladder. In a badly adjusted elevator, experts report, people in poor body condition may wet their pants.

There are approximately 1,000 elevator injuries annually in the United States, and an average of twenty people die in such accidents each year. Despite the danger, elevators are an attraction to children in New York. In housing projects, kids have devised terrifying elevator games. The Spider-Man game consists of riding on the tops of cars or counterweights; the "chicken" game, of sticking heads into an open shaft to see who pulls out first as the car descends; and the Tarzan game, of jumping from the top of one moving car to another as they pass. Such play caused most of last year's nine fatal elevator accidents in the city.

Illustrated by Guy Billout

"...Passengers become impatient if they must wait more than 30 seconds in a commercial building, more than 60 in a residential..."

(By the way, no matter how foolhardy they may be, project kids are very sophisticated about their elevators. Senior Inspector John Ryan [see "The Inspector Wears Double-Tied Laces" box, at left] says they learn at an early age how to defeat outer-door locking mechanisms and gain access to the shaft with tools as simple as a shoelace. Once, struggling to open a jammed outer door, the inspector was confronted by a six-year-old kid from across the hall who deftly opened the door with a spoon.)

So why, you may ask, if elevators are so risky and erotic, is the average elevator gathering about as exciting as a Bible-study group? Normally, such physical closeness is a trigger for emotional arousal. "But to protect against the possibility of intimate contact," says psychologist Layne Longfellow, director of seminars for the Menninger Foundation, "we make as many behavioral rules as possible in the opposite direction."

Among these unspoken elevator rules, Longfellow lists:

☐ Face forward.

☐ Fold hands in front.

☐ No eye contact.

☐ Watch the numbers.

☐ Don't talk to anyone you don't know.

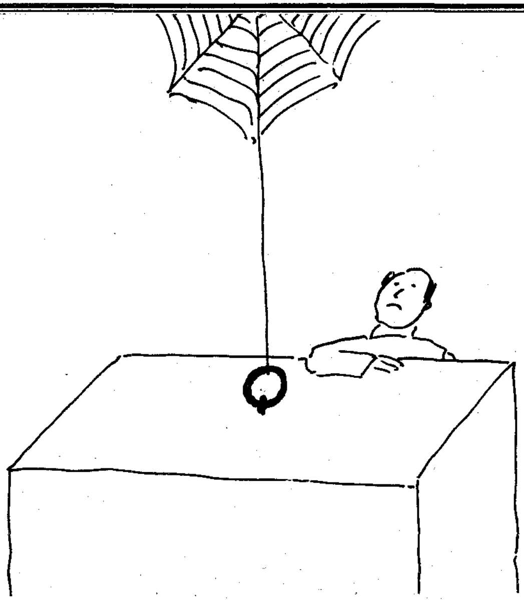
☐ Stop talking with anyone you do know when anyone you don't know enters the elevator.

☐ Avoid brushing bodies.

Elevator taboos are easy to test—and are a favorite subject of desperate psychology students. All one need do is face to the rear, establish eye contact all around, talk loudly, and stand right next to strangers, even when there's room to move over. Your fellow travelers will recoil in horror.

Industry research has shown that the average American won't even get on an elevator offering less than two square feet of space per occupant. The outer limit of body compression is 1.5 square feet for men-only cars, 1.0 square feet for women-only, and 1.3 square feet in coed cars. At this level of crowding, women commonly fold their arms in front of their chests for a bit of extra protection. Men cover their genitals with briefcases.

Defensive tactics actually begin in the lobby. Catatonic though they may appear, fellow elevator waiters are in fact keeping a sharp eye on each other's approach to the buttons for what this



The Inspector Wears Double-Tied Laces

A Cagney in the face, senior elevator inspector John Ryan, 53, moves among building supers with the crusty humor of a man who knows what he's doing. He'd been maintaining elevators all his working life until, seven years ago, he got to join the city's Buildings Department.

On our first stop in a midtown commercial building, the super growled, "You guys was just here."

"I know," Ryan rumbled back. "But there's a couple of things we have to look at again." He had to reinspect some minor violations that should have been fixed after the checkup two days earlier. As we made our way down through the subbasement to a huge drum wound with groaning steel cables, he admired the old machinery. "Simplicity itself—they haven't made this kind for 50 years."

New York City's elevator code is the strictest in the country, says Ryan. Inspectors make sure the cables have not been worn down, that each piece of machinery is in smooth working order, that guide rails are not worn thin. But mainly they check the machine brakes (see "How Elevators Work," page 64) and the backup safety systems. Lifting people in a box is no special trick; what counts is making sure they don't fall. He also checks at least 50 of the elevators' basic features and urges passengers to look for the following four:

1. Mirrors that let passengers see, before they enter, into all corners of a cab. (Some supers try to get by with polished hubcaps.)
2. The alarms that must be connected to all stop buttons—an anti-crime rule.
3. A safety phone or a red alarm button connected to building security in public elevators that are not under active surveillance 24 hours a day.
4. Lights—five-candlepower or better.

Inspectors take no chances—personal or otherwise: They never wear neckties or loose coats, and they double-tie their shoelaces. Though today's double doors—one set on the building floor, one on the cab—reduce the danger, even sophisticates like Ryan worry about getting clothes caught in lift machinery. Just this year, Metropolitan Opera chorus member Betty Stone was dragged to her death when her flowing costume caught in the grille of the backstage elevator at Cleveland's Public Hall.

Ryan shakes his head over the city's fiscal crisis: In one side effect, the number of annual inspections fell from the code-mandated four to fewer than one. Officials claim inspections today are more frequent (now twice a year), but you can check by comparing the dates on the inspection certificate in your own elevator. —R.K.

shows about the inner person. The most revealing behavior is that of striding right up to hit a lighted button and in so doing letting everyone else know just how you rate their competence at summoning elevators. A pollster once grew so intrigued by how often his own push of the button was duplicated that he spot-surveyed repeaters. Their explanations included:

☐ "Frustration."

☐ "Nervous energy."

☐ "Just wanted to make sure it was working."

☐ "I'm not going to ride on someone else's push!"

Far more impressive in fellow waiters' eyes is to stand in the lobby with a serene look as if meditating on the fact that there are things in life which can't be hurried—the wind, the river, and the elevator. "You want to act cool, like you're not really waiting," explains Mike Smith, sampling director of Yankelovich, Skelly and White, "especially if the door's just closed in your face."

Frequent studies have shown that passengers become impatient if they have to wait more than 30 seconds for an elevator in a commercial building and more than 60 seconds in a residential building.

One woman, a government bureaucrat, says that waiting for elevators is the main time in her working day when she feels put down because of her sex. While waiting in the lobby, she finds her male colleagues formed into an impenetrable elevator circle. "They stand as close as possible without touching," she explains, "close enough so that an outsider must take the initiative to break in. A man can break in; a woman cannot. These elevator circles are one part of a larger pattern in which men get to know one another but leave women colleagues out."

By contrast, another woman, a media executive, has learned how to exploit her thousands of elevator waits over the years. "Say there's someone from another department you need to talk to," she says, "but don't really know well enough to call out of the blue. With a little patience, you'll eventually bump into them in the lobby outside the elevator and sort of create a climate for a call."

The virtue of such brief conferences is the seeming coincidence. And the liftman must never forget how drastically the political climate changes with the elevator's arrival. New questions arise. Is it higher status to get on first or last? Is manning the floor buttons an act of power or servility? Are the corners safer or more dangerous stations?

Studies of elevator body placement show a standard pattern. Normally the

Fear of Elevators—A Bundle of Phobias

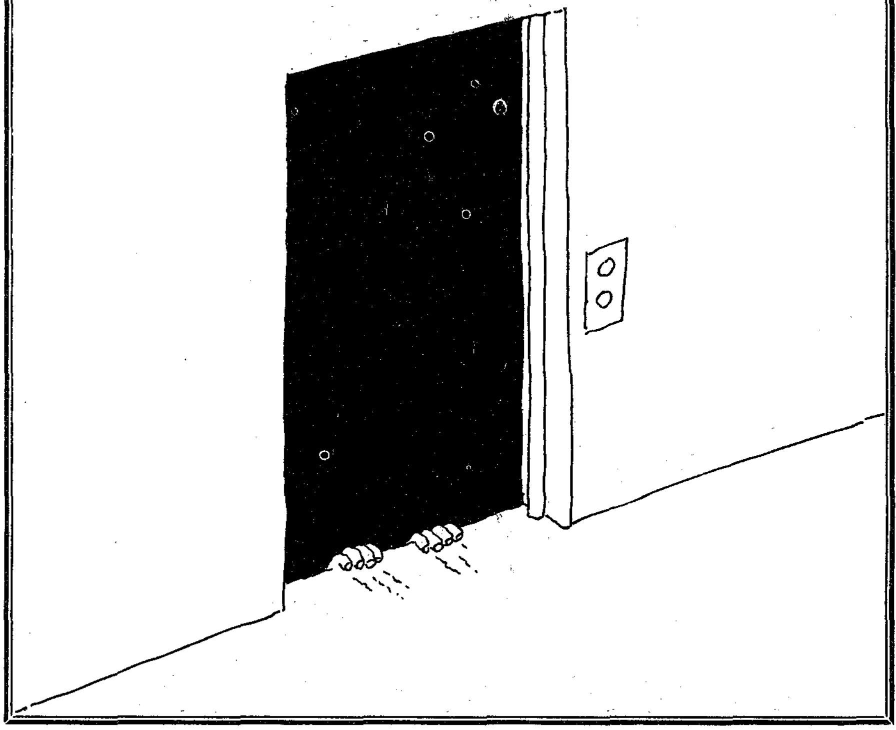
An untold number of foot-weary New Yorkers will trudge up any number of stairways before they'll set foot in an elevator. Others, like Doreen Powell, freeze up only in specific situations. "My phobia," explains the White Plains resident, "was such that I could ride with others, just not alone."

But six years ago she discovered that she might have to move into Manhattan. Panic. Along with several fellow worriers, she joined the first clinic, run by psychiatrist Manuel Zane, for elevator-phobes. People in the group had different hang-ups. Some could ride elevators alone, not in company. Others couldn't ride at all for fear of falling, suffocating, being crushed by shrinking walls, or shooting off into space. Or were simply crippled by free-floating terror. Elevator phobia is a snake pit of horrors drawing on such cousins as claustrophobia, acrophobia, shyness, and agoraphobia (fear of being out in the open among people).

"You have to distinguish between a real phobic, a person who must use stairs, and those who are fearful of elevators but ride them," explains Dr. Zane. "I think this fear is much more widespread than we realize. Phobics I've worked with watch other people in elevators. They tell me you can pick up on who's scared by who's watching every little thing that's going on. Phobic people know far more than I do about elevators."

Confronted by such a patient, a classic therapist might spend years uncovering the "real" fear involved—of masturbation, say (up and down, up and down), or of rising too high in life. But Dr. Zane's approach is less theoretical. Relying on what he calls "contextual therapy," the Manhattan analyst simply forgoes the "why" of a phobia and deals with the problem in context. One woman was so afraid of elevators she could not go near one. Even to stand before elevator buttons sent her anxiety soaring. As a first step, this phobic was placed in a phone booth; it didn't move and had windows all around. Then she tried a pantry with the door open, later with the door closed. She now felt able to stand in a real elevator with the doors propped open, later with doors closed. And finally, as the eight-week session drew to a close, she rode down one flight in a moving elevator. "Once you can do it, you're elated," says Mrs. Powell of the first breakthrough. "Then you're anxious to walk right back up and do it again."

Dr. Zane's phobia clinic at White Plains Hospital (914 949-4500) is perhaps the first of its kind. Other therapists now use similar techniques in phobia clinics at Manhattan's Roosevelt Hospital (554-6730), at the National Institute for the Psychotherapies (582-1566), and at Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center (470-4556). —R.K.



“. . .‘I want to help people on elevators,’ said Carter, ‘to see what I can do for them, rather than blotting them from my mind’. . .”

Why We Stare at the Numbers

We all watch the numbers flash overhead, says social-ritualist Erving Goffman, “as if this activity were required to ensure getting off at the right floor.” Watching the numbers is not merely a way to tell you how fast you’re moving and where you are. By the most common psychological interpretation, keeping our eyes on the numbers lets us keep them *off* each other.

But anthropologist Harvey Sarles takes the opposite view. Just because we’re looking at the numbers doesn’t mean we’re watching them. To the contrary, says the University of Minnesota professor, “the real purpose of looking up is to enhance peripheral vision and allow you to keep an eye out for any quick, dangerous movements around you. Then if someone is going to jump you, you can make an adjustment.”

In his own observations on elevator behavior, Sarles has found that the uplifted eye’s corner follows the activity of a fellow passenger as if by reflex: We look at numbers so as to watch each other. He’s also noticed how common it is for shorter passengers to back up and get a better field of peripheral vision. Sarles is sensitive to this sort of thing. He’s six feet two inches tall.

—R.K.

first person on grabs the corner by the buttons or a corner in the rear. The next passenger takes a catercorner position. Then the remaining corners are seized, and next the mid-rear-wall and the center of the car. Then packing becomes indiscriminate.

Self-esteem can be measured by elevator etiquette. The self-confident, it turns out, never get on first. Instead, they wait affably with underlings for the cab, then wave everyone ahead into the car like a hen mothering chicks. “I’ve seen David Rockefeller at Chase Manhattan wait for everyone else to get on first,” says an impressed executive recruiter. “It’s a power thing, true noblesse oblige. The really heavy high-level guy will step back and not exercise his privilege by letting others get on first. And *that* is exercising his privilege.” A former United Nations employee recalls with amusement the time he watched diplomats of three different nations miss an elevator as each struggled to be the last man on board.

At least 270 Manhattan residents (by estimate of borough inspectors)—including some of the city’s most powerful corporate executives, like Con Ed’s Charles Luce—avoid such sticky scenes by having their own elevators. At a superficial level, the private shaft might appear to be the ultimate status symbol. But a dedicated liftman treasures those communal moments in the elevator when he can garner some of the best intelligence about his co-workers. An NBC vice-president, Paul Klein, makes it his business as a programmer to “listen to what people are saying when riding in an elevator. . . .”

Elevators can provide a rare sense of community. Bonwit Teller last year threw a chummy party using their elevators for bars. And it was while sharing a lift at the St. Regis Hotel that Mia Farrow struck up a lasting friendship with Salvador Dali. Even President Carter finds them a source of great inspiration. “I want to help people on elevators,” he said, according to Doris Kearns, “to see what I can do for them, rather than what I can derive from them or blotting them out of my mind.”

Then there was the impeccable *Fortune* editor, Charles J. V. Murphy, who shared a Time Inc. elevator with a winsome researcher on the first day of its new Muzak system. Wincing at the sound, the editor laid down his briefcase, held out his arms, and said, “Shall we dance?”

The lasting delights of liftmanship, of course, come not from outrageous showmanship, erotic fantasies, or quick thrills. They are the joys that come from being totally alone, solo in a soaring capsule, away from phone and “In” box, where the New Yorker can enjoy a fleeting moment of complete and blissful freedom: freedom to comb hair, scratch privates, make faces, pray, or burst into song. Who’s to know? One woman says she sealed a lasting friendship the day she and a co-worker stumbled onto the information that each did exercises when alone in an elevator. “I just let it slip out that I did . . . you know, got in a quick knee bend, between the first floor and the eighth, and she said, ‘Oh, you do too?’ It was like a little mutual vulnerability, and we had this great feeling of camaraderie.”

In need of a good scream, Lynn Caine, author of *Widow*, once took an extended express elevator ride after hours, pressing the top button and howling to the top of one of Manhattan’s taller office buildings. She had two kids at home and didn’t know how to drive, she told me, so where else could she go to let it all out?

Psychologist Longfellow feels that men and women jammed in cities hurt from lack of protected privacy. “When you stop to consider,” he says, “there are not really all that many times when you’re enclosed in a space without windows, a room not much larger than you are. One such space is the womb, another the tomb. In between, there’s the elevator.” ■

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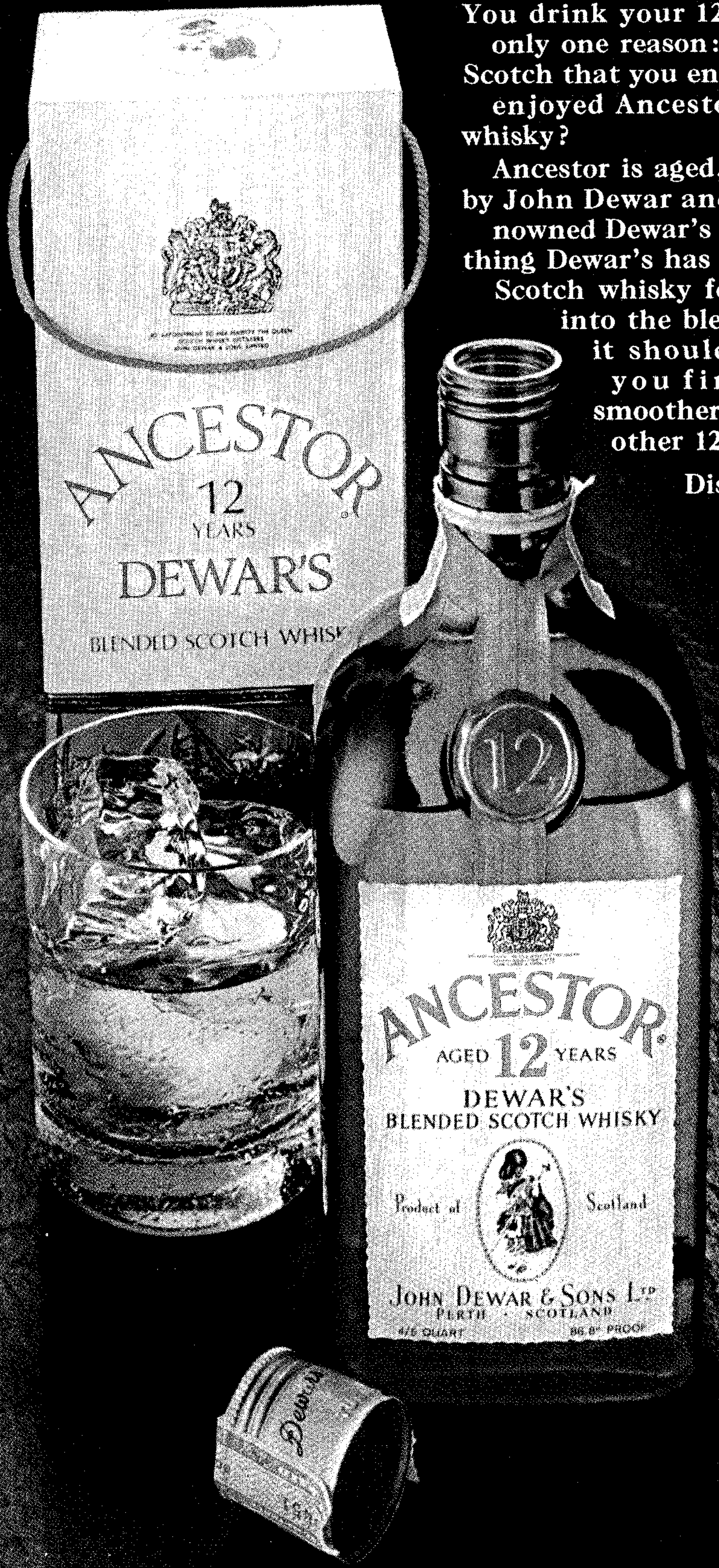
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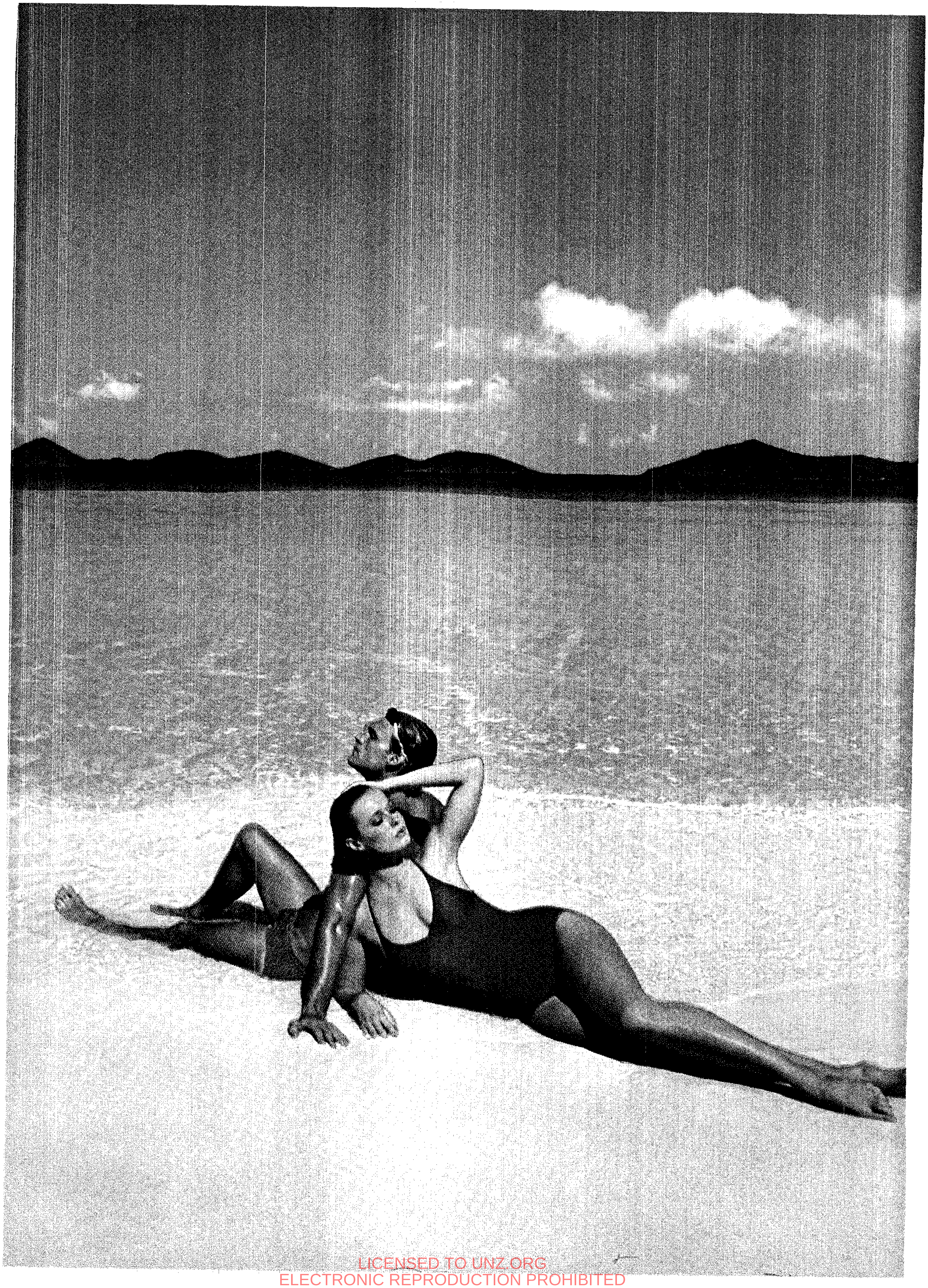

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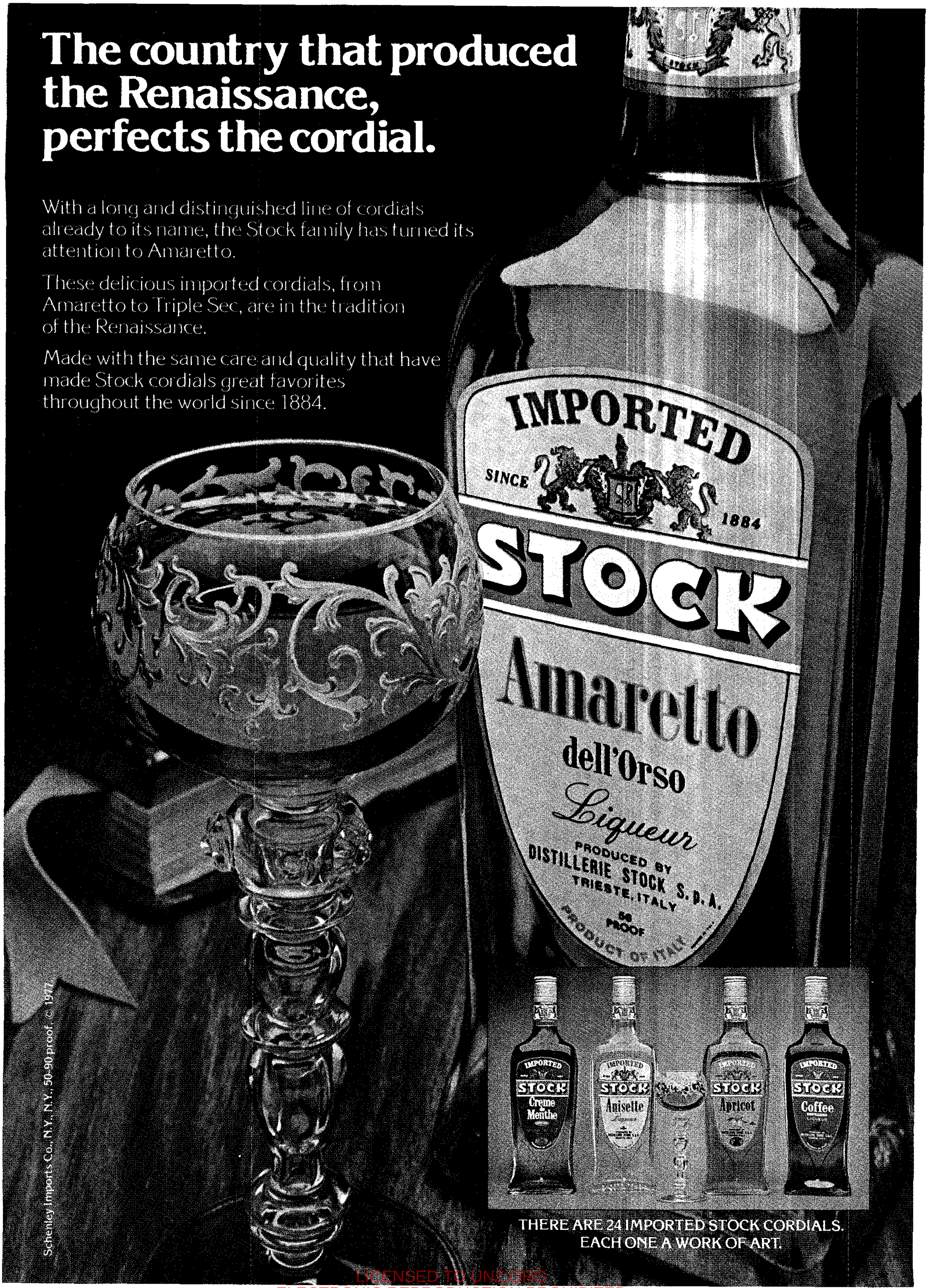
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Enclosed Encounters
Of the Elevated Kind

By Jane Hershey

There are 44,843 elevators in New York City, with a story lurking in each one. Here are fourteen: highs, lows, and ladies' lingerie.

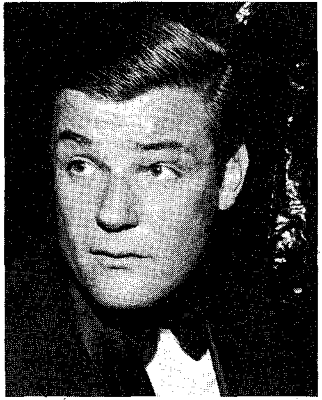
PICTORIAL PARADE

Lifted by Illusion

"When I was a television executive doing documentaries, I'd sometimes get on the elevator with a young Chicano who delivered coffee and lunches. He was always singing in Spanish... *¿Dónde estaba tu corazón?...* doing a dance and smiling ear to ear, shoulder to waist. He couldn't have earned more than $80 a week; I was earning base pay of $600 per. He always wore the same pair of tattered jeans and a faded T-shirt; I wore the most expensive French imports. Yet he was the one singing; I was silent, still, sour-faced. This young man has the secret of life, I concluded. He is free, free from the competition of capitalism, free from executive and creative pressures, free from power and success drive.

"I thought about him when I quit my television career, hung up my director's chair and typewriter to begin a new, struggling life as a stand-up comedian. And before long, out of money, I had to sell my wardrobe to pay the rent. Down to a pair of tattered jeans and a faded T-shirt, like his, I was standing again in the elevator. But I was not singing a Spanish song, I was not dancing, I was not smiling. I was worrying about the next month's rent . . . about whether the audiences in a small Village club were going to laugh that night. The truth hit me: That delivery boy did not have the secret of life. He was just some lunatic with a fetish for singing and dancing in elevators."
—David Brenner

JILL KREMENTZ



Red-Hot Mama

"Wild Slavic screams erupted from the elevator shaft near my office the moment the great blackout hit in 1965. I grabbed a flashlight, and in the corridor ran into a doctor who happened to speak Russian. Together we tried to shout comfort to the woman trapped half a floor below, but she was not to be consoled. 'Everything they told me in Moscow is absolute truth!' she screamed. When we finally got her out, we discovered that she was a tourist from the USSR who'd been warned that America is a bad place where terrible things happen to people."
—Peter Duchin

JILL KREMENTZ

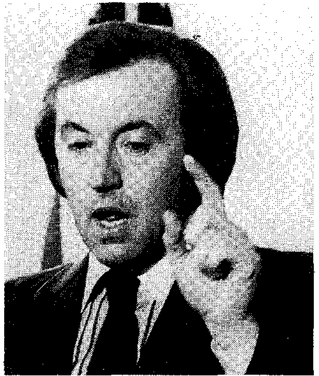
Shorts Story

"An 80-year-old man got trapped in one of the newer office buildings, the kind that have no doors on certain floors. By the time they broke through the wall to his cab, it was sweltering and he'd stripped down to his underpants.

" 'Could we take you to the hospital?' someone asked.

" 'No, thank you,' he said with courtly grace as he walked off bare-legged into the city, 'I have an appointment.' "**—Betty Furness**

UPI



Outrageous!

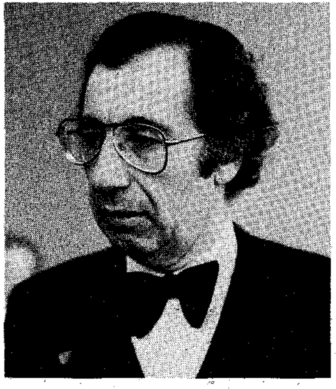
"Remember Harvey Orkin, 'king of the elevators'? He was a British theatrical agent who specialized in upsetting people as they got off lifts. He'd be going up to the twentieth floor, and as you got off on fourteen, you'd hear him say, 'I wish I hadn't done that brain operation this morning after all that drinking.' Or, 'I do hope the girl leaves before Roger opens the poisoned chocolates.' The door would close and you'd never know what to do about what you'd heard."**—David Frost**

UPI

Hands Off

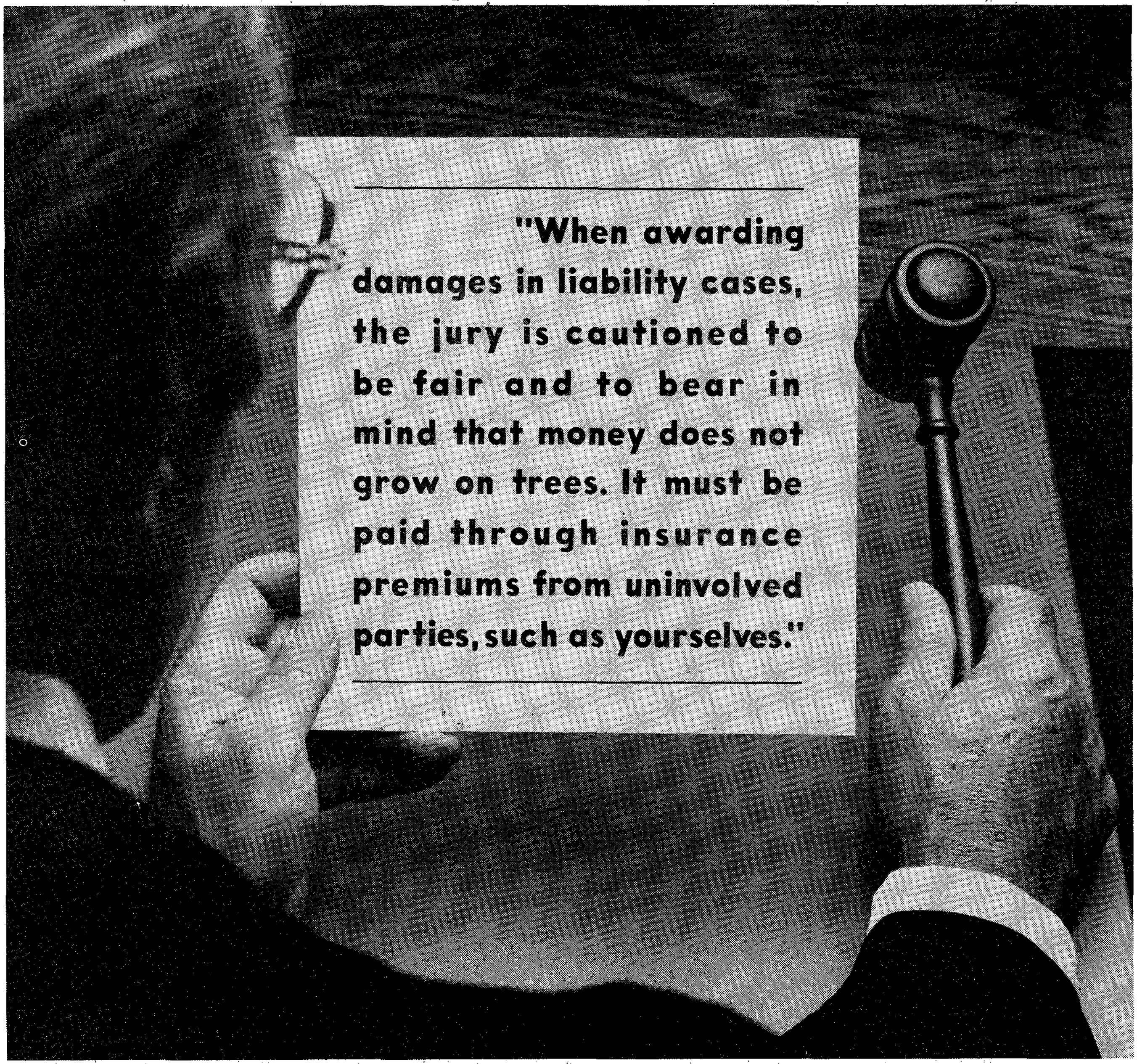
"Unlike Jimmy Carter, I don't want to reach out to people in elevators. I want them to keep their goddamned hands in their pockets."**—George Ball**

FRED W. MC DARRAH



Rocky Ride

"All the tenants in my co-op took turns running the elevators during the last building employees strike. Once, I got home to find a kindly-looking gentleman



"When awarding damages in liability cases, the jury is cautioned to be fair and to bear in mind that money does not grow on trees. It must be paid through insurance premiums from uninvolved parties, such as yourselves."

Too bad judges can't read this to a jury.

In a small Florida town, a decorative boulder rests on the median of a road. A man with three drinks in him and no sleep for 18 hours smashes his car headlong into it. *A jury orders the town to pay him $4.7 million in damages.*[1]

A truck without brake lights is hit from behind. For "psychic damages" to the driver, because his pride was hurt when his wife had to work, *a jury awards $480,000 above and beyond his medical bills and wage losses.*

Then there's the one...but *you* can probably provide the next example. Most of us know hair-raising stories of windfall awards won in court.[2] Justified claims should be compensated, of course. Ætna's point is that it is time to look hard at what windfall awards are costing.[3]

What can we do? Several things:

We can stop assessing "liability" where there really *was* no fault—and express our sympathy for victims through other means.

We can ask juries to take into account a victim's *own* responsibility for his losses. And we can urge that awards realistically reflect the actual loss suffered—that they be a fair *compensation,* but not a reward.[4]

Insurers, lawyers, judges—each of us shares some blame for this mess. But it is you, the public, who can best begin to clean it up. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

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[1] This case is being appealed by the town. In addition to the court-awarded damages, two other defendants (the contractor and the county) settled out of court for an additional $1.15 million. This illustrates how extravagant jury-awarded damages set a standard for extravagant *out-of-court* settlements—the real problem, since most liability cases *are* settled out of court.

[2] A by-product of such awards has been a quantum leap in the number of personal injury and property damage suits filed. A 1976 study in California shows such suits increasing at *five times the rate of population growth.*

[3] Most awards are paid by insurance, and insurance companies spend millions more defending policyholders against lawsuits. The direct result is rising premiums for automobile and other liability coverages. The *indirect* result is higher prices for goods and services—prices which are boosted to cover the skyrocketing insurance premiums of manufacturers, doctors, hospitals, and others who are targets for windfall awards.

[4] For example, it would help if juries were simply required to take into account payments the claimant has already received for medical bills and lost wages. Under the present system, these bills may be paid all over again.

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waiting to take me upstairs. 'Good evening, Mr. Rudin,' smiled Laurance Rockefeller. 'Which is your floor, please?' He made it to eleven without mishaps, though he needed help to read the numbers."
—Louis Rudin

CAMERA 5

Buss Stop

"I was in a crowded elevator in the Statler Hilton during the 1976 Democratic Convention when a man rushed over to kiss me.

"'Who are you?' I cried.

"'I'm from Utah, and I love you!' he gushed.

"Someone in the cab asked if all men from Utah kiss strange women in elevators.

"'Of course,' I replied, 'they believe in multiple kissing.'" **—Bella Abzug**

JILL KREMENTZ

Jackie Be Nimble

"Jacqueline Susann and I once got on an elevator at the second floor and soon were joined by three scruffy, suspicious-looking men wearing sneakers. Jackie nervously smiled at one of the men and asked, 'Can you guys lend us $4 to get to Hoboken?' The man turned to her and said, 'You must be kidding, lady.' I was sure that Jackie's kidding had saved our lives."
—Irving Mansfield

JILL KREMENTZ

And So It Goes

"When I got stuck in an elevator in Abercrombie, it was just like one of those schlock movies with everyone in a lifeboat. Then after two hours the elevator all of a sudden moved to the next floor. The door opened. There was no one from the store to meet us or say anything to us. Other shoppers got on. We got off and blended with the general population. It was very spooky."
—Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

JILL KREMENTZ

Zip-a-Dee-Do-Dah

"In an elevator, it's easy to spot a woman who's living alone. There's the back of her neck with the zipper not quite all the way up, or the last button not buttoned, because there's no helpmate. One day not long ago in a Time-Life elevator, an impeccably dressed man surprised me by gently asking, 'Could I be of service?' As I turned—'Sorry?'—he explained about the single undone button on my blouse. We had a good laugh and got off at our respective floors. The memory of our encounter drew us together a few weeks later when we happened to attend the same public-service meeting, and he's become my best friend."
—Barbaralee Diamonstein

FRED W. MC DARRAH

Down and Out

"I was a pretty good operator back when I ran elevators for the New York Telephone Company at 140 West Street. But nobody's perfect. We all make mistakes. Like late one day when I was taking a tired, sweaty crowd down to the lobby so they could catch their trains home. Only I let them off in the basement and closed the door before they caught on. Rather than go back and face the racket, I left them to fumble through furnaces and find their way out."
—Carol Bellamy

PICTORIAL PARADE

Joyride

"Every time I get in an elevator I say, 'Ladies' underwear, linger-ee,' and make people laugh. I always tell the one about the guy who gets into an elevator and sees a naked lady. He says, 'My wife has an outfit just like that.' I get into an elevator and say 'Ascending . . . descending' like in department stores. It makes people laugh. I say, 'Breathe in, it's a little crowded,' and everyone breathes in. I get in the elevator at a hotel and go up to the fortieth floor. Then I say to the manager, 'Can't you get me anything a little closer to town?'" **—Henny Youngman**

FRED W. MC DARRAH

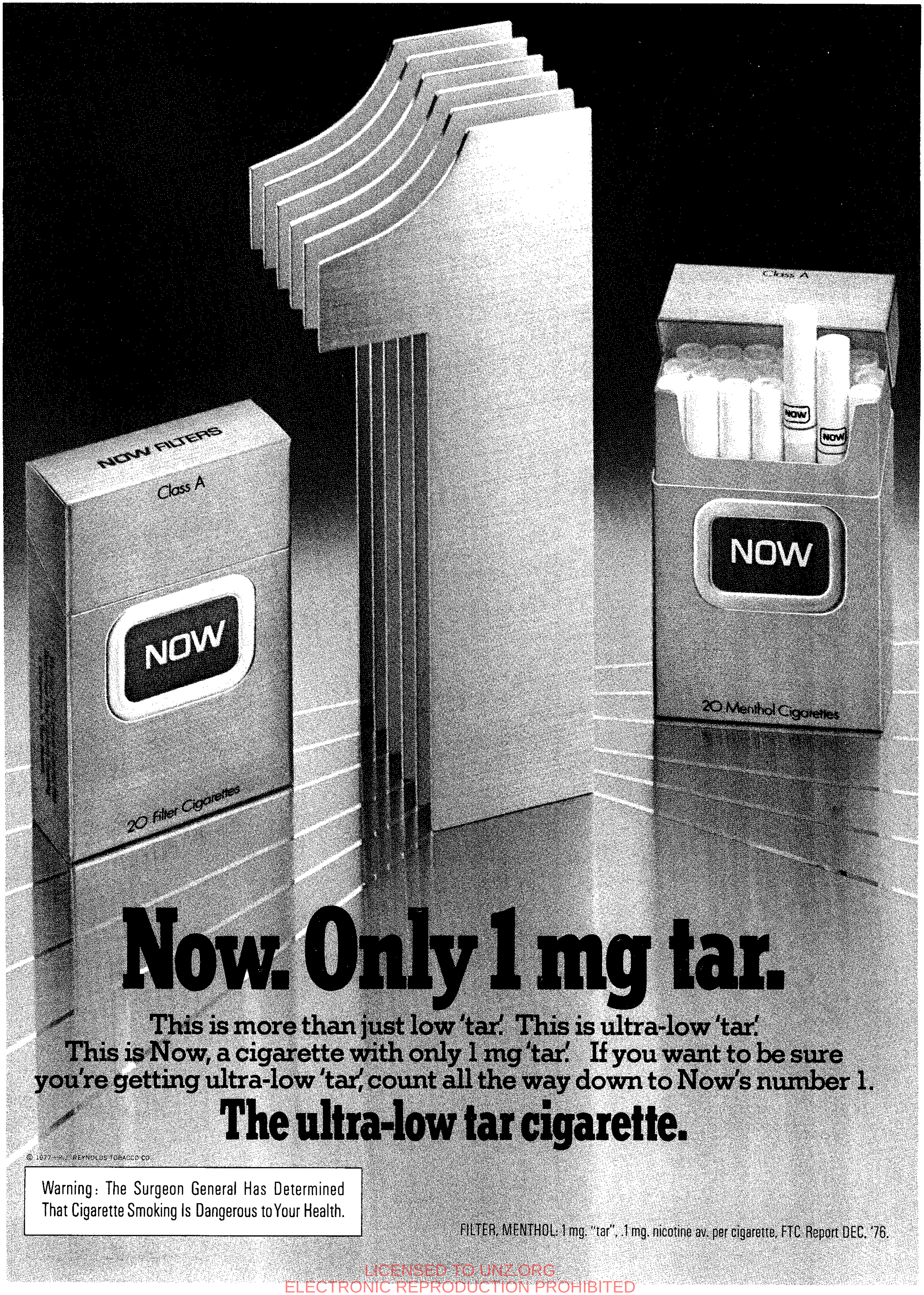
The Muzak That Makes Me Dance

"Elevator Muzak is a funny thing. Whenever it plays 'Pick-Pocket Tango,' I always want to dance it, very sexy, the way I did in *Redhead*. But then I see one or two strange men beside me and stop. I don't know when, but one day I'll fulfill that fantasy."
—Gwen Verdon

GORDON PARKS

A Metaphysical Meeting

"There were two of us in an elevator in Rockefeller Center. I got off to get my passport, and the other writer kept going up. An hour later I got on another elevator to come down. The same young man was alone on that elevator. We laughed, talked, went off and had lunch and became friends. Much later, when Paul Sand won his Tony award, I couldn't resist sending him a telegram: 'I knew when I met you that you were on your way up.'"
—Jill Krementz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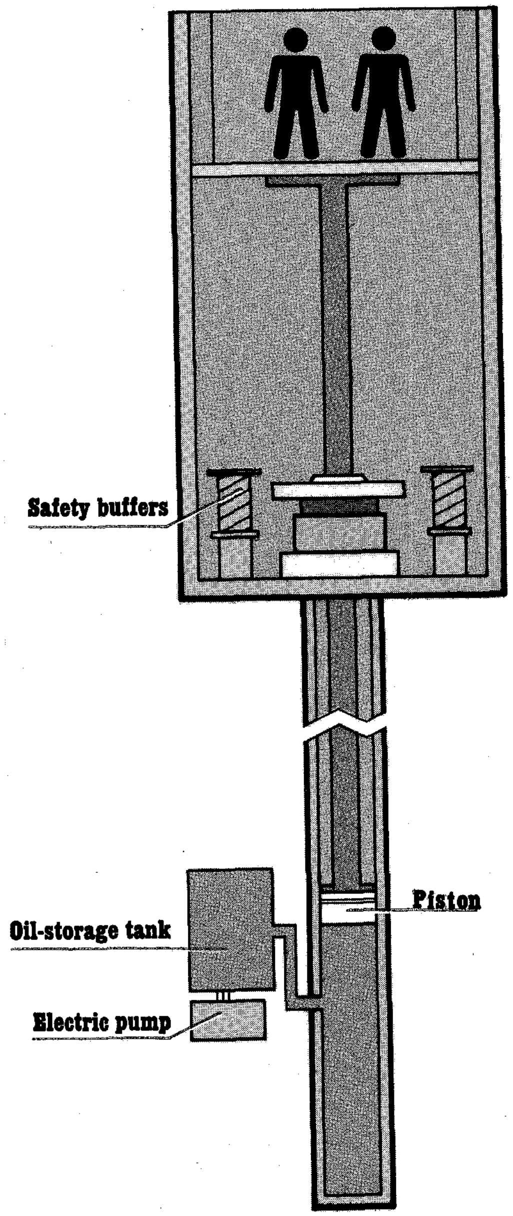
How Elevators Work

By T George Harris

> "...These are the devices your life depends upon should you find yourself living the ultimate nightmare—the runaway elevator..."



Hydraulic Elevator

What Lifts Your Lift

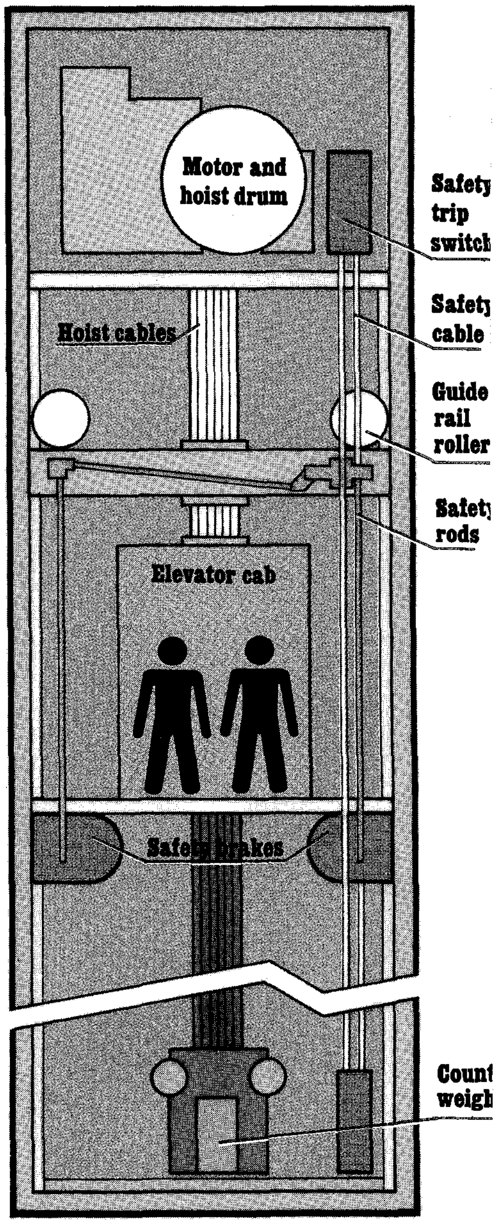
You can find every kind of elevator in New York, but all rely on one of two kinds of drive: hydraulic and traction. The first kind pushes you up on compressed water or oil, while the other hauls you aloft on cables.

Hydraulic drive: The elevators on the Madison Avenue side of B. Altman move like molasses on a cold morning because they're old-fashioned hydraulic machines. When you push an "up" button, a pump in the basement drives water out of a storage tank into an underground casing, and the water pressure pushes up the piston. The cab you're in sits on the piston shaft.

In the Dakota and a few other great old buildings, the hydraulics still operate on water, though some are now assisted by motor-drawn "ropes." More modern hydraulics rely on oil instead of H_2O. One curiosity of hydraulics: They need a hole in the ground as deep as the building is tall.

Traction drive: In high-speed elevators, the hoist cables run from the center of the cab up to the power drum at the top of the shaft, then down to counterweights that are almost as heavy as a fully loaded cab.

The modern traction shaft is a cat's cradle of many cables. At least five steel "ropes" hold up each cab, and the standard safety factor is eight to one: If the fully loaded cab weighs only 2,000 pounds, the cables must be strong enough to lift at least 16,000 pounds. Totally independent of the hoist cable, there's a safety cable that runs from the bottom of the cab to the bottom of the shaft and back up through the safety-switch pulley at the top of the shaft. From the pulley it runs back down to the safety rods on top of the cab.

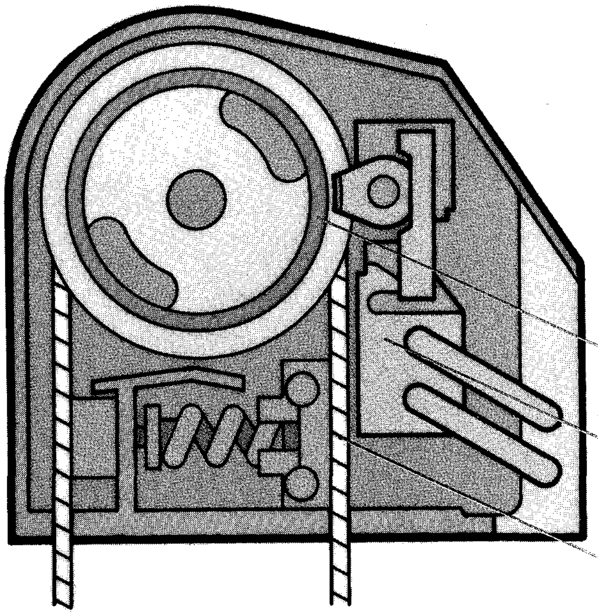


Traction Elevator

Illustrated by Robert Alcorn

Why They Don't Fall

Safety-Brake Trip Switch

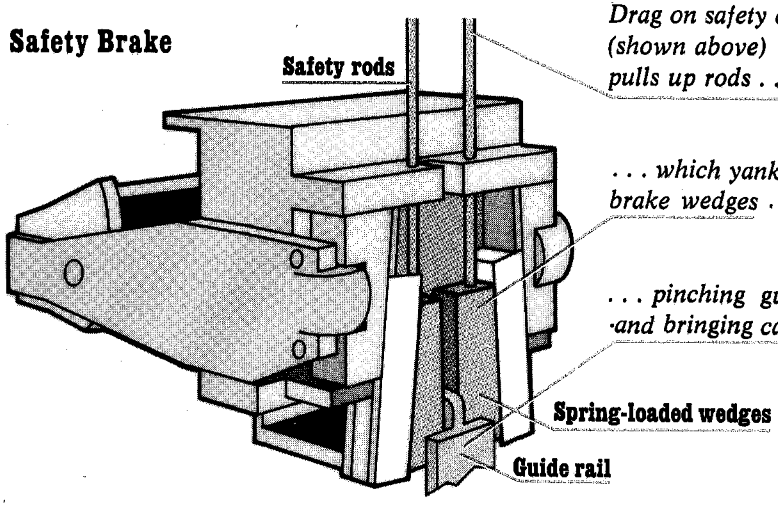


Flywheel weight flings outward at overspeed . . .

. . . tripping brake jaw.

Brake then pinches safety cable.

Safety Brake



Drag on safety cable (shown above) pulls up rods . . .

. . . which yank up brake wedges . . .

. . . pinching guide rail and bringing car to a halt.

Fail-Safe Elevators

Here are sketches of the two devices your life would depend upon should you ever find yourself living the ultimate nightmare: the runaway elevator in a Manhattan skyscraper. The safety trip switch (top sketch above) at the top of the elevator's shaft will set off the safety brakes (lower sketch) which are built into either side of the cab you're in.

Here's what happens: Tied to safety rods on top of your cab is a steel safety cable that runs up to the trip switch, which is just a speed governor built into a pulley. When the cable spins the pulley too fast, maybe 40 percent over normal speed, the centrifugal force flings out weights built into the pulley so that they strike the trip switch. The switch instantly (1) turns off the elevator's drive power and (2) trips a catch holding up the brake jaw so that it now falls hard against the safety cable. Braking surfaces on both sides of the pulley are now gripping the safety cable to put about 800 pounds of drag on it.

The drag on the cable pulls up the safety rods on top of your cab. They in turn lift a pair of steel wedges in each of the brakes on opposite sides of the cab. The spring-loaded, paired wedges grip the guide rail that is embedded into the shaft of the elevator. They may smoke and throw sparks, but it's been 30 years since the brakes failed to stop an overspeeding car.

Safety brakes seldom get tripped because layers of other safety devices come into play first. Aside from the normal controls, there's a "potential" switch on the hoist cable that trips at 10 percent overspeed, turns off the power, and slams on a cable brake. The real danger comes when you reach the bottom (or top) of the shaft. At that point there are three kinds of "terminal" safeties (the last being giant springs or shock absorbers) to slow down and cushion the landing.

What to Do When...

. . . you "overspeed downward": Though today's fast elevators do not fall, experts tell us, they do "overspeed downward." So, how do you avoid shake-up or injury? Just crouch enough to flex your knees so they'll absorb a sudden slowdown.

. . . you get stalled: Do not play George Plimpton and try to climb out the trapdoor in the top of the cab. You'd find yourself on a dangerous perch. Those trapdoors are there so rescue workers can come in to get you. Stay where you are and call for help by alarm button, emergency phone, or by hollering. Worry not. You cannot suffocate even if it's summer and you start to swelter.

. . . there's a fire on the forty-seventh floor: *Towering Inferno* warned us what could happen in a blazing skyscraper. The movie had its points. Take the stairs, not the elevator. Heat-sensitive elevator buttons on a burning floor may call your elevator straight to the oven. Next September, under Local Law 5, all high-rise elevators will be programmed to go straight to the bottom floor once the smoke sensor on any floor detects smoke.

. . . rape threatens: Check the mirror for people hidden in corners. Rapists occasionally call the lift down to the basement before you can push the button for your floor. One trick: Reach inside and push the basement button, then the button for the floor you're on and the button for the upper floor you want. Then wait for the cab to come back up from the basement. A "rape button" installed in the cars at Manhattan Plaza, the new 42nd Street apartment complex, was devised to return the cab automatically to the ground floor upon being pushed. City inspectors now call the device illegal, saying that every passenger uses the button to get an uninterrupted ride down, disrupting service for others.

"Hello...Be Right Down."

Nothing that happens to you is apt to match the experience of Betty Lou Oliver. She was operating an elevator on July 28, 1945, when a B-25 bomber crashed into the Empire State Building, hurled an engine through two elevator shafts, and severed the hoist cables—and safety cables—on two cabs. Betty Lou broke her back but survived 80 stories of free-fall, which she spent trying to keep her weightless feet on the floor, flicking the stop button, and jiggling the emergency phone to report her problem to the starter. ▬

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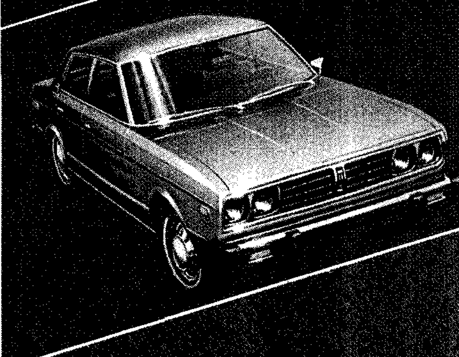
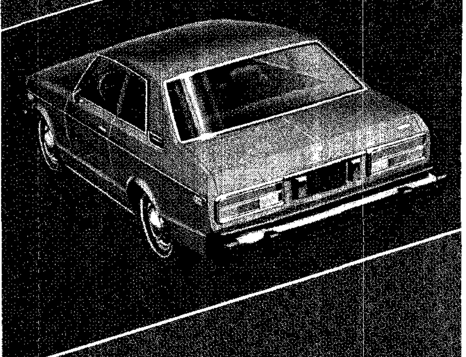
A.

B.

C.



D.



A. 5-Door Wagon.
B. 3-Door Hatchback.
C. 4-Door Sedan.
D. 2-Door Sedan.

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nd defogs even the side windows. An electric defroster
elps keep the rear window clear.
uilt to endure. Every new 510 hitches an all-steel, all-
elded unibody to a 2-liter overhead cam power plant
e've raced to test endurance, and which won to prove it.
MacPherson strut front suspension helps iron out road
rinkles. And beefed-up insulation helps keep the noisy
utside outside. Just like the big cars.

First and foremost, it's a Datsun. The new 510 is Datsun ingenuity at its best. A car that's big where you want it big, and small where you want it small. A whole new class of economy car, in Wagon, 2- and 4-Door Sedans and a Hatchback that got 35 mpg highway, 25 mpg city. These are 1978 EPA estimates based on standard manual transmission. Your mileage may differ, depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment. California high-altitude mileage lower.

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Elevator Facts and Figures

By Nancy McKeon

New York probably has more elevators—and more elevator consultants—than anyplace else in the world. But for too long we have taken these faithful "people movers" for granted. Here are a few extraneous facts to elevate your consciousness about the common lift:

☐ The average elevator travels about 10,000 miles a year, says George Strakosch, an elevator authority with Jaros, Baum & Bolles. *Really* high-rise lifts—such as those in the Empire State Building or the World Trade Center towers—will travel as far as 35,000 miles in a year.

☐ A guide to New York City published in 1866 called special attention to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, then at 23rd Street, where the Toy Center now stands. The book points out that the hotel's rooms "have means of access by a perpendicular railway—intersecting each story—in addition to broad and capacious corridors and stairways, independent of the ordinary and usual approaches from floor to floor."

☐ The elevator cars at 111 East 59th Street have Braille markings at the side of the floor buttons. Near the edge of the doorjamb at each landing, accessible when the doors open, there is a Braille sign marking the actual floor number. The building is the Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind.

☐ The Queensboro Bridge, until about 22 years ago, had an elevator that ran from the middle of the span down to what was then Welfare Island. The elevator brought passengers up top to the trolley (the last one in New York) that shuttled back and forth across the bridge. The enormous lift also brought vehicles down to the island hospitals. Just as the trolley disappeared, so did the elevator, and the tower itself has been demolished.

☐ Companies headquartered at 111 Eighth Avenue can take their truck deliveries on, say, the ninth floor—without the truck driver even alighting from his vehicle. The building, which was once headquarters for the Port Authority, has four truck elevators that can accommodate vehicles up to 30 feet long and weighing 20 tons.

☐ The slowest elevator anywhere is the antique cab that just sits at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. But "everybody thinks the elevator in their building is the slowest in town," says one lift inspector.

☐ The largest regular passenger elevator in New York City is a car that services the Whitney Museum. That lift is a shade over eight feet deep, ten and a half feet wide, and twelve and a half feet high. It accommodates the museum's visitors as well as its giant canvases.

☐ One of the most common forms of damage discovered by elevator inspectors comes from uric acid that has eaten away the door-interlock device. In other words, people urinate in elevators, especially in housing projects.

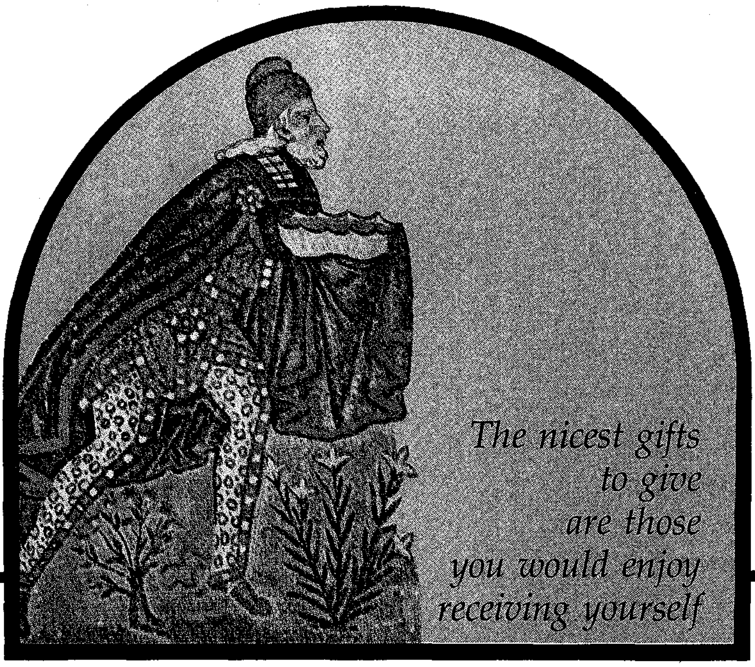
☐ Peak traffic periods in elevators vary according to type of building. In an office building, the five minutes before work starts is a crucial period. In apartment buildings traffic is likely to pick up in late afternoon. Hospital elevators seem to be busiest in late morning, when doctors are visiting their patients and when people who have been operated on are being returned to their rooms.

☐ Elevators were hardly news when Elisha Graves Otis came along. Archimedes apparently built weight-lifting devices as early as 236 B.C. that consisted of rope tackles rigged with windlasses and operated by manpower.

☐ Animals destined to fight in the Colosseum in Rome were lifted to arena level on large platforms. Archaeological studies indicate that the palace of Emperor Nero contained three lifts.

☐ At the city morgue, a body lift brings cadavers up from the cold room to the viewing room. The elevator door opens onto a glass wall through which relatives can view the corpse.

☐ A. Bear, whose signature graces the elevator-inspection cards in many of the lifts below 14th Street, really exists. Abraham Bear has retired to Florida, however, so when fresh, clean inspection cards replace those that are filled up, his name will disappear, and NYU



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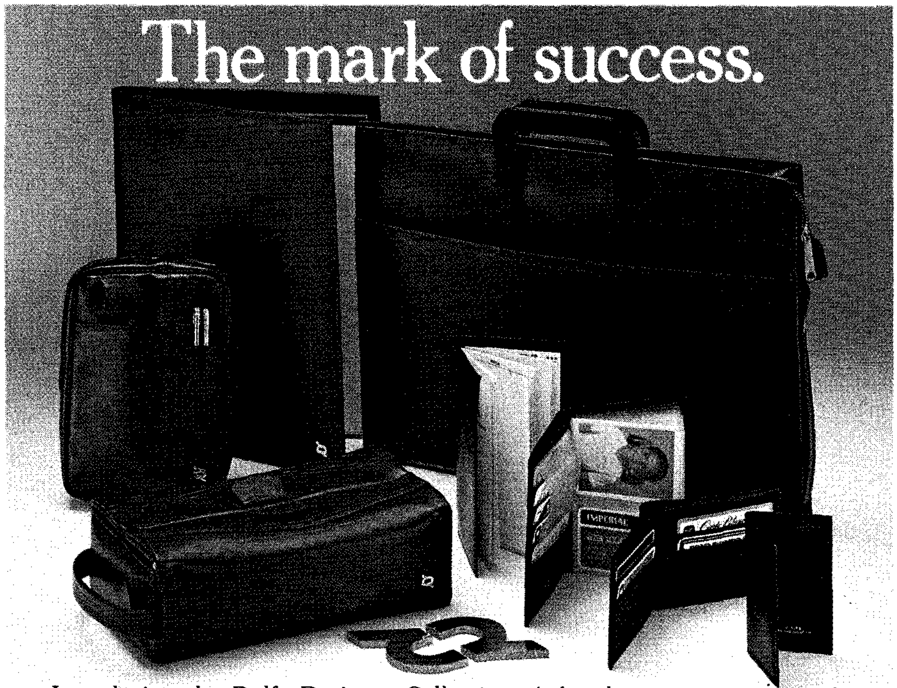

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students will no longer be tempted to scrawl "A. Lion" or " A. Lamb" beneath the mark of A. Bear.

☐ The new wave of elevators is horizontal. Westinghouse, a giant in the elevator field, reports great success at installing horizontal "people movers" at airports in medium-density cities. Passengers "call" the elevators just the way they would an elevator and are whisked off in an enclosed car to a spot at the other end of the track.

☐ The elevators that travel the entire distance of the World Trade Center towers, top to bottom, have more stops than the Lexington Avenue subway.

☐ Although elevators were traveling up and down in New York from the 1850s, the city did not get an elevator code until June, 1918. The first New York rules limited elevator speed to 700 feet per minute—the maximum legal speed for bicycles on city streets at the time. That provision in the rule book had to be revised to permit the Empire State Building to have 1,000-feet-per-minute cars in 1931.

☐ Up until the 1850s, the ropes used to pull up freight loads were generally made of hemp and were quite unreliable. Although still referred to as "ropes," the cables today are twisted steel and quite reliable.

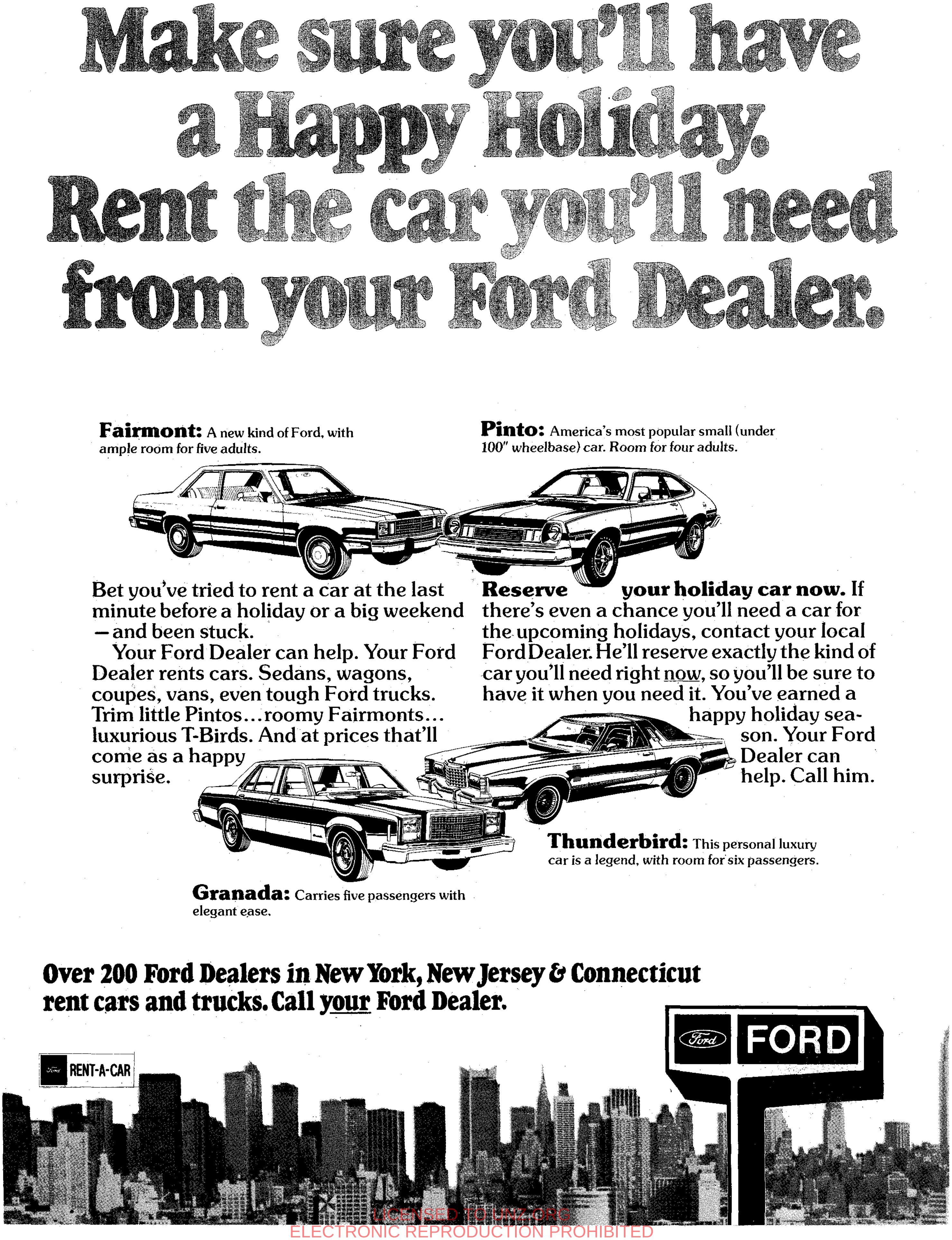
☐ Through medieval times, hoists were used to raise men and supplies to isolated locations. The well-known lift to the monastery of St. Barlaam in Greece, perched on a pinnacle 200 feet off the ground, resembled a cargo net.

☐ The oldest Otis elevator still operating in the city is the lift at 34 Gramercy Park East.

☐ Each tower of the World Trade Center has 32 high-speed elevators that can hold 55 people each.

☐ Elevators can continue to operate during an electrical brownout of up to 10 percent. In brownouts of greater than 10 percent, many elevators are programmed to stop at the next available landing and open their doors.

☐ The higher the capacity of your apartment building's elevator and the shorter the wait between cars, the better the quality of the building, say real-estate experts. Midtown apartment buildings should have waiting times (for another car going in the same direction) of between 50 and 70 seconds. But housing-project elevators will have intervals of up to 90 seconds. ■



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The Man Who Defends Killer Cops

By Paul Hoffman

"...Ryan, charged in the fatal beating of a Puerto Rican prisoner in a Bronx station house, was the first killer cop convicted..."

Cops who kill in the line of duty have traditionally been treated differently from other killers—by the courts, by the press, by the juries that try them.

In fact, until two weeks ago, when Patrolman Thomas Ryan was convicted, not a single policeman had ever been found guilty of a homicide committed in the line of duty, though since 1973 four had been so charged. Prior to those indictments, there had been no such action since 1924—and even that indictment resulted in acquittal.

Over the past weeks and months, reporter Paul Hoffman has covered several of these trials and closely observed Jack Evseroff—the lawyer whose specialty has become the defense of killer cops.

Wearing an electric-blue, Hong Kong–tailored suit, Jack Evseroff stood in the seventh-floor corridor of the Bronx County Building, watching a panel of 69 prospective jurors file into a courtroom. He was grumbling because it was the final day of the World Series and his parking lot—a block from Yankee Stadium—had hiked the normal $2-a-day rate to $4. Then he ground out the Camel he'd been puffing, picked up his attaché case, and followed the jurors into the courtroom of Judge Lawrence Tonetti, there to practice what has become his specialty in the criminal law—defending killer cops.

It's a unique specialty because of the rarity of such cases. Usually when a policeman shoots someone, the facts must be presented to a grand jury, but almost never is a cop who kills in the line of duty charged with any crime, no matter how outrageous the circumstances.

In recent years, however, prosecutors and the police themselves have given closer scrutiny to cops' conduct, and there have been four indictments of killer cops, roughly one a year. The figure does not include those who killed in a barroom brawl or who knocked off a wife or lover, nor even "rogue cops" like William Phillips, who shot a prostitute and her pimp in a shakedown attempt; it includes only those who killed in the line of duty.

All four indicted cops were white, all four victims black or Puerto Rican—a circumstance that stirred protests in the ghettos and possibly spurred the authorities to seek indictments. Two of the policemen—Thomas Shea in Queens and William Walker in Brooklyn—have been tried and acquitted. Both were represented by Evseroff. But he lost the third case—that of Thomas Ryan, who was convicted November 5 in the fatal beating of a Puerto Rican prisoner in a Bronx station house. (Evseroff is not counsel in the fourth case, now at trial—that of Robert Torsney, accused of shooting a fifteen-year-old black youth in Brooklyn last Thanksgiving Day.)

The trappings in Judge Tonetti's court, where Ryan was standing trial, were familiar: the maple-paneled walls, the American flag, the inscription IN GOD WE TRUST. The casual observer never would have noticed that the place was turned topsy-turvy. For in the trial of a killer cop all the traditional values of the criminal courtroom are reversed. The prosecution seeks a jury of bleeding hearts, while the defense preaches "law and order" and tries to load the panel with twelve Archie Bunkers.

"It's probably the only class of case where there is a semblance of right on the side of the defense," Evseroff notes. "In every other case it's on the side of the prosecution. In this class of case it's on the side of the defense for the simple reason that the defendant was a policeman, on duty, doing his job."

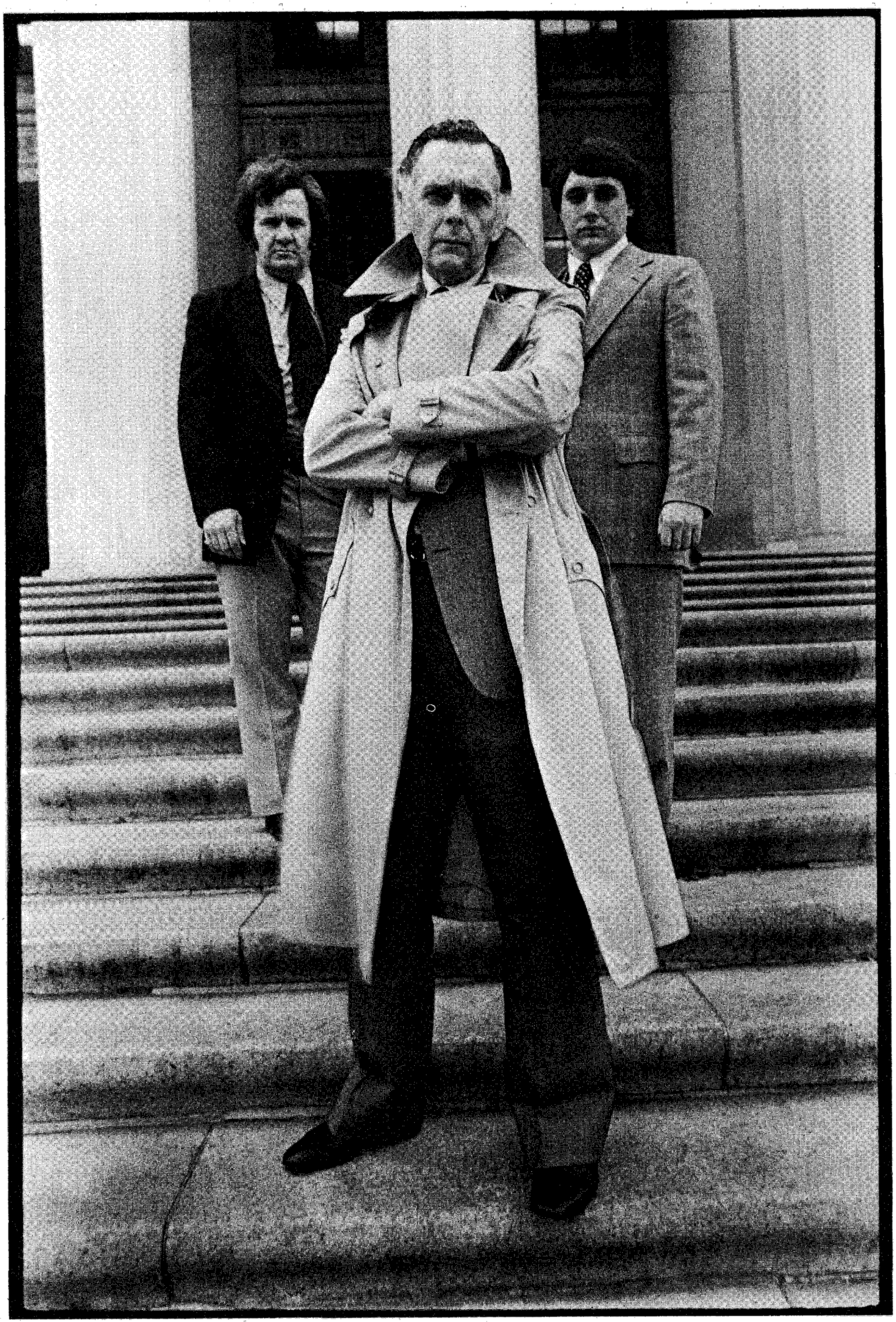
At 52, Jacob R. Evseroff is a tall, lean man with black curly hair that's thinning on top and silvering at the temples. He has a fetish for fine clothes and a fancy for gadgets, ranging from digital watches and butane lighters to a stereo tape deck in his air-conditioned Cadillac.

He's a Brooklyn boy, the only child of a garment-center manufacturer. He interrupted his college education to serve as a combat infantryman in World War II and attended St. John's University Law School on the G.I. Bill. He started as a criminal-law investigator—at $3,000 a year—in the Brooklyn district attorney's office.

In 1961 he hung out his shingle in private practice as a criminal lawyer. Perhaps his most celebrated case was the unsuccessful defense of basketball fixer Jack Molinas. Although he's won six out of nine murder cases this year, he's not a legal superstar like Edward Bennett Williams or F. Lee Bailey. He's a lawyer who is in the courts every day, making motions, copping pleas, trying everything from misdemeanors to murder, including the cases of cop killers . . . and of killer cops.

His first such case properly falls outside the canon, because Peter Droner was a retired police sergeant. But it illustrates the methods Evseroff developed to defend policemen accused of line-of-duty murders.

Plea-ing a cop: *Lawyer Jack Evseroff on the steps of the Bronx County Court House, where he lost the recent case. Thomas Shea (on the left), previously cleared, and the loser, Thomas Ryan, flank him.*



Photographed by Larry Williams

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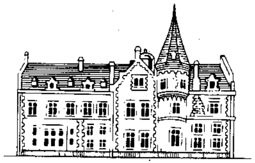

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In 21 years on the force, Droner had won four citations for bravery. He had once shot it out with a cop killer and, although wounded, nailed his man. After he started collecting his pension, he worked as an investigator for a bus company and continued to carry his .38 caliber police special.

On the evening of September 16, 1964, Droner was walking through Times Square when he came across a peddler hawking dancing dolls—paper puppets that appear to be self-propelled but are actually moved by an accomplice jerking an almost invisible string. During his years on the force Droner had had several run-ins with the peddler, a black named Clarence Ritchie, and there was bad blood between them.

As a crowd gathered around, Droner denounced the dolls as a fraud. When he kicked the string that controlled them, Ritchie slugged him and Droner staggered. When he got up, he whipped out his gun and fired three shots into Ritchie's chest. The peddler died instantly. Droner was arrested and charged with first-degree murder.

Evseroff, retained as defense counsel, reviewed the evidence and saw no hope in going to trial. He thought it best to plead guilty to manslaughter, but "the guy just wouldn't take a plea." So, against his better judgment, Evseroff prepared for trial. "I never thought I'd win it," he confesses.

"The jury that I selected was anything but what a defendant would normally want. There were people who had previously sat on murder cases, people who had been on grand juries, people who had been on blue-ribbon juries. They were the type of people who ordinarily you'd never want, from the defendant's standpoint. The prosecutor must have thought I had never been in a courtroom and had never tried a case before.

"I brought one of his sons, who was a policeman, to court. He sat in the first row, in his uniform. His other son was a marine. I got him a furlough, and he sat in the first row too, in his uniform. And so did his two daughters and his wife. It was really an exemplary family.

"Droner took the stand. He testified that he recognized the man [Ritchie] as a man with a record and that he was asserting himself as a policeman even though he was no longer a policeman. He was punched and he didn't recall anything after that. 'If I shot him, I shot him because I reacted to my twenty years of police training.'

"This was bolstered by some seventeen or twenty character witnesses who testified to his exemplary character, including the fact that he had once

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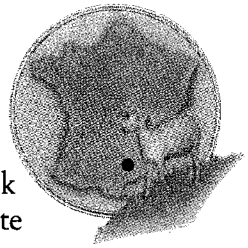
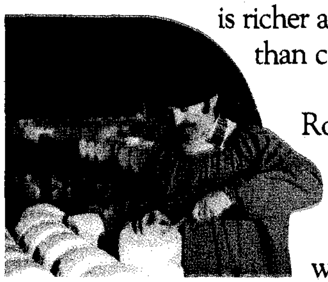
Not all sparkling wine is champagne.
Not all blue-veined cheese is Roquefort.



To some, champagne and sparkling wine look alike. But as you know, the comparison ends right there.

Roquefort cheese looks much like other blue-veined cheeses. But the comparison ends there, too.

Roquefort is the only blue-veined cheese that's made exclusively from sheep's milk; sheep's milk is richer and has a more delicate taste than cow's milk.



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Most Frenchmen prefer their Roquefort at the end of a meal, with bread. Others find it appropriate as an appetizer or a snack with crackers. Whichever you prefer, Roquefort is especially good with a fine red wine that complements the flavor of the cheese.

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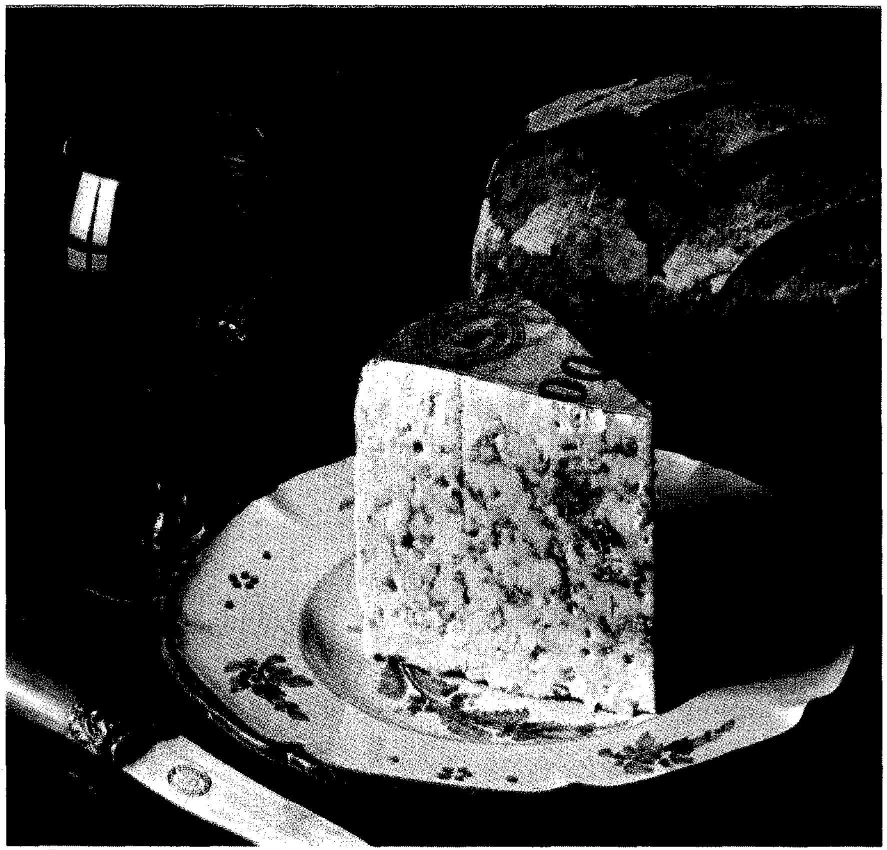

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jumped into the East River to rescue somebody."

The jury deliberated less than five hours before rendering its verdict on the ex-cop who wouldn't cop a plea. "I guess he was right," Evseroff says. "He was acquitted."

In defending killer cops Evseroff has perfected what has been called "the 'so what' theory of criminal jurisprudence." It consists of putting the *victim* on trial and conditioning the jurors to think, "Sure, he killed him. So what?"

The implication—never actually voiced in court—is: He killed this guy before he had a chance to mug you on the street, or stick up your store, or rape your wife or daughter.

Evseroff's second killer-cop case concerned Thomas Shea, who was accused of shooting a ten-year-old black boy, Clifford Glover, at 5 A.M. on Saturday, April 28, 1973. The boy and his "stepfather" had fled at the cops' approach and Shea said he'd fired when the boy pulled what he thought was a gun. But no weapon was found.

Throughout the trial Evseroff kept hinting that the boy and his "stepfather"—a semiliterate junkyard "burner" with a petty police record—had been up to no good wandering the streets at that hour and that's why they'd fled when Shea and his partner approached.

Above all, there was "we" versus "they." "This is the cop on the street," Evseroff shouted in summation. "This is the type of policeman who stands between you and the crime in the streets . . . Tom Shea: His sin and his crime is that he was doing his job."

Evseroff again won the day, after the jury deliberated ten hours.

The day after Shea was acquitted, Brooklyn District Attorney Gold charged William Walker in another murder case. Walker, naturally, sought out the successful defender of a brother officer.

Like Shea, Walker had shot and killed a black during a chase—first by car, then on foot. He felled 23-year-old John Brabham. Like Shea, he claimed he'd killed in self-defense, having assumed Brabham was pulling a gun. "I saw death," he testified. A toy pistol was found beside the body, but other policemen said they'd seen Walker with the toy gun during the days before the incident.

"Basically, Shea's was a very weak case on the evidence," Evseroff recalls, "but it was a horrific crime, killing a ten-year-old kid. The biggest problem was not the evidence. It was the nature of what he was charged with doing. On the other hand, Walker's was

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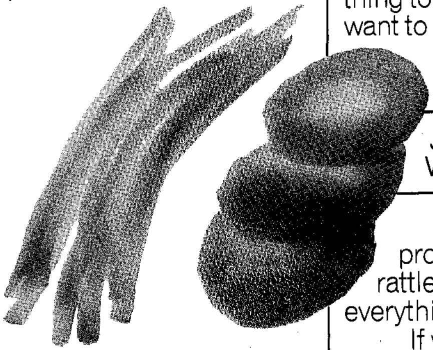

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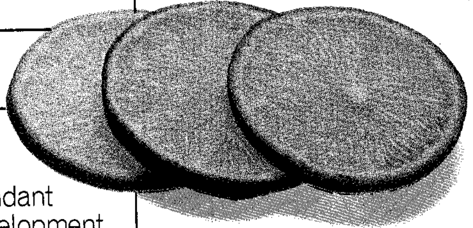

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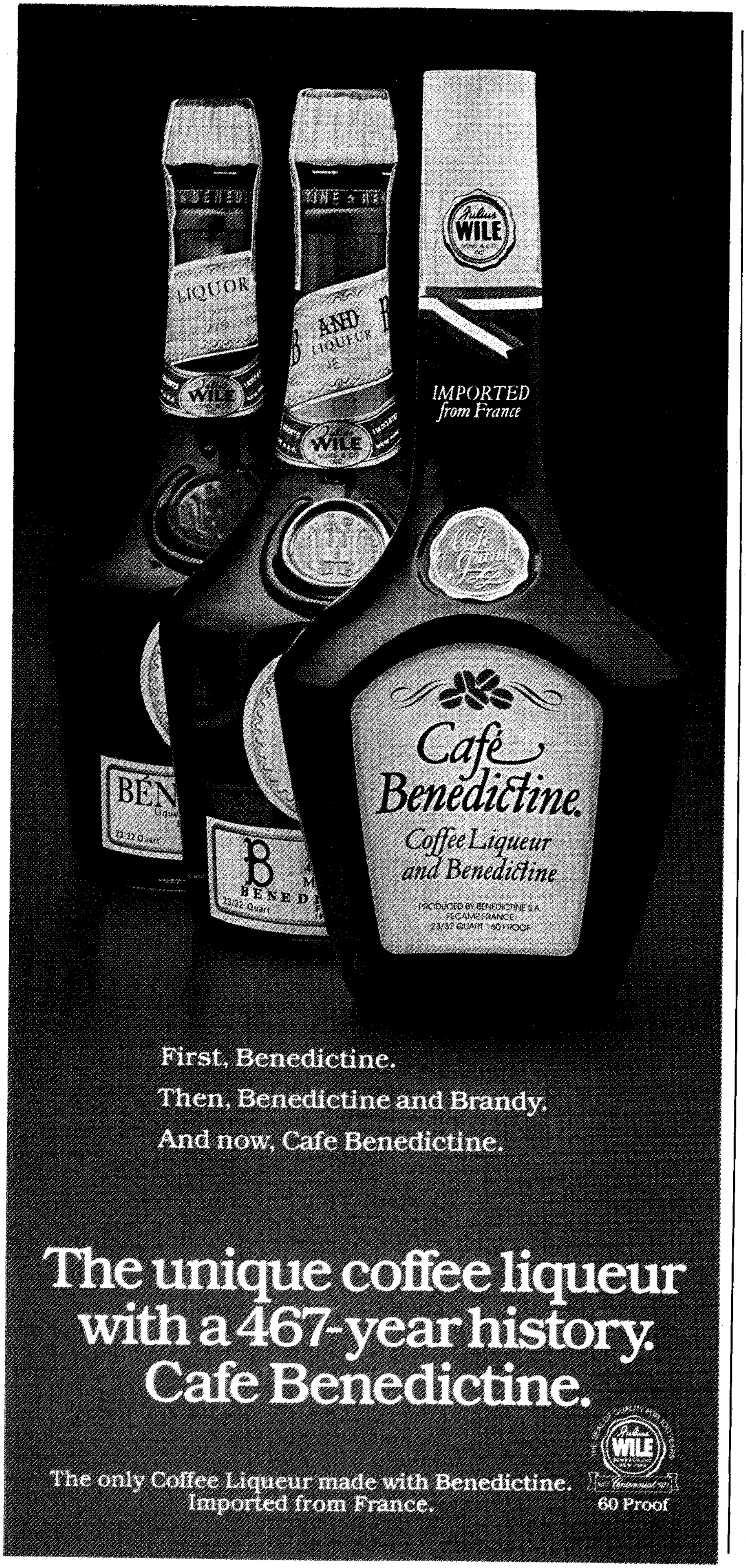
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a case where he had killed a 23-year-old adult who had drugs in the car. However, the evidence in the Walker case was much, much more substantial than in Shea's. Five cops testified against him in one way or another."

Once again, Evseroff put the victim on trial, and again it resulted in an acquittal.

It was to be the same strategy in the Ryan case. Ryan was charged with beating 25-year-old Israel Rodriguez to death on the night of June 13, 1975, with "nightsticks, fists, feet, and furniture," at the apartment where he was arrested and at the 44th Precinct station house. Ryan and three other policemen also were charged with assaulting another Puerto Rican prisoner. As in the Walker case, the chief witnesses for the prosecution were Ryan's brother officers. And the defense was made doubly difficult because Ryan—unlike Shea and Walker—could not claim any legal justification for using deadly force.

Once again, Evseroff tried the victim, castigating Rodriguez as a dope pusher and user, and characterized the police witnesses as "perjurers." And Ryan? "This is a Jack Armstrong type of guy, the kind of kid who is apple pie and football," Evseroff said. "A man on the job, protecting your rights and mine . . . in plain English, a good cop."

But this time there was more to the defense: "He didn't do it." Evseroff argued that Ryan had been made a patsy by other policemen who had actually performed the beating.

And there were a few ploys right out of Perry Mason. Evseroff called 53 character witnesses, including the court officer in charge of the jury. And at the height of the prosecutor's summation, he blew his nose . . . loudly. It sounded just like a Bronx cheer.

To Evseroff, the way to win cases is to pick juries. At the outset of the Shea trial he recalled his days as a young prosecutor trying cases before Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz, the legendary defense lawyer of the 1920s and 1930s. "Judge Leibowitz told me then that in his opinion the selection of a jury was 75 percent of a criminal case. I agree."

In the Shea case, Evseroff wound up with a panel of eleven white men, most of them middle-aged, and one black woman. Assemblyman Guy Brewer, a black who represents the South Jamaica area where Glover lived, took one look at the panel and muttered: "There's not a chance in the world of convicting with that jury."

Brewer was right. As one juror told Evseroff afterward: "There was no

“...‘I’d like twelve Irishmen on the jury,’ he quipped. ‘That’s what I’d like’...”

way we were going to convict.” Evseroff amended his earlier appraisal of selecting juries: “Sam Leibowitz said it’s 75 percent of the case. He’s wrong. It was 100 percent of this case.”

In the Walker case he got an all-male panel—eleven whites and one Hispanic. And it was the same story. “There was no way that I could vote guilty,” said Michael Grossman, a high school history teacher who served as the jury’s foreman. “I wasn’t sure who had to prove justification, until we were charged. My verdict was evident. The prosecution never proved that he wasn’t justified.”

Normally, lawyers use the jury-selection process as much to indoctrinate the panel as to find out about them. But Judge Tonetti, who presided at the Ryan trial, was a no-nonsense jurist who conducted most of the voir dire himself and who jumped on the prosecutor, Assistant District Attorney Nathan Dembin, whenever he strayed from the guidelines he’d set. “You’re not asking questions of these jurors,” he asserted at one point, “you’re trying to indoctrinate them.”

Throughout the questioning, prosecutor Dembin seemed to play right into Evseroff’s “so what” defense strategy by stressing that the victim had had “marijuana, cocaine, and guns” in his apartment and had fired a shot at Ryan. He also noted that many of the prosecution witnesses were criminals, while others—the policemen—had told conflicting stories; on one occasion, he even asserted that they’d “lied.”

Dembin also raised the race issue by noting that the victim had been Puerto Rican. Judge Tonetti barred further discussion of that point. Then Dembin compounded the error by saying that the defendant was Irish.

“Correction!” Evseroff shouted. “He’s half Italian and half Irish.”

Throughout the two-day voir dire, Evseroff asked only a few questions—“just to let them know I’m alive.”

Jury selection is a contest in which each side tries to force the other to consume its peremptory challenges—twenty each in a murder case. Dembin used his to eliminate prospective jurors who might be sympathetic to policemen, especially one woman whose mother had been mugged. By contrast, Evseroff used his to eliminate blacks and Puerto Ricans who might be antagonistic toward cops.

“I’d like twelve Irishmen on the jury,” he said. “That’s what I’d like.”

But on the first morning, he accepted a Hispanic, a 50-ish electrician, partly to avoid consuming a challenge, partly to defuse the race issue. As he explained to Ryan: “If he [Dembin] thinks a law-and-order Hispanic would be simpatico to a drug dealer, he’s barking up the wrong tree.”

By late afternoon the panel of 69 had been exhausted, most of them excused by Judge Tonetti because they could not afford to sit through a month-long trial. Six jurors had been selected—five men and a woman, all middle-aged. Dembin had used up eleven challenges, Evseroff fourteen.

Another panel of 68 was brought into court the next morning, and Evseroff explained to Ryan that, with his challenges dwindling, he might be forced to accept black and Puerto Rican jurors. But the luck of the draw favored Evseroff. Of the first six veniremen seated in the box, Judge Tonetti excused one for cause, while Dembin challenged three and Evseroff one—a black woman whose husband had once assaulted a policeman. One juror was sworn—a Hispanic retired postal clerk.

Of the next five, Dembin challenged three, Evseroff none. Two jurors were sworn—both women. Three more veniremen took places in the box and all were challenged—one by Dembin, two by Evseroff. Three more were seated and Dembin challenged two—a female member of the National Rifle Association who said she practiced with a pistol, rifle, and automatic weapon, and an elderly secretary who evinced little sympathy for drug dealers. A middle-aged bank clerk was sworn in as the tenth juror and Evseroff chortled, “That’s the one I wanted all along.”

By then, Dembin had used all his challenges; Evseroff had three left . . . with two places yet to be filled. “I feel very much better,” he said as the court recessed for lunch, “I feel very much better.”

The first venireman to take the box after lunch was the mother of a policeman. The next was a retired fireman who had briefly been a cop himself, whose brother was a cop, and whose brother-in-law was a retired police sergeant. Unable to use a peremptory challenge, Dembin challenged the ex-fireman for cause and Judge Tonetti granted the challenge—“in the interest of justice.”

“You gave him a gift!” Evseroff protested.

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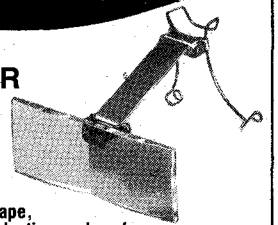

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The policeman's mother was sworn as the eleventh juror.

Evseroff used his eighteenth challenge on a Hispanic postal clerk. "Why not?" he explained. "I had two left and I could see the people who were left." He accepted the next prospect—a white middle-aged widow who works at Gimbels.

The completed jury consisted of seven men and five women, all middle-aged. Ethnically—as far as could be determined by their names—four were Irish, three Italian, two Hispanic, two German, and one Jewish. Evseroff was pleased with the panel.

The trial moved at a brisk pace—twelve days of testimony and one of summation—perhaps too brisk. Within two hours after they had retired on November 3, the jurors asked that much of the prosecution testimony be reread. Judge Tonetti conducted the chore in vest and shirt sleeves. "You all know I'm a judge," he explained to the jurors.

Deliberations started in earnest the next morning, November 4. After lunch the jurors returned and asked the judge to explain the difference between the degrees of manslaughter and criminally negligent homicide, the lesser charges against Ryan.

"We're alive!" Evseroff had exclaimed. "I interpret this to mean that they have disposed of the murder and are arguing about the other three *en bloc.* I think there's a majority on that jury that doesn't want to convict him—of anything."

All afternoon rumors filtered out to the corridor: The jurors were shouting at each other; they were "half and half for manslaughter one"; they were ten to two for acquittal. At 6:40 P.M., the foreman reported that they'd reached an impasse, and the panel was locked up for a second night.

The panel finally returned at 4 P.M. Saturday, November 5, with a verdict: guilty of criminally negligent homicide. It was the first time that a New York policeman had been convicted for a line-of-duty killing. But it was the least of the four possible charges, carrying a sentence of zero to four years—"zip-four" in legal parlance. Ryan is scheduled for sentencing in January.

The panel had been seven to five to *acquit* but had been turned around by the Hispanic electrician—the man Evseroff doubted would be simpatico to a drug dealer. And Evseroff had opened the trial with peremptory challenges left. Afterward, one of the women jurors—in tears—complained to a court officer that the electrician had "browbeaten" her into voting guilty.

It was small consolation to Evseroff,

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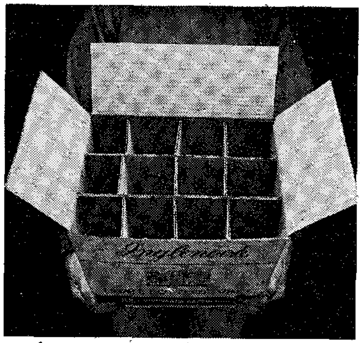
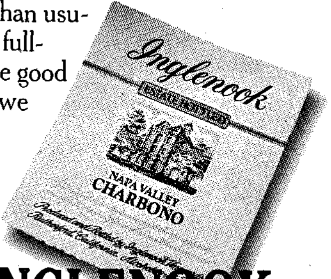


An empty case of Inglenook Estate Bottled Charbono, 1973.



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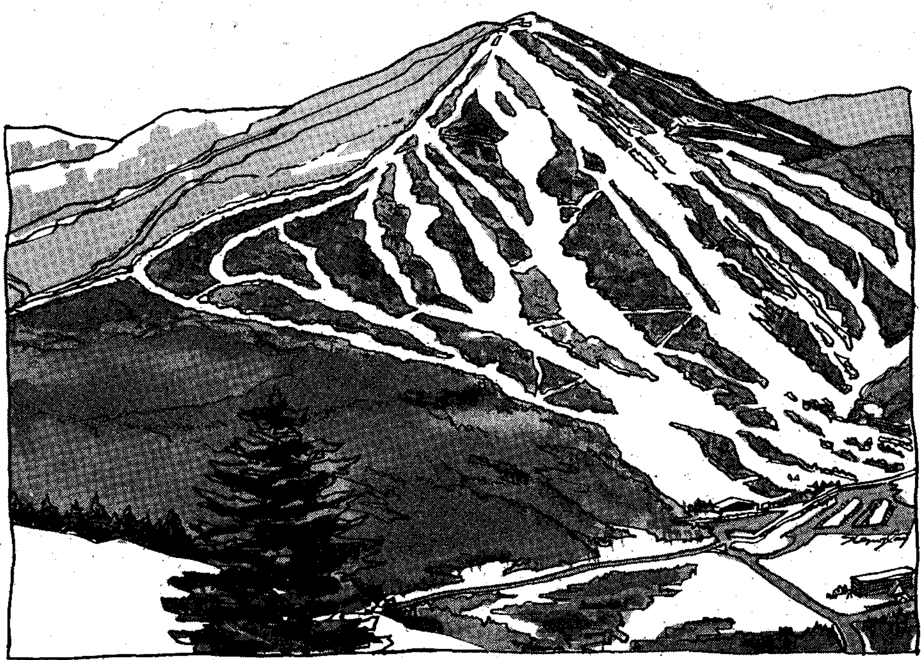

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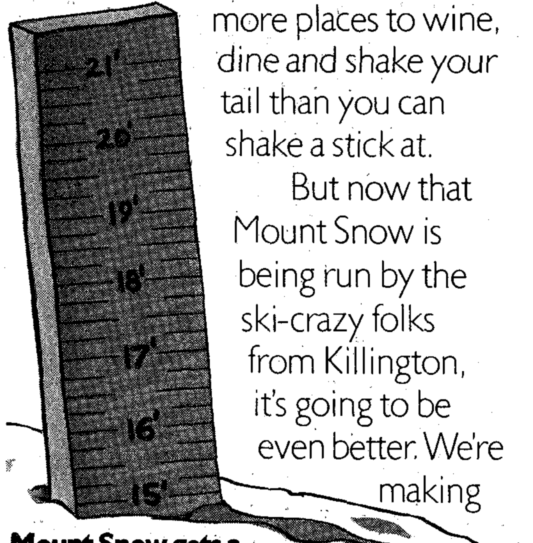

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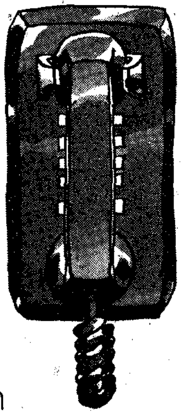

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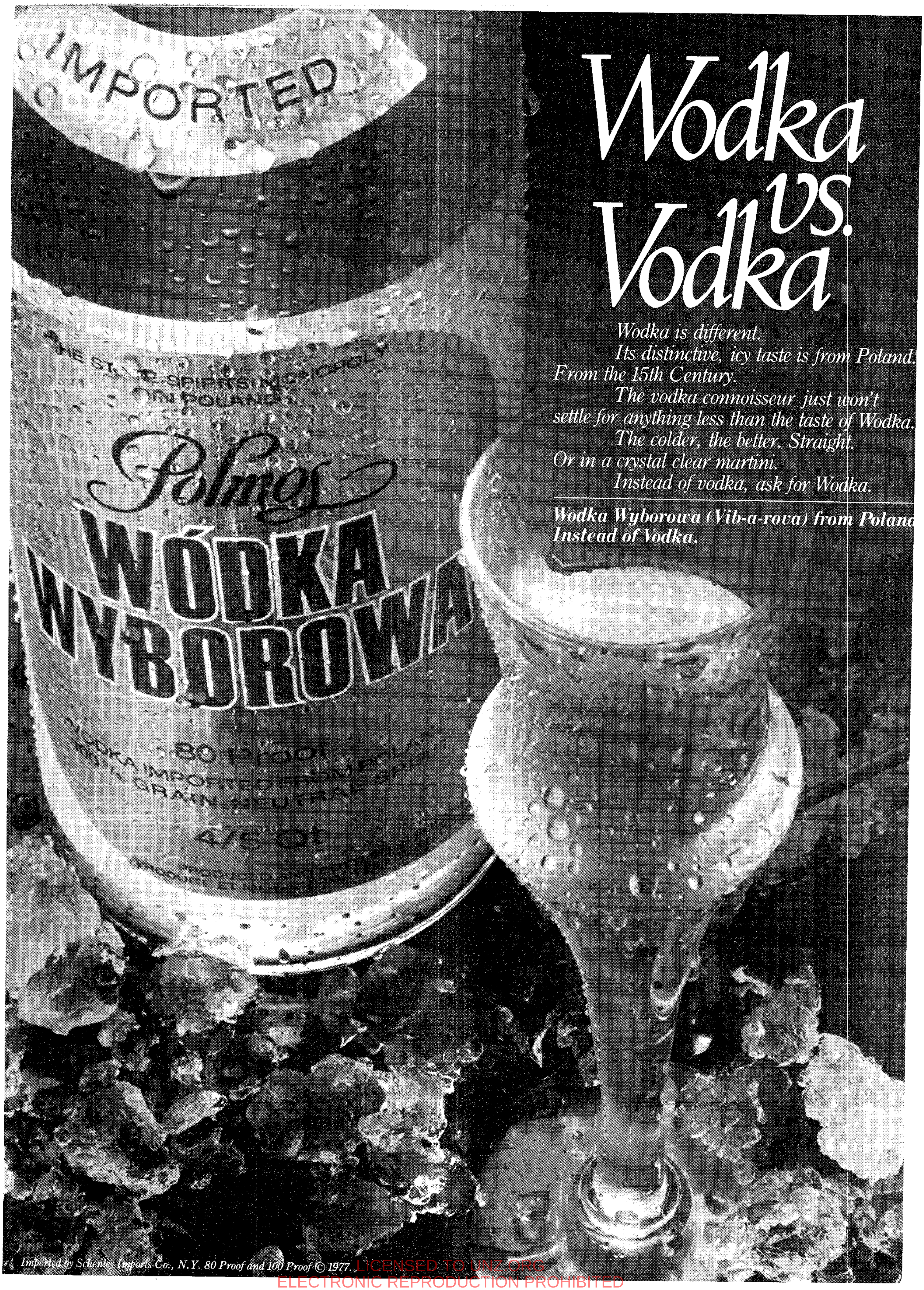
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"...I'd like to have a black cop that kills a white kid. Then I wouldn't be called a racist. Sadly, that's the only way to prove it..."

for rarely can a verdict be challenged because of the nature of a jury's deliberations. However, he has hopes that the verdict will be overturned on appeal, because the jury returned the criminally-negligent-homicide verdict as a lesser charge to manslaughter—not to murder, as it should have been. Evseroff calls it an "illegal verdict."

"I'm convinced after speaking to a half dozen lawyers that the verdict was no good," he said the following day. "So you see, it still ain't easy to convict a cop. Even when you do it, you don't do it."

Evseroff's victories have not brought happiness for his killer-cop clients. Although both Shea and Walker were acquitted of criminal charges, they were adjudged guilty at Police Department trials—Evseroff calls them "kangaroo courts"—and dismissed from the force.

"That's one of my big gripes," he says. "The burden of proof is not the same in a departmental trial."

Shea, divorced from his wife, moved to Albuquerque, though he returned to lend Ryan moral support at his trial. Walker and his wife are living in a Florida trailer camp. Neither ex-cop has found steady employment, and Ryan himself has been out of work since he was suspended from the force two years ago.

Their legal bills, however, were footed by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Asssociation—$12,500 each for the Shea and Walker cases, $20,000 for defending Ryan on the murder charge and in the still to be tried assault case. These are not, however, excessive amounts for a lawyer who estimates his "nut" at $50,000 a year.

Evseroff's is a high-pressure life. While he's on a trial, he has time for little else except food and sleep. During one personal crisis—he is twice divorced—he admittedly "lived on martinis and Valium." In the aftermath of the Shea case, when there were anonymous threats from the black community, he toted a gun, though he never had occasion to use it. (With his fondness for gadgets, he soon became a gun buff. He now owns four and fires regularly on a range in Queens, though he says he could never shoot animals . . . or people.) When he can break away, he takes off for exotic places—last summer the Far East—and usually returns laden with custom-made clothes, ornate jewelry, and a new batch of gadgets.

Although he often grumbles about the hectic pace, he has no intention of switching to a more leisurely branch of legal practice. After the Ryan case, he took off for Suffolk County to represent a lawyer on a gun charge. And after that, there'll be other trials, perhaps that of another killer cop.

"You know my ambition?" he asks rhetorically. "I'd like to have a black cop that kills a white kid. Then I wouldn't be called a racist, because I don't think these are racial issues and I'd like to prove it. Sadly, pathetically, that's the only way I know to prove it." ▬

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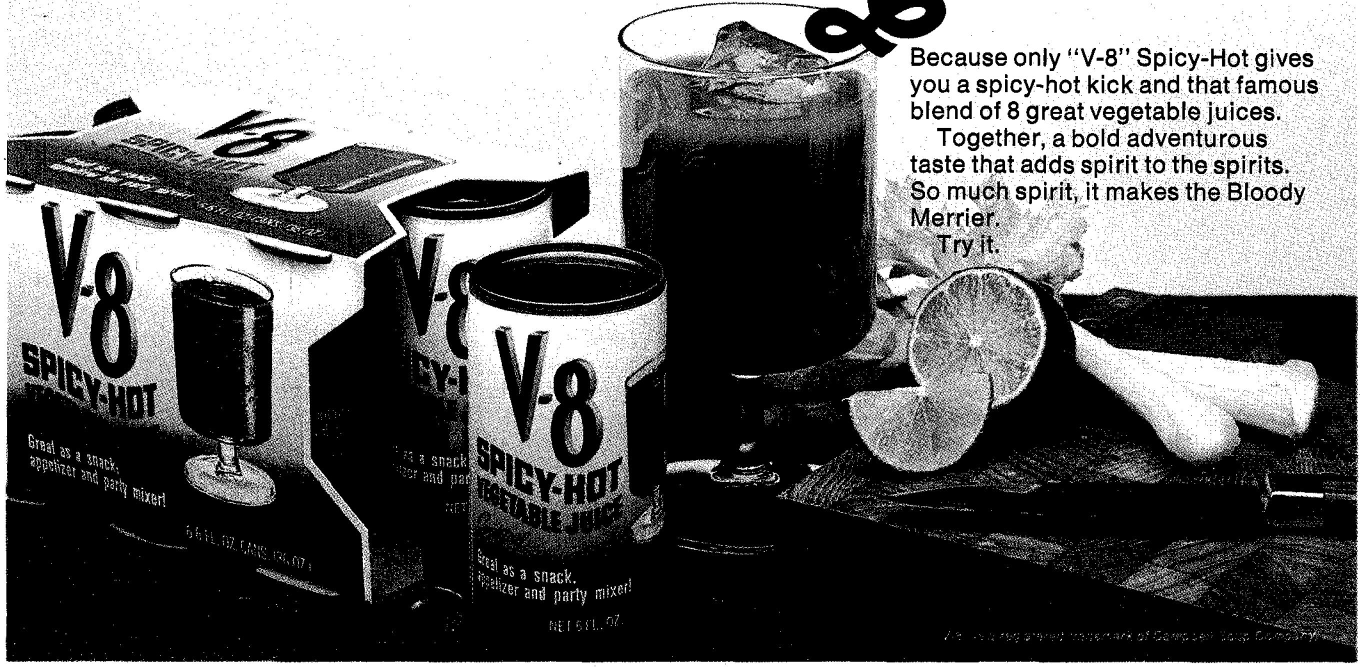
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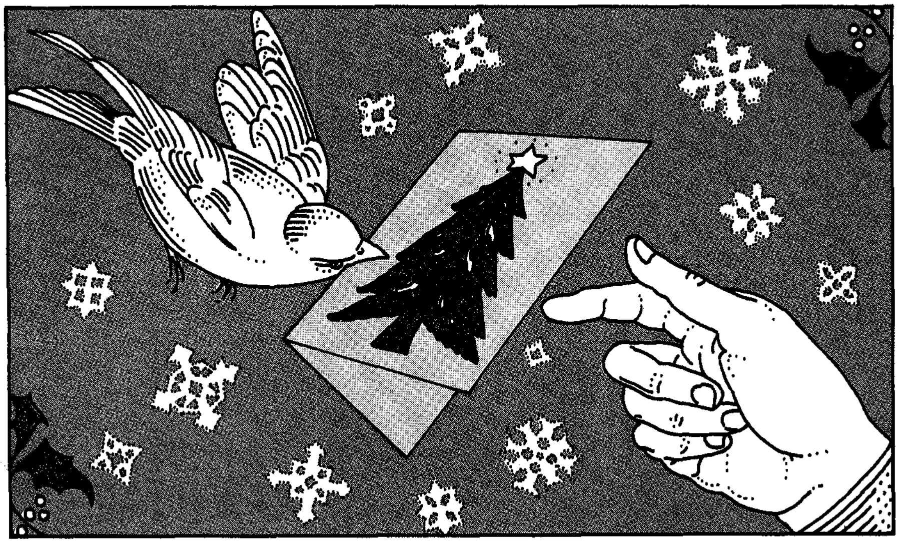
The Passionate Shopper/John and Carol Goldman

TAKING THE CRASS OUT OF CHRISTMAS

"...New York City has a host of sources for Christmas cards and presents that both please and help support worthy causes..."



Just before Christmas 134 years ago, Sir Henry Cole, a British businessman, returned to London with a pressing problem. No time remained to write the warm, personal holiday notes he always sent to friends.

In desperation Cole turned to his friend John Horsley, an artist, who sketched a family at a festive meal, with wineglasses raised in a toast. Smaller side panels depicted the virtues of charity—feeding the poor and clothing the needy. "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to You," Horsley lettered.

The first commercial Christmas card's birth wasn't smooth, and London's temperance society publicly condemned Cole and Horsley for glorifying alcohol. Still, Cole and Horsley were onto a good thing.

This year, more than 3 billion cards will clog the U.S. mails. As the holiday looms, the elbowing at Bloomingdale's could beat the Knicks under the backboards at Madison Square Garden. But in the crush something often becomes lost, and too few pressured people think about Christmas's legacy of charity.

It doesn't have to be that way; New York City has a host of charitable and cultural institutions where you will find cards and gifts that will not only please but will help support worthy causes. (Most of these organizations have New York City headquarters and gift shops, and many have catalogs for at-home shoppers.)

For over 25 years the **United Nations Children's Fund** (U.S. UNICEF Committee, 331 East 38th Street, 685-1300) has offered Christmas cards; over 22 million have been sold in this country alone. The season's selection comes in more than twenty styles with greetings printed in English, French, Spanish, Russian, and Chinese, the five official U.N. languages; prices range from $3.50 to $5 per ten cards. This assortment includes a Hanukkah card with a menorah design, a donation card which records any gift above $2, mini-cards, Christmas postcards, writing paper, children's picture books, puzzles, a coloring book, an engagement calendar, and other items. Proceeds go to provide medicines, food, educational supplies, and other vital needs for children throughout the world.

Both the **National Wildlife Federation** (1412 Sixteenth Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, 202 797-6800) and the **National Audubon Society** (950 Third Avenue, 832-3200, Ext. 295) have a wide variety of cards and nature-oriented Christmas items. One handsome Audubon card shows snow geese flying across a gray sky with clouds in the background; another features a barred owl perched on a tree stump in a snow-covered field (all $4.75 per box of 25). Also for sale are cardinal, bluebird, and oriole tree ornaments ($8.95 a set) and gifts including a navy-blue jacket for bird-watching on cold days ($32.95), a leather belt with a bronze egret buckle ($10.95), and kitchen towels ($2.25 each). A playful-looking polar bear licking an icicle, two young owls on a snow-sprinkled pine, and two busy black-capped chickadees feasting on an ear of corn, are among the animals featured on Wildlife Federation cards ($4.50 to $6 per box of 25). The Federation has lots of other items—scarves ($9.75 and $9.25), a set of six drinking mugs ($11.95), bird feeders, and books—for sale this year. Catalogs are available from both organizations.

The holiday cards sold by the **National Multiple Sclerosis Society** (535 Fifth Avenue, 682-6550) feature youngsters in native costumes, as well as a partridge, Santa Claus, Christmas trees, poinsettias, and other scenes. Prices range from $4.75 for 25 cards to $33 for a box of 100.

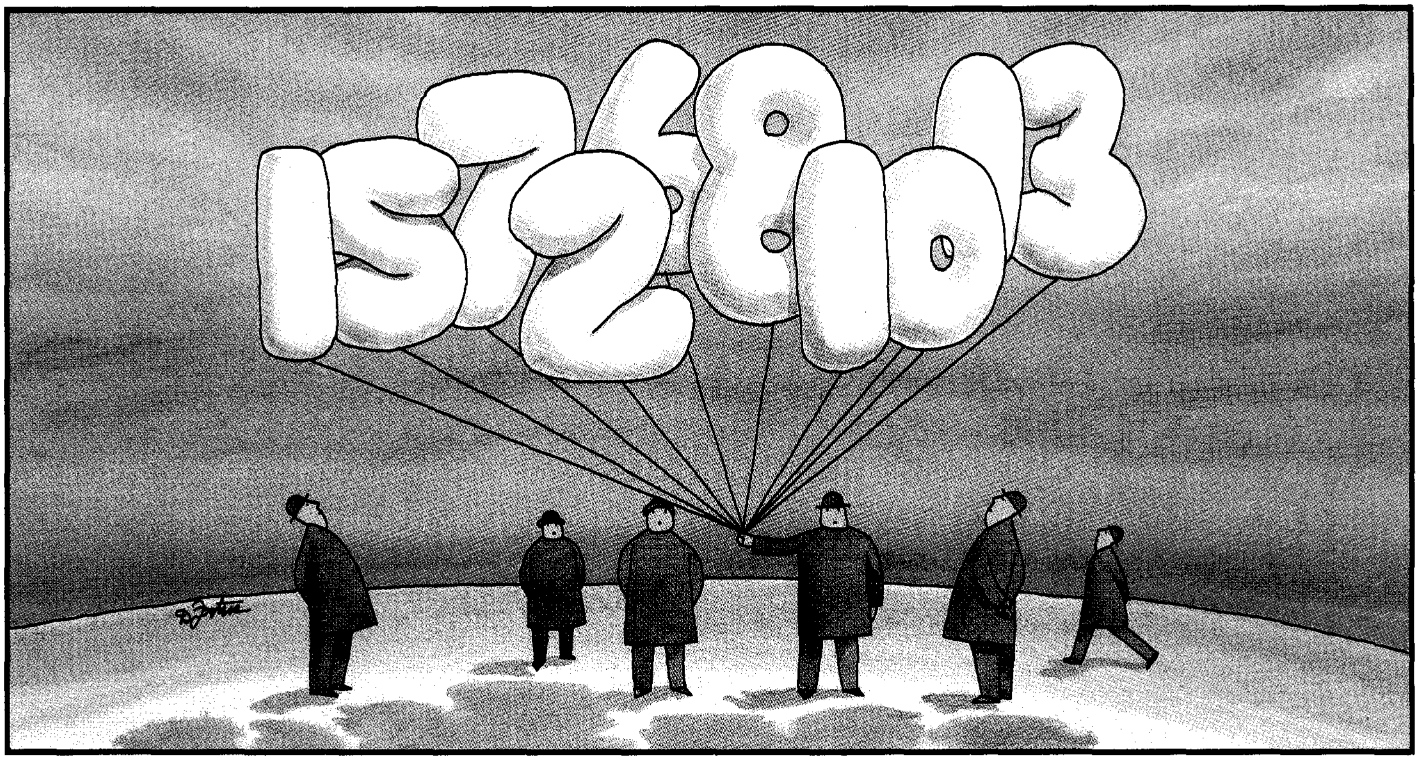
The **American Diabetes Association** (Holiday Program, 7601 Bush Lake Road, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55435, 612 835-2800) has eleven cards to choose from (from $4.25 to $7.95 for 25), including a "Happy Holidays" postcard with a raccoon, two rabbits, two birds, mice, and a squirrel all caroling. The selection also includes an interfaith card with religious symbols clustered on a tree ($6.95 for a box of 25). The organization sells calendars, Christmas records ($3.95), and tapes ($4.95). An illustrated folder and order form is available.

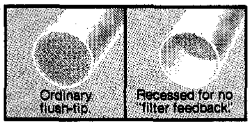
Project Hope (2233 Wisconsin Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007, 202 338-6110) was once best known for operating a hospital ship. The vessel has been scrapped, and the organization now concentrates on running health-education programs in Guatemala, Egypt, Jamaica, Barbados, Poland, Tunisia, and Colombia. To help fund these activies, it offers two designs of Christmas cards. Both have HOPE on the front and there is a choice of a green or white background. The

Illustrated by Emanuel Schongut

Low-tar Parliament

Choose more than just a number.





Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."

As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.

Parliament

10 mg
Kings
12 mg
100's

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. 77.

IN DENMARK, THE LONGER THEY LIVE, THE MORE THEY GET OUT OF LIFE.

For the Danes, more than than anyone else, enjoying life is a way of life.

From an early age, they're taught to relish every day. To savor all of the plesaures and experiences they can.

And the longer they live life this way, the more ways they find to enjoy it. And the better they get at enjoying them.

A drink for lovers of life.

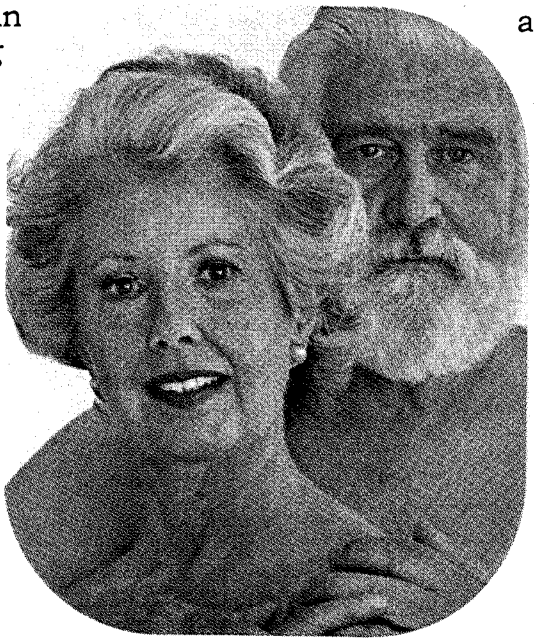
One of the things Danes most enjoy about life is a remarkable drink known as Aalborg Akvavit. (It's pronounced Aqua-veet.)

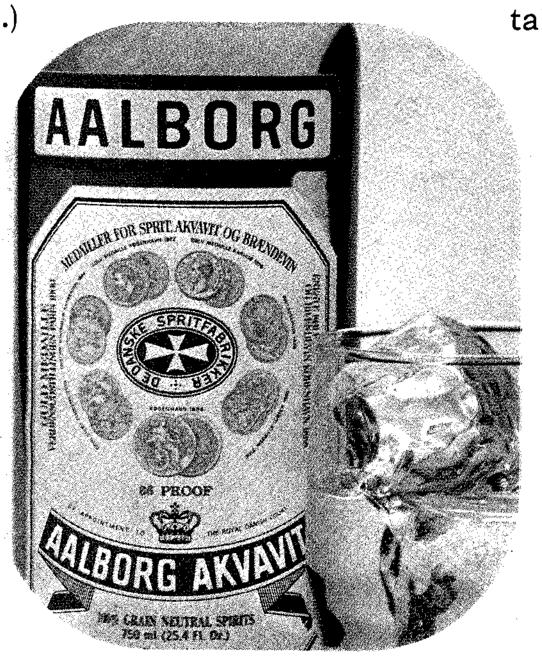
For more than 500 years, Akvavit has been Denmark's national drink and a natural accompaniment to the pleasures Danes love.

Unlike many spirits you're accustomed to drinking, Akvavit has a distinctive, pleasant flavor, that is cleaner, fresher and lighter.

In Denmark, it always comes well-chilled; in fact, often encased in a block of ice. And because it complements food so well, the Danes usually serve it with Smørrebrød, their unusual little open-face sandwiches.

What's more, Akvavit's unique flavor also blends agreeably with bitter lemon, orange juice, tomato juice and tonic. A refreshing change of taste the next time you have to do the mixing. And of course, Akvavit makes a great impression on its own, on the rocks.





But the classic way of enjoying Akvavit is to combine it with another of life's great pleasures—good beer.

Before you sip, some tips.

Just make sure that both the Akvavit and the beer are well chilled. Then take a sip of Akvavit and follow it with a sip of beer. And repeat.

You'll be amazed by what it does for the taste of your favorite beer. In fact, after a little Akvavit, you might even begin to feel a little Danish in your outlook on life.

If you do, don't worry. Because you don't have to go to Denmark to get more Akvavit. It's right in your own neighborhood package store in the green bottle with the red, white and gold label.

Aalborg Akvavit. In the country where the national pastime is enjoying life. it's the drink that they most enjoy.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL DANISH COURT

AALBORG AKVAVIT

Aalborg Akvavit 86 Proof Imported By And Bottled In U.S. For Somerset Importers, Ltd. New York, N.Y.

price is $7.50 per box of 25.

The **National Leukemia Association** (Roosevelt Field, Garden City, New York 11530, 516 741-1190) favored Currier-and-Ives scenes last year and is planning to continue its Christmas-card tradition. Write to the organization for a description of its offerings.

For 50 years, the **National Association for the Advancement of Colored People** has been selling Christmas seals. There is a minimum donation of $1 a 100-seal sheet and seals are available from NAACP headquarters (1790 Broadway, at 57th Street, 245-2100).

The **American Friends Service Committee** (15 Rutherford Place, 777-4600) has a plan whereby it sends cards to friends with the notation that you have given a donation in their names. The committee's single card is a black-and-white drawing entitled *The Peaceable Kingdom* on white stock with a red border. Inside is space for the sender's name and a message plus notification of a gift given. A minimum contribution of $5 is suggested.

The **American Field Service** (313 East 43rd Street, 661-4550) runs student-exchange programs which allow high school students from some 60 nations to live with a family in another culture for a summer, a semester, or a year. AFS offers Christmas cards (at $1.50 for ten) and notepaper, some with original designs drawn by students. A holiday order form with illustrated samples is available.

The **Frick Collection** (1 East 70th Street, 288-0700) sells handsome reproductions of some of its famous paintings, drawings, and enamels. Subjects include Renoir's *Mother and Children,* Paolo and Giovanni Veneziano's *The Coronation of the Virgin,* Lazzaro Bastiani's *Adoration of the Magi,* and François Boucher's *The Four Seasons: Winter.* The cards, which are mostly religious in theme, range in price from 10 cents to 35 cents each.

Bookmarks (featuring borders from an illuminated early-fifteenth-century French manuscript), which can also serve as cards, are sold by the **Pierpont Morgan Library** (29 East 36th Street, 685-0008). The library has cards for every taste. One shows A. A. Milne's Winnie-the-Pooh marooned on a tree limb with his ten pots of honey. Another, less whimsical, is *The Hunt of the Unicorn* from an illuminated sixteenth-century Dutch manuscript. Religious subjects include the lower cover of Germany's eighth-century Lindau Gospel and *Jacob's Ladder,* a thirteenth-century biblical illumination. Prices range from $7 to $12 for twenty.

Six brightly colored silk-screened cards by Alexander Calder are among the selections at the **Whitney Museum of American Art** (945 Madison Avenue, near 75th Street, 794-0600). These cards include reproductions of some of the artist's tapestries and one of his wire sculptures. All cards are 50 cents; a small catalog is available.

The Gallery Shop of the **Brooklyn Museum** (Eastern Parkway and Washington Avenue, 638-5000) also offers cards (8 to 30 cents each) and a catalog. Motifs range from a winter scene in Brooklyn to ballet dancers by Degas to a Japanese design. Jewelry and other items reproduced from the museum's collection are also available.

At least six other major museums in the East go in for Christmas in a splendid way. They all have gift shops, of course, but their selections are so various and dazzling that the best way to chose cards and gifts is to send, and order from, their hefty catalogs.

The granddaddy of all catalogs—115 pages thick, crammed with cards, glassware, diaries, jewelry, tree ornaments, porcelains, books, needlepoint designs, calendars, even a necktie—is published by the **Metropolitan Museum of Art** (Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street, 787-4916).

The **Museum of Modern Art** (11 West 53rd Street, 956-6100) has an equally distinctive 32-page catalog (available at the museum's customer sales service for 50 cents, or mail order, at $1, from P.O. Box 1220, Radio City Station, New York 10019), with clocks, toys, lamps, cards, art books, and other treats.

The **Philadelphia Museum of Art** shop (to order the catalog, send 25 cents to P.O. Box 7858, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101) has its own lines of cards, embroidery, needlepoint, jewelry, jigsaw puzzles, and hand-carved toys—including a marvelous nineteenth-century wooden giraffe on wheels.

In Washington, the **Smithsonian Institution** (P.O. Box 1641, Washington, D.C. 20013) and the **National Gallery of Art** (Publications Sales Office, National Gallery, Washington, D.C. 20565) offer Christmas gifts and a crowded catalog. The Smithsonian has cards for every taste, plus notepaper, hand-crocheted snowflakes—even a 33-inch-tall wooden artist's mannequin that can keep a pose for hours. The National Gallery has cards galore, plus reproductions of its paintings, and wrapping paper, calendars, and dozens of other items.

In addition to a wide variety of cards, the **Boston Museum of Fine Arts** (send 50 cents for a catalog to P.O. Box 3, Boston, Massachusetts 02112), sells no fewer than three tote bags, plus jewelry, sculpture, candle snuffers, and much more. Merry Christmas. ∎

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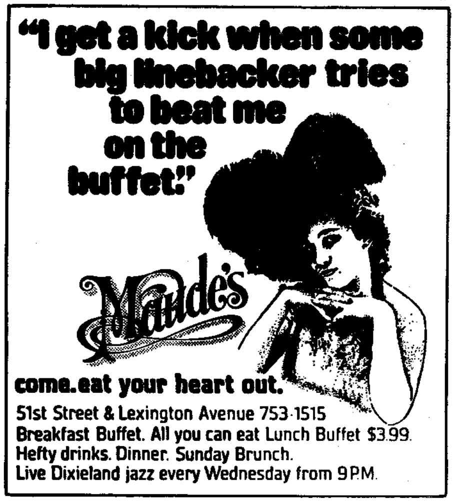
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Now. Is it our prime, aged Sirloins or T-Bones that have Broadway steak-struck? Or is it our exotic Hamburgers with their unique fillings? Or our homemade Saratoga Chips? There's only one way to find out. Follow the actors to the United States Steakhouse.

(P.S. We've changed our set, so it's warmer, friendlier, more gemütlich! And we're set for a record Broadway run!)

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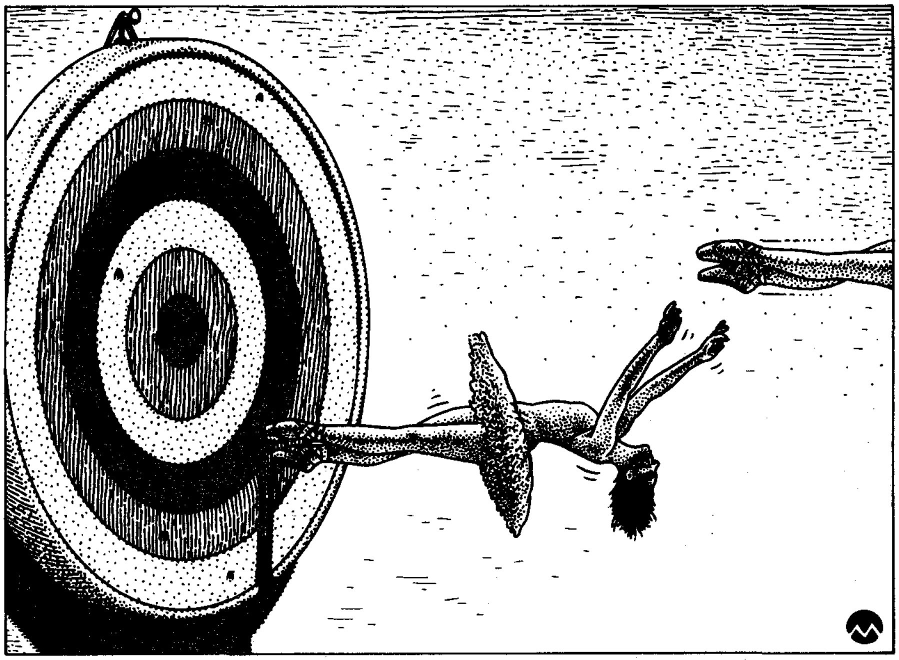
Movies / Molly Haskell

THE CORE OF BALLET

"...Ross's *The Turning Point* is a turning point in women's films —for once, career is rated higher than happily married life..."



If there is one career that almost every woman responds to as an alternative to marriage, it is the dance. Not only have most of us done time in toe shoes and tutus in those sweaty-but-genteel basement emporiums (always run by maiden ladies—it was Miss Frye's versus Miss Withers's in my hometown), but ballet symbolizes everything that is not earthbound, not prey to the defeating routine of domestic life; everything worth staying thin forever for.

The turning point in the film of that name directed by Herbert Ross refers to the decision made some eighteen years previously by Shirley MacLaine to leave the ballet company and marry the man whose child she was carrying —the child that grows up to be Leslie Browne, whose blossoming career as a ballerina initiates the action of the film. My own turning point came much earlier. I was eleven when my mother, because we had moved to the country, where transportation was difficult, paid me a dollar to give up ballet and a starring role as the Queen of Hearts in the year-end recital. I still feel a huge twinge of regret when Leslie Browne appears for a workout in leotards and those great bulky legwarmers that rumple but never fall down.

Such "behind the scenes" glimpses of a real ballet company (the American Ballet Theater) are one of the major attractions of **The Turning Point**. It is a dance film, but it is also a "woman's film," and the tension between the two carries over into the conflict between the two main characters, who, according to Arthur Laurents's original screenplay, come together twenty years after they took different forks in the road to confront the consequences of their decisions.

As the prima ballerina who got the part and is now being eased into semi-retirement, Anne Bancroft looks ravishingly taut. In some striking way she defies, in her person, the laws of aging to which her character must defer. But even within the story's framework, she is allowed to edge toward retirement with dignity, and without even a whiff of a hint that she made the wrong choice or violated a sacrosanct biological destiny. For once—and this is what makes *The Turning Point* a turning point in women's films—career is rated higher than happily married life. The old soap-opera philosophy, revived so successfully in *The Other Side of Midnight*, that career, fame, money, all are nothing compared to the love of a good (or bad) man is scuttled, gracefully and summarily, in the more complex view that no one choice, no life decision, will put an end to insomniac doubts. Whichever way one goes, there will always be rooms left unfilled, empty spaces where love/affairs, children/freedom, fame/obscurity, might have been.

There is a brilliant scene between Bancroft and her lover of many years. Now that she is finally free of her obsessional career and would like to marry, he is no longer willing to dump his wife. Now that the subject has been raised and rejected, they can no longer go on, but she, with becoming gallantry, suggests they finish out the season.

The balance would be overwhelmingly in favor of the career woman were it not for Shirley MacLaine's magnificence in the role of the Oklahoma City housewife who follows her daughter to New York for one last glimpse of the world she gave up. Looking just a little behind the times and dumpier than she really is, MacLaine is nevertheless more than "just a housewife." She suggests both alternatives—the yearning for vocation and a radiant love and acceptance of family. She makes of motherhood and family a living, breathing thing instead of a sitcom joke. At one point she complains to Bancroft, "Why is it that the problems of people like you seem so much more important than the problems of people like me?" And yet because of the resonance, the lack of self-pity of her performance, she contradicts her own question. We do care about her so intensely that the callow behavior of her prima donna daughter becomes intolerable.

At one point in the clash between Bancroft and MacLaine, as past resentments rise and boil over, Bancroft declares that neither MacLaine nor her daughter have, or had, the necessary instincts of a "killer." Perhaps the daughter wasn't meant to be a killer, but Leslie Browne looks as if she could easily serve as her own hit man, to rid the world of anyone who stood in her way.

This may be why we resent the ease

Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson

A "Collectors Item" Record

Barbara Barrie, Polly Bergen, Angel Cordero Jr., Arlene Dahl, Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Deputy Mayor Osborn Elliott, Rocky Graziano, Tammy Grimes, Naura Hayden, Celeste Holm, Linda Hopkins, Guy Lombardo, Jake LaMotta, Dina Merrill, Robert Merrill, Bess Myerson, Otto Preminger, Cliff Robertson, William B. Williams and Musical Director: Skitch Henderson Henny Youngman.

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One more time we offer a record that's now a collector's item

> "…*Mr. Klein* is a Doppelgänger tale from which all emotion has been drained…"

with which she enters the troupe and immediately gets her own ballet, and why we shed no tears when she is roughly treated by the gorgeous Yuri (Mikhail Baryshnikov).

Instead of transporting us, her beauty as a dancer becomes a betrayal, an insult to the sympathy we feel for the MacLaine character. It is not in the effort to fit a nondancer like Bancroft into the ballet numbers, or in those numbers themselves—unsatisfying star turns that belie the film's claims to seriousness as a dance film—that the woman's film and the ballet film fail to come together. It is rather in the tension between mother and daughter, and the clash between the Darwinian process of survival, with its ruthless commitment to youth and talent, on the one hand and the emotional poetic license of fiction which demands retribution for such cruelty on the other.

Herbert Ross, a competent director in the theatrical tradition, hasn't been able to integrate the two worlds or deliver the emotional payoff that even the most dignified soap opera deserves.

He gives every scene equal weight, but not weightlessness. Ironically, it is Baryshnikov, resplendent not only in his virtuoso dance scenes but as the casually magnetic womanizer, who threatens to tip the balance of the film by inhabiting both the "real world" and the dance world quite easily. Were Bancroft and MacLaine any less extraordinary as the two women who square off like gunfighters and collapse in healing laughter, Baryshnikov would easily have stolen the show.

Richard Pryor is not only one of the funniest men around, but he has that capability familiar in Italian comic actors, though rare in Americans, of playing someone dumber than he is. At times, his expression reminds me of Snoopy when he bares his teeth in that crinkle-mouthed grin of anguished embarrassment. It may be Pryor's comic vulnerability that suggested him to the producers of **Which Way Is Up?**, a sort of pop Third World remake of Lina Wertmüller's *The Seduction of Mimi.*

But unlike Giancarlo Giannini's macho Sicilian, Pryor isn't pure dumb, or rather, he is dumb and smart at the same time, which is why his best bits consist of his smart side outwitting his dumb side, in the multiple roles of the bumbling hero Leroy Jones, his sexually crafty, white-whiskered pa, and the wolf-preacher who seduces his female parishioners.

The direction of Michael Schultz (*Cooley High, Car Wash*) has all the stylistic subtlety of firecrackers. He knows his audience and is content to let the ideological chips fall where they may as he hurries things along. Wertmüller's political plot—a union struggle translated to the California farmworkers—serves as little more than a pretext for Pryor to create a Peter Sellers–like gallery of Third World rogues and rats. As the horny fruit picker who becomes a union hero inadvertently, he is glorious as he pants after the three women in his life—and Lonette McKee, Margaret Avery, and Marilyn Coleman miraculously hold their own. But when he is required to become violent in accordance with the Sicilian code of cuckolded honor, he and the movie are dreadful. Nor does he bring much personality to the role of the company man. The screenplay by Carl Gottlieb and Cecil Brown is no gem of thematic coherence, but it follows the Wertmüller closely enough to suggest that perhaps some of the weaknesses, the strained parallels between sexual and political impotence, come from the original.

There are still a few subjects which are almost impossible to use as points of departure for exercises of style, and the Holocaust is one of them. In **Mr. Klein,** Joseph Losey takes the rounding up and deportation of French Jews in 1942, and uses it as a background tapestry for a Doppelgänger tale from which all emotion and suspense have been elegantly drained.

In Franco Solinas's very devious script, Alain Delon plays the rich and impeccably Aryan art dealer who buys paintings from Jews who are fleeing Paris for their very lives. Then, at the instigation of another Mr. Klein, he becomes the object of suspicion and must offer certificates to prove his origins. What in other hands might have been a nightmare quest becomes, in Losey's hands, and with a masklike Delon at the center, an uninvolving journey through a visual labyrinth of portals and doorways that lead always to other portals, other doorways. Losey keeps his audience off balance, but by denying the emotional and psychological urgency of the melodrama, his potentially horrifying ending dissolves in irony. It is a perverse choice of material for even so resolutely perverse a director as Losey. ▬

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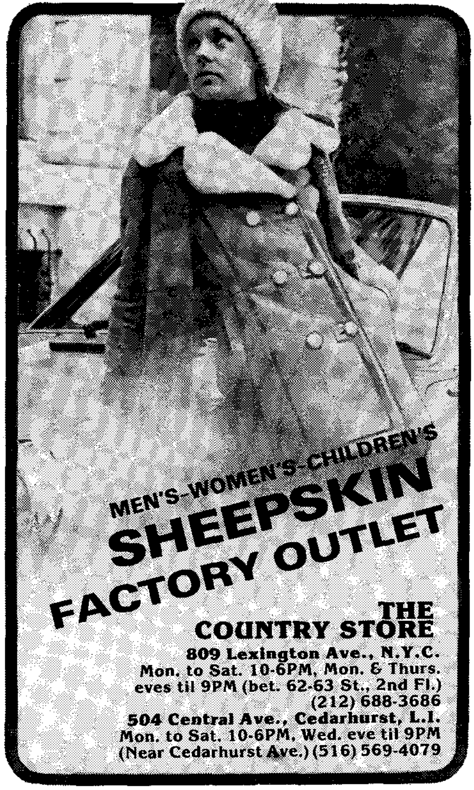
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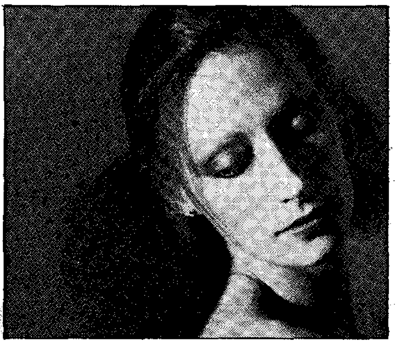
BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern


ISHIMURO

Halo, Everybody

For those who want frizzy hair but don't want to go all the way, Suga has frizz by the yard ($12.50 in a choice of ten colors). Make puffs, a halo, cockscomb, any wild thing you can wind and tack. It's the toy of the season. —**Priscilla Tucker**

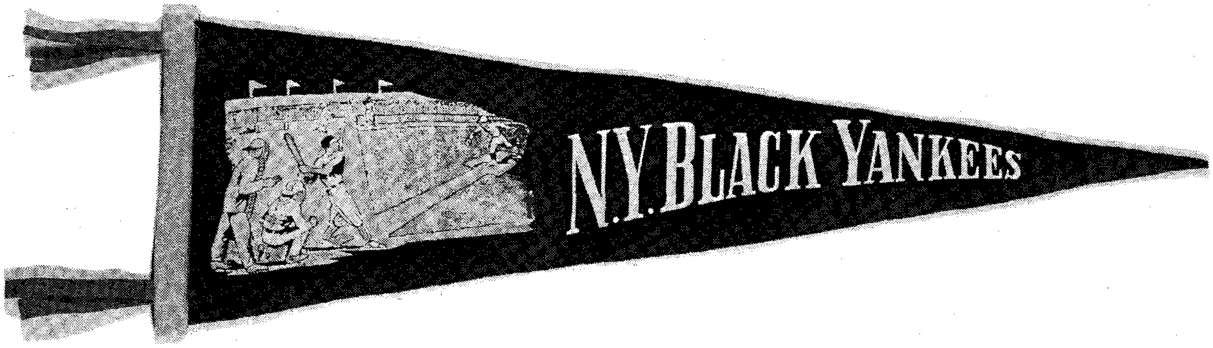
SUGA/*Bergdorf Goodman*

RICHARD MARCH

Yes, Virginia City

Shades of the Cheyenne Social Club, Zenith, and Sagamore Hill. All are represented, one way or another, at Virginia City—a pleasantly calm antiques shop named for Virginia City, Nevada, a town at its prime in the gold-dusted 1870s. Here are stuffed birds and horse collars, quilts and saddles, an oak hat rack and a leather suitcase lined with the original fabric, mounted horns and pine dressers, a revolving oak book stand, an early Fostoria kerosene lamp with hand-painted glass, and a bleached horse skull. Many more skulls—those formerly belonging to Herefords, Brahmans, and longhorns—have been rounded up and bleached in vats by the zealous Village Stripper (who didn't have time to wait for the sun). They range from $85 to $225 and should appeal to anyone who isn't bothered by the sight of a bullet hole in the middle of the forehead.

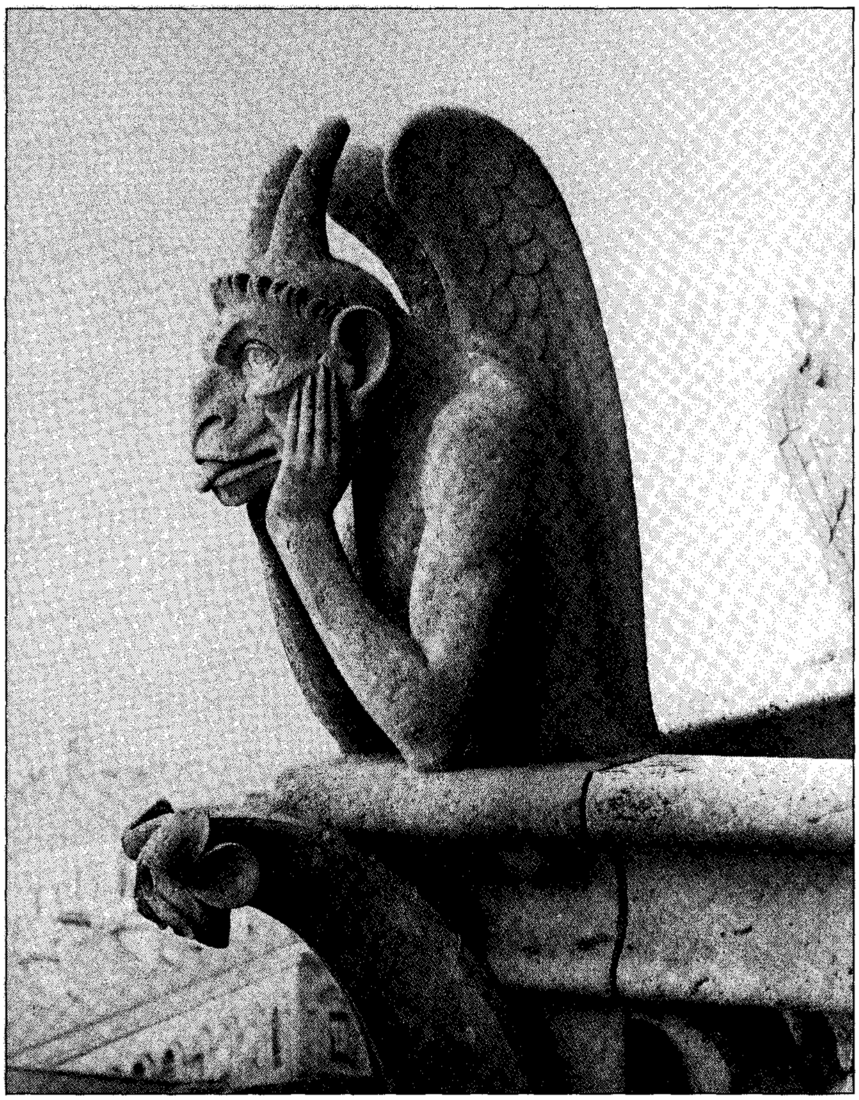
VIRGINIA CITY ANTIQUES/*31 Bedford Street, at Downing/242-3001*
THE VILLAGE STRIPPER/*519 Hudson Street, near West 10th/929-4180*



New York, New York

For years, Benjamin Blom was an antiquarian bookseller. Then he became a publisher. Now he has the emporium of his dreams: Cityana, a blend of maps, prints, playbills, postcards, pennants (the New York Black Yankees, $22), swizzle sticks, beer trays, souvenir spoons (the Flatiron Building, $15), architectural drawings, photographs, and especially old books. *A Journal of the Proceedings in the Detection of the Conspiracy Formed by the White People, in Conjunction With Negro and Other Slaves, for the Burning of the City of New-York in America, and Murdering the Inhabitants* (1744) is $2,300. *Empire State* (1931), a pictorial record of the building's construction with drawings by Vernon Howe Bailey, is $125. *Greenwood: A Directory for Visitors*, by N. Cleaveland (1852), is $65. *My City*, by Theodore Dreiser (signed), with eight etchings by Max Pollak, is $350. And so it goes. And so we go.

CITYANA GALLERY/*16 East 53rd Street Fifth floor/PL 2-2079*



Long Time No See

After Exeter, where he was photo editor of *The Exonian* and resident photographer for the on-campus shooting of *A Separate Peace*, Daniel Wolf studied painting at Bennington and in France—where he picked up antique photos in antiques shops. Three years ago, Daniel started selling his pictures privately; two years ago, he set up shop in front of the Met; and this fall, he set up shop. He is 22. He has exhibits (the one up now is of 40 calotypes from the Royal Scottish Academy) and a photo bazaar in bins: portraits, landscapes, and architectural studies and oddities—such as this Notre Dame gargoyle—from all over the world. Most date from 1860 to 1890; many are by people we know (Watkins, Baldus, Muybridge); all are matted. Prices range from $25 to $200.

DANIEL WOLF/*30 West 57th Street/Fourth floor/586-8432*

The Big Sendoff

Everything about *The Complete Food Catalogue* makes me happy to have a mouth. It is juicy and beautiful, stuffed with temptation. Who can resist Julia Child's favorite teas, Armenian cucumber seeds, green ginger in brine from Malaysia, James Beard's preferred soft-wheat flour, or peanut-butter velvet? Hundreds of mail-order sources have been organized with admirable logic, appealing illustrations, sense-stirring recipes, and a passion for culinary adventure. Take checkbook in hand. Soon there will be lobsters from Maine, foie gras from Fauchon, stone crabs from Sarasota, and stollen from Quakertown. You and the mailman can get fat together.—**Gael Greene**

THE COMPLETE FOOD CATALOGUE
By José Wilson and Arthur Leaman
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
$10.95 hardcover, $6.95 paperback

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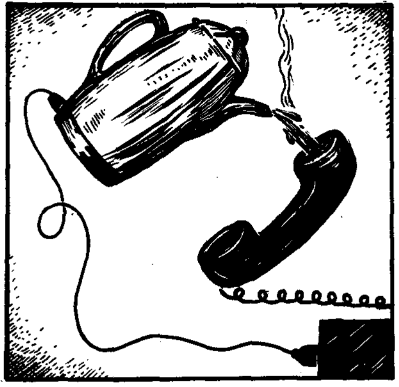
WALTER GURBO



On the Street Where You Live

When Charles Mingus was evicted, his place was ripped apart. His hi-fi disappeared, his coin collection and meerschaums. His piano was shoved down the stairs, and, he says, "I was lucky that they didn't tear my bass up." The city marshals—a pack of sleazy officials who recruit their crews on the Bowery, vandalize their victims' apartments (illegally), and get rich on the goods they turn over to creditors—had struck again. Anyone who is alive and a resident of New York City can become a city marshal. Everyone else who is alive and a resident of New York City should tune in on a horrifying documentary this Friday.

CITY MARSHALS/*November 18 at 7:30 p.m./Channel 2*

Art/Thomas B. Hess

BALTHUS: SEEN AND SCENE

"... Looking at herself in a mirror, the Japanese figure examines her body; she watches herself become a vessel of generation..."

Modern painting is abstract—except for **Balthus.** He's been considered a legendary exception since the 1930s, when we first saw his portraits at the Museum of Modern Art: Miro clutching his daughter; Derain, posed like Napoleon, only giant and potbellied, in dressing gown, erect above the body of a sadly rumpled model. Painters as different as Willem de Kooning and Fairfield Porter, Mark Rothko and Leland Bell, have studied Balthus's pictures with pleasure. There are other contemporary realists, of course. Only they look more peculiar than "modern." Hopper is a realist, for example, and as parochial as a Socony station. De Chirico is another, but in a visionary way that is above or beyond such coarse facts as paints on canvas.

Balthus is different. Everybody visited his infrequent exhibitions at the Pierre Matisse gallery as dutifully as the latest shows of Franz Kline or Barnett Newman. There is something that joins him to us; it glistens in his new exhibition at Matisse (41 East 57th Street, 11/15–12/15), which includes works from the mid-1930s to 1977 and which has at least three sensational paintings.

The most shocking is pictorially the blandest. It's a mild, old-masterly scene painted in the tobacco colors that Balthus adapted from Chardin and Courbet. The mellow umber to ocher tones, enlivened by occasional sparks of orange-through-green-to-violet secondary contrasts, are deployed in a stable, foursquare, slightly raked stagelike area. Centered in the virtual space is a turning, wheeling pair of two interlocking figures. Their arms and legs set up a centripetal motif that's beautifully poised within the volumetric room. Titled *The Guitar Lesson,* 1934, it has never been shown before.

The two figures are a music teacher and her young (about twelve years old) pupil. A guitar lies fallen on the floor, slightly flattened, as if by pressures from Juan Gris and other Cubists. There has been a struggle. Balthus catches a moment of pause when actions started in anger are about to change to acts of love. The teacher has stretched the child across her lap, face up, as if to begin a punishment. Her right hand pulls the child's left tress, bringing the head back and down, almost to the floor. The pupil's dress has fallen up (or been yanked) to bare a pubescent, wax-hued body, from navel to just below the knees, where the white cotton stockings begin. To keep the child from falling off her lap, the teacher grasps her inner thigh: The left thumb and index almost fondle the hairless pubis. The pupil's right hand, palm up, rests heavily on the floor. Her left hand, perhaps in a gesture to keep from falling, grabs the teacher's dress and pulls it open at the neck to expose, in the exact center of the composition, a full, bare breast.

Light pours into the room from the right, masking the far side of the teacher's face in shadows and falling directly on the child's genitals. The teacher wears a long, concert-style violet dress (the echo of "violence" in "violet" works in French—"*violet-violence,*" with the addition of "*violer,*" which means "to violate"). The pupil's costume is more problematic. For an almost naked child, she wears a lot of clothes—and for an almost raped person, she seems calmly seductive. Under a red-and-white schoolgirl's smock there's a black dress and a red blouse with green collar. That she came to her lesson wearing fur-lined bedroom slippers might suggest a certain complicity.

There is a curious stasis—a dignified quiet—to the violent tableau. It's due partly to the close balance of forms and colors. Negative shapes are strong—the wedge of wallpaper framed by hand and breast, for example. Values are precisely adjusted across the surface, moving from dark cloth to pale flesh with tenacious logic.

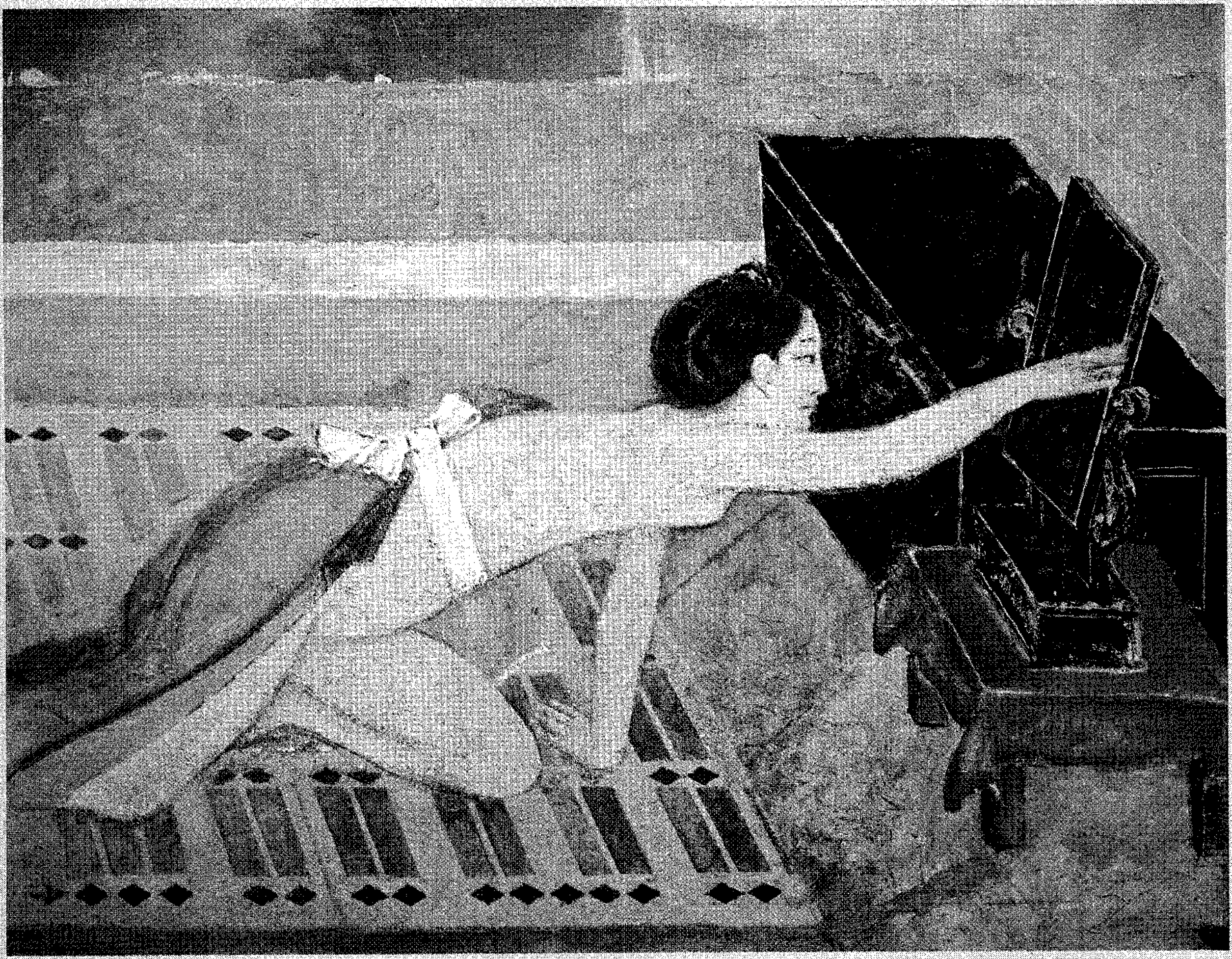
There is a willed stiffness in the drawing of the girl, a wooden *faux-naïf* drama to her oversize face. Her body seems clenched from fright or lust and from a whole library of art historical allusions. Balthus cites Seurat's heavy outlines, folk art, children's book illustrations (especially *Struwelpeter* and Tenniel's *Alice*), as well as classic figures in the falling girl (Narcissus is invoked, and perhaps St. Paul). Her face could be a Caravaggio St. Francis, drowned in ecstacy. The quantity of erudition stuffed among the interstices of the composition adds to the sensation of distance and remove. The event takes place far away from us, far in time as well as space. We do not peer at it through the keyhole of a voyeur; rather, the scene is offered in evidence, calmly, as if from some handbook on archetypal middle-class dreams or classroom legends.

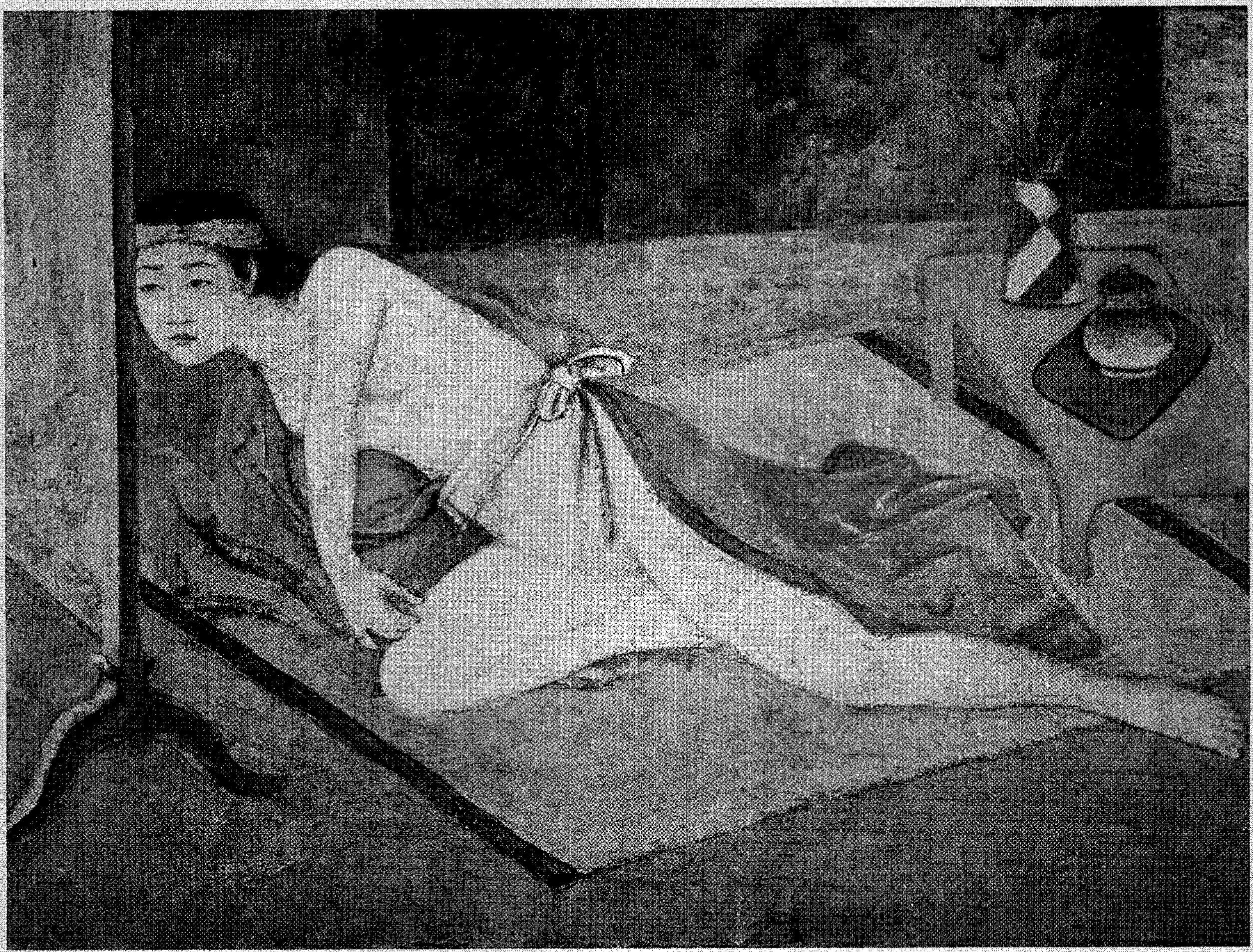
I dwell at some length on *The Guitar Lesson*, even though it can't be illustrated in the pages of *New York*, because the intensity of its image, locked in a classic pictorial structure, suggests the particular quality of Balthus's art. It's seductive, intellectual, youthful, anxious, erotic, challenging, and, to use an old-fashioned word, "Byronic." For over 40 years the artist has worked at, and looked, the romantic part. His landscapes (there is a handsome, solid, Swiss view at Matisse, with a crystal-blue Cézanne sky), his still lifes (fatty fruits, as in Courbet), and figure pieces, even at their most demure, retain a whiff of brimstone.

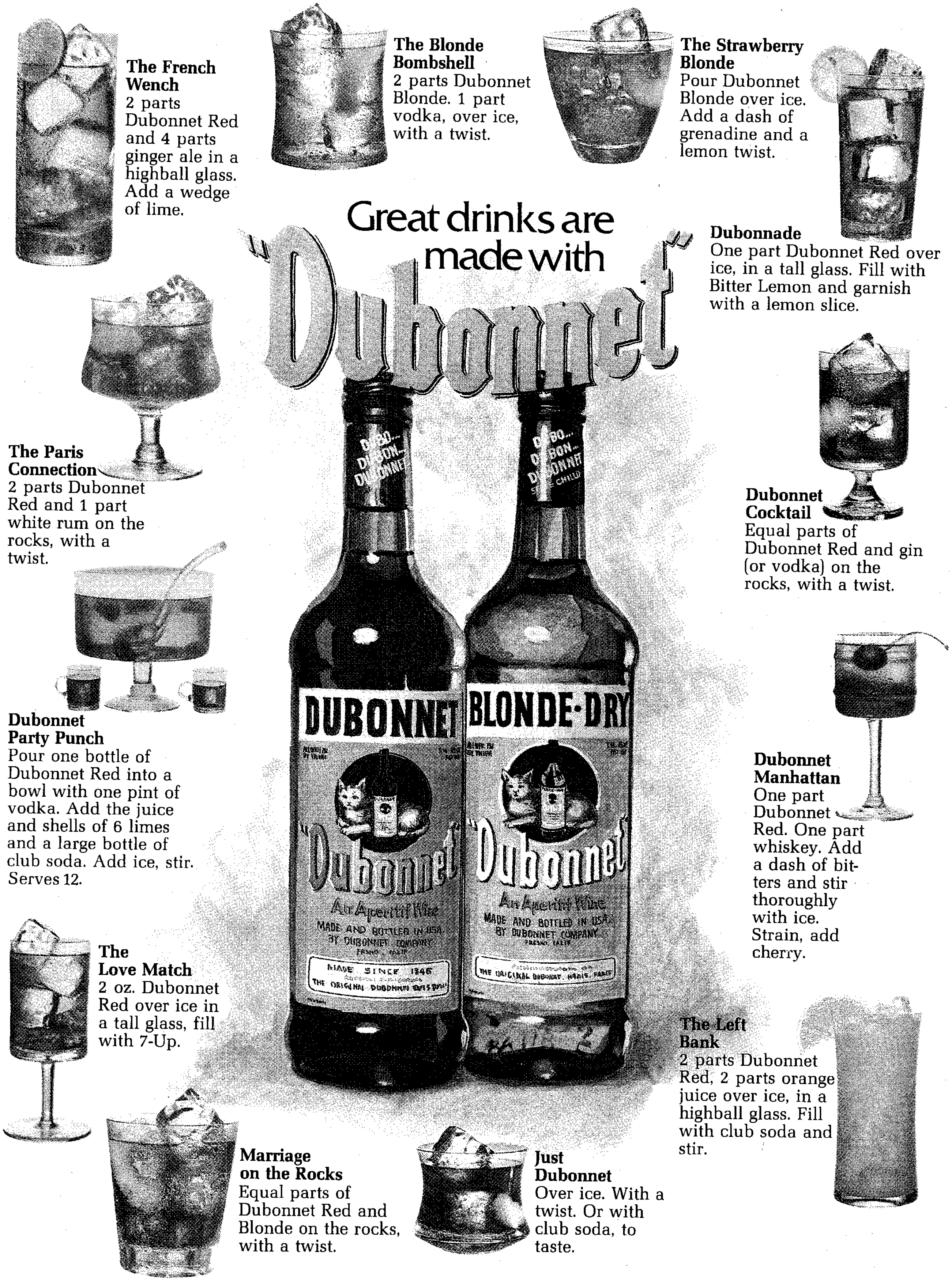
In the 1960s his style became more relaxed. He began to experiment with heavier textures, softer pastes, glistening surfaces, flattened planes. He pulled images up against the picture plane for decorative, almost tapestry, effects. The spirit of late Braque, always a danger sign, seemed to be invoked. Then, around 1967, with his new wife, Setsuko, as a model for a series of drawings and studies, came a breakthrough—an astonishing second wind, as if this artist, who delighted the *beau-monde* as a prodigy in his twenties, will have an equally profound effect in his seventies.

At this point in the narrative some biographical clues are needed, even though Balthus (or M. le comte Balthasar Klossowski de Rola, to give his preferred address) resents all such intrusions. When John Russell was about to write a major catalog about him, he told the critic to act as if "Balthus is

Mirrored images: *Balthus's* Figure With Black Mirror *(top) and* Figure With Red Table, *1967–76, six feet wide.*



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> "... Balthus's models usually have been youthful, moving out of childhood ..."

a painter of whom *nothing is known*." A recognized painter to the "happy few" rather than by the mass mediums by the mid-1930s. Balthus emerged from the privacy of his studio from time to time to make stage sets for Antonin Artaud's version of *The Cenci*, to draw illustrations for *Wuthering Heights* and other highbrow, aristocratic, often Anglophile projects. (The drawings for *Wuthering Heights*, by the by, are the most evocative modern book illustrations ever made.) In 1961, André Malraux, de Gaulle's redoubtable minister of culture, named Balthus director of the French Academy in Rome. He became the only major modern artist, to my knowledge, to hold an important government appointment; traditionally such posts are the prerogatives of hacks. In 1977, Balthus retired; during almost twenty years' tenure he directed extensive restorations on the interior of Raphael's Villa Medici, headquarters of the school, and its famous gardens.

In 1967, he started two large canvases, titled, with usual reticence, *Japanese Figure With Black Mirror* and *Japanese Figure With Red Table*. They were slowly brought to conclusion in 1970 and then entirely reworked in 1976. Exhibited for the first time in Pierre Matisse's show this month, they are painted with a species of Italian casein which lends itself to Balthus's favorite technique of piling correction on top of correction, image over image, for immensely complicated, dense surfaces on which light dances as if in a dusty room. The impact of Japanese art (he made a journey to the islands) is apparent, even though Balthus himself, characteristically, denies it. And Japan has had as beneficial an effect on his vision as it did on the Impressionists. The clenched pictorial flatness that had imprisoned his shapes and, so to speak, coarsened his imagination, eased and opened under the isometrics of Eastern perspective and casual overlap. In the new pictures, there is ample breathing room for the long, undulating bodies whose conspicuously extra vertebrae surely are a tribute to J. A. D. Ingres, Balthus's most illustrious predecessor at the academy. The figures glide over rugs tilted up so that they almost parallel the picture plane, yet tilted back enough to support the pale arabesques.

Burnt rose, earth green, and bruised mauve are a dominant triad among broken whites and grayed browns. Some colors are smudged in mysterious deposits; some lines are cut across the surface with the authority of a sword thrust. There is an over-all toning and rubbing that remind you of the sixteenth-century villa walls that Balthus labored to refurbish at the Villa Medici.

Japan, Renaissance Italy, and modern Paris collide in the strangely hushed arena where the disciplines of rapt introspection are performed under the surveillance of a *voyant-voyeur* artist and of his co-conspirators—you, me, the viewers. Women looking at mirrors are recurring themes in Balthus's art. Usually they are metaphors for the transactions of perception—the artist's eye re-creating on his canvas the model who looks at herself the way the artist looks at her. Balthus's models usually have been youthful, moving out of childhood. They observe their bodies—or sense them—becoming sexually charged. The artist, too, watches and tacitly encourages the spectator to join in a contemplation of the mysteries of pubescence. It's an intricate drama of seen and scene, of sight and sense; the eye is enlisted as an instrument of heightened sensuality.

In the pictures finished last year, the transaction is altered. For the first time in Balthus's *oeuvre*, the figure is mature, weighty, pregnant. (Setsuko has had two children with Balthus; the firstborn died tragically young.) Looking at herself in a mirror, the "Japanese figure" examines her face and body; she watches herself become a vessel of generation. She doesn't sense the oncoming of maturity, as do the nymphets in Balthus's famous earlier paintings; she observes the beginning of a new life. Which suggests mortality. Birth is the first day of dying. The dangers of life. The artist's own premonitions. Looking into the mirror he is painting for his model to look into, Balthus sees, for the first time, instead of the dashing Heathcliffe or the Romantic milord Byron—a black void. The skull that was there all along.

Balthus would be the first to denounce any and all such readings. He's against interpretation, especially when it drags him into the act. And he's right, of course. The main thing about the new paintings with their fresco-fresh surfaces is the counterpoint of ivory silhouette with umber rectangle, the shrill of red lacquer diminishing at mysterious intervals to faint coral. You could go on and on; you can get lost in Balthus's new paintings as if in a forest; there always is something to catch the eye, to lure you deeper. ■

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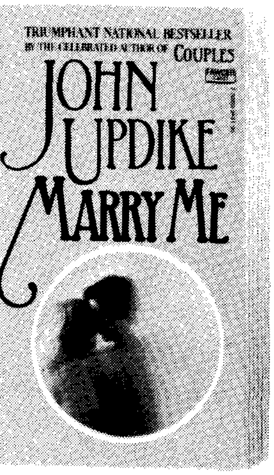
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The Insatiable Critic / Gael Greene

THE MOST EXCITING FRENCH COOKING IN THE WORLD

"...Memory has a way of exaggerating ecstasy. But at the Restaurant Girardet in Crissier, I found joy surpassing memory..."

The greatest excitement in French cooking is not to be found anywhere in France, but in Switzerland . . . in a tiny crossroads suburb of Lausanne called Crissier.

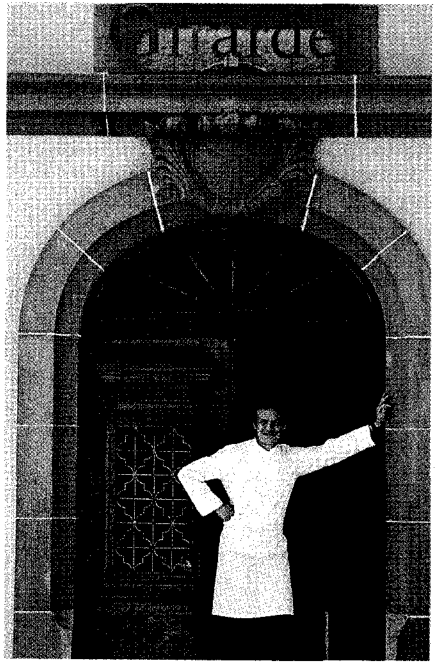
As a youth, Freddy Girardet played soccer. He never did a serious restaurant *apprentissage.* He helped out in the family bistro. Then, on a wine-buying excursion to Burgundy, friends took him for lunch at Les Frères Troisgros. That lunch was an epiphany. Now, listening to Girardet, tasting his extraordinary food, one begins to understand Joan of Arc' visions. There is no doubt that this satin-voiced man—handsome, with a sensual flare of features—is driven by some transcendent vision. Not a single superlative I have read or heard about the inspired chef of Crissier is exaggerated.

Cuisinary pilgrims come begging for miracles. And Girardet delivers.

Yes, a salmon is only a fish, after all. An artichoke is a thistle; watercress, a weed. But in Girardet's hands, a fish, a thistle, and a weed become a poem that haunts. There are times when the gourmand tom-toms beat louder than a rumbling tummy. And Girardet is already feeling the heat of sainthood. The restaurant is booked weeks, sometimes months, in advance. He is pursued with seductive offers to teach, to produce ethereal cookouts abroad, to distill the essence of his inspiration into a text. "I can't," he says. "I won't. Not now. Everything is still evolving."

And so quickly, too. Last fall, his suburban inn was known as the Hôtel de Ville. By spring it had become the **Restaurant Girardet,** though Crissier still leases town-hall offices on the second floor. Late last fall we escaped the bitter chill outside for the restaurant's warmth and careful simplicity: pristine lace curtains on wooden rings, tufted leather banquettes, unremarkable drawings, a single candle on each table, country breads in a shallow wicker basket beside a stunning fling of orchids. Appetites primed by the rumored greatness, we put ourselves into Girardet's hands. There was a quality in his sly smile . . . the confidence of a Don Juan amused that you do not know your seduction is inevitable. Dinner began with a faintly effervescent Swiss white wine and a delicate scalloped tart, about as big as a silver dollar, carrying a tenderly poached oyster sprinkled with caviar in a puddle of butter. Then came foie gras of duck, fast-seared and gossamer inside, mossy with chervil and parsley. Then a puzzling wonder—langoustines in a silken green chive cream, their flesh so fragile and tender they might have been raw or perhaps merely "cooked" with lemon . . . as if all other prawns before these had been coarse imitators. Next, the firm white fish Saint-Pierre, with the briny scent of sea urchin, in cream with twig-thin string beans, julienne of carrot and turnip, and tiny flowers of broccoli, each with a perfect measure of crunch. We sipped a Swiss Pinot Noir, lightly chilled, perhaps too chilled, with pigeon, and ate crisp, perfect rösti potatoes and lardoon-studded cabbage, tossed to a degree of doneness that might have been decreed by Aristotle if he'd been a vegetarian.

PATRICK JACOB



Transcendent touch: *Chef Freddy Girardet.*

From a pram of perhaps three dozen Swiss cheeses, we tasted a nutty ripe Vacherin, chèvre running at a pace not to be resisted, and tête de moine, called monk's head because tradition requires that it be shaved with a knife into a grainy, soft mound on the plate. We marveled over the exquisite play of tart and sweet in a passion-fruit soufflé—flourless, creamy, astonishingly light. Stunned and silly from the glorious excess, I fumbled over extravagant compliments. Girardet shrugged modestly. "Come for a week," he said. "I'll cook you ten different dishes every day."

Memory has a way of exaggerating ecstasy. Not this time, though. Back in Crissier this spring, I found the joy surpassing memory. Girardet had been touched by the gospel of the *nouvelle cuisine,* had mastered it and gone on. He doesn't stumble. His control of fire is magic. He has discovered not how long but how *little* a shrimp or a fish can be cooked. No one is as daring and as consistently accurate in . . . I hate to say undercooking, but suddenly everywhere else I go everything I eat is overcooked. When the breast of a chicken emerges from Girardet's kitchen it is so moist and tender you are willing to believe he's invented a new breed of bird. He uses herbs as they are rarely used in France. He blanches parsley, tosses it in butter as if it were spinach. And it works. A thin, peppery broth is studded with small slices of achingly sweet melon and bits of raw salmon and loup de mer, the basslike fish of the Mediterranean. And, teasing, he calls it gazpacho.

That evening . . . the next noon . . . if I run the reel fast it's a kaleidoscope—a dizzying immersion of the senses. Technicolor. What a range of textures, perfumes. Innocent prologue: a tiny vegetable tart. Fruity Swiss wines. (Girardet deserves the medal of honor from the Swiss government. He flatly refused to let us order even one red wine of France.) An elegant salad—little nuggets of foie gras, sautéed hot and soft and sweet, with crisp string beans, slashes of mushroom, asparagus, and a hint of walnut in the oil. Then melting curls of crayfish—

brilliant testimony to how little a crayfish needs to be cooked—with artichoke slices in a sauce enriched with artichoke purée. Fingers of the mild white fish Saint-Pierre are garnished with a marmalade of onions and a silken tomato butter beneath a diadem of slightly charred zucchini—a storm of tastes, onion-sweet, tomato-acid. Rose-pink kidneys are spiffily crumbled and served with that parsley disguised as spinach and chewy morels in a bit of butter and cream.

Lunch next day began with an intensity of green—a pool of puréed sorrel and watercress with ethereal lobster. Fabergé might have designed the ballotine of fish, a breathtaking mosaic of lake creatures—perch, féra, trout—and the orange of carrot, the green of artichoke. In the center of the rectangle, something pale peach, moist, and soft—it had to be salmon, but no salmon I've ever eaten anywhere had that mind-blowing texture. "If there's a heaven, this is what they'll serve the good kids," marveled my sybaritic friend, a man whose hunger for new tastes gives another dimension to the concept of excess. A gourmand's gourmand. We'd ordered duck. Now he'd spied a handsome rack of lamb being carved across the room. "I want to go over and pick up a chop," he confessed. "Stop me." Behind me, Louis, the stylish maître d'hotel, was carving the duck with the skill and nonchalance of a master surgeon. Thin, perfect pink slices of breast were served with turned carrots, turnips, and the tiniest onions tossed in butter to a caramel glaze, and a sauce, nothing more than natural cooking juices, a splash of fruity Brouilly wine, and a swirl of butter. The duck legs were served separately with a reprise of the same vegetable garnish and a certain awe for our stamina.

Desserts tend to blur in the aftermath of such sensory indulgence, but I can recall a sublime gratin of orange slices in a kind of crème brûlée, the clarion tang of a splendid lemon tart, and masterful sorbets: lime, tea, melon, strawberry so intense we both actually wept. Yes. If Girardet had handed me a napkin, I'd have eaten it. He is scaling a creative Mt. Everest. He is nowhere near the peak.

Restaurant Girardet, Crissier (outside Lausanne). Telephone: (21) 34.15.14. Six courses, prix fixe, 90 Swiss francs ($40); à la carte, 32–64 Swiss francs ($14.40–$28.80).

As for accommodations, the Novotel Bussigny nearby is adequate. Le Débarcadère, lakeside in Saint-Sulpice, is simple and quaint; Hôtel du Lac at Morges is more expensive. You'll need a good local map.

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New York Journal/Alan G. Ampolsk

OPERA BUFFS—UNITED THEY STAND

"... Most Met standees are not the walking wounded; they include some of the city's most knowledgeable opera lovers ..."

A cold, predawn wind is blowing across West 65th Street. Only harmless lunatics are abroad in the world at six this Saturday morning. Take me, for example. I'm going to the opera.

I'm a New York opera buff; I buy standing-room admission at the Metropolitan Opera House. You'll find me here some 40 mornings a season.

Standing room assembles in the block-long park at Columbus Avenue and 63rd Street, where a bronze Dante glowers over the pigeons at his feet. Standees come from backgrounds as diverse as the locales of the operas they frequent. They are the most devoted of all followers of opera. They fall into two groups—I'll call them the crazies and the buffs.

The crazies are basically losers. They are often on in years, generally single, and, for the most part, unemployed or working at menial jobs. The opera house fills the emptiness in their lives. They are lonely; their fellow standees become an alternate family. Many come here four or five times a week. They attach themselves to the great singers. They push into the dressing rooms of their favorites after each performance, shining in reflected glory. They speak of singers by first name, creating friendships that exist only in their minds. Each thinks he is the only person who understands an artist, and if only that artist would invite him up for tea, he'd prove it.

"I hate standees," a middle-level Met official is reported to have declared. He spoke more of the crazy than of the standee in general; of the seedy, 50-ish man waiting to get this week's autograph from Leontyne, or Leonie or Luciano; of the fellow who stops the prima donna in the aisle to gasp, "Oh, Miss Milanov, I think your *Tosca* is the best one recorded"; of the twelve-year-old dragged from the backseat of Miss Sutherland's limousine, into which he had thrown himself, shouting, "Joan, Joan, I love you, Joan. I can't be here for the last *Esclarmonde*, but I'll be at all the *Don Giovannis*. Joan, Joan, I love you!" These people are, at best, barely tolerated, never understood.

Contrary to the Met's impression, however, the majority of us are not starved egos, not the mental walking wounded, not fanatics. We, the opera buffs, are opera's hobbyists. Enjoying opera means that we'd rather hear even a bad operatic performance than anything else available, and that we are capable of trading operatic news and opinion for hours, and at some rather strange hours. Standing room offers us four operas for the price of one good seat, with each opera at only the price of a first-run movie.

Now it is 6:15 A.M., and the New York operatic subculture is arriving at Lincoln Center. I await with the list, a note pad on which I will record the order of arrival, so that all are assured a fair chance at the 175 standing-room spots that will be sold for that night.

First to check in is a couple from Queens; she's sung small roles professionally and seems to be converting her husband to opera. This is our first meeting, but there's no unease.

"What do you think of the spring *Trovatores*?" asks the singer's husband, and the day's proceedings are launched. Another member soon joins the group, a law student and record collector who can quote chapter and verse on Rosa Ponselle's acoustic recordings and Riccardo Stracciari's English Columbias.

David Gasse is twenty; he's an aspiring tenor. He has never had a voice lesson. He can't read music; he's been informed of his incompetence many times. Still, he waits to be discovered.

"I lost my girl friend over *Lucia* a couple of weeks ago," he is saying. "I had binoculars and she didn't, and we were sharing them, but she wanted to use them during the Mad Scene. With everything else it's all right, you know? The first act, the second act. But during the Mad Scene I've got to have the binoculars, I've got to see what's happening. And so she asked me for them and I wouldn't let her have them. And so she walked out."

Sam comes up the sidewalk, smiling beatifically, clutching his portable cassette deck. He's 35, and aspiring. In his briefcase will be his Callas tapes. "I have something nice by Maria," he'll say, starting the tape. And for the next half hour it's Maria, goddess of the line. "Before 1954, that is, before she lost the hundred pounds."

Eddie Hughes ambles onto the scene, carrying an attaché case. He may be the line's senior member. He attends the opera regularly; whether he sees and hears it is a matter of dispute. Eddie can be found regularly, five times a week on occasion, curled up at the back of the family circle, snoring. When nudged awake, his waking cry is, invariably, "I wasn't sleeping!" His attaché case, I am told, contains autographed photos, letters, and memorabilia from virtually every major singer. Eddie has become a mascot.

Monte checks in, earlier than usual. A bullnecked man about 70, Monte is a familiar sight to most New York operagoers. Each night, wearing his flamboyant hat, he places himself outside the north lobby door, regulating the resale of tickets in his loud and gravelly voice. No one around the house knows anything about Monte, not even his last name. He'll grant an interview, he says—for $5,000.

Bits of conversation emerge from the noise of the traffic. "Grace was just dreadful, dreadful," says a voice. "It just isn't her role. Dreadful."

"At least we'll get to hear Rysanek do it," another voice replies.

"Ah, but Leonie cannot sing it any-

A senior at Horace Mann High, Mr. Ampolsk swears that he'd rather be a writer than an opera singer.

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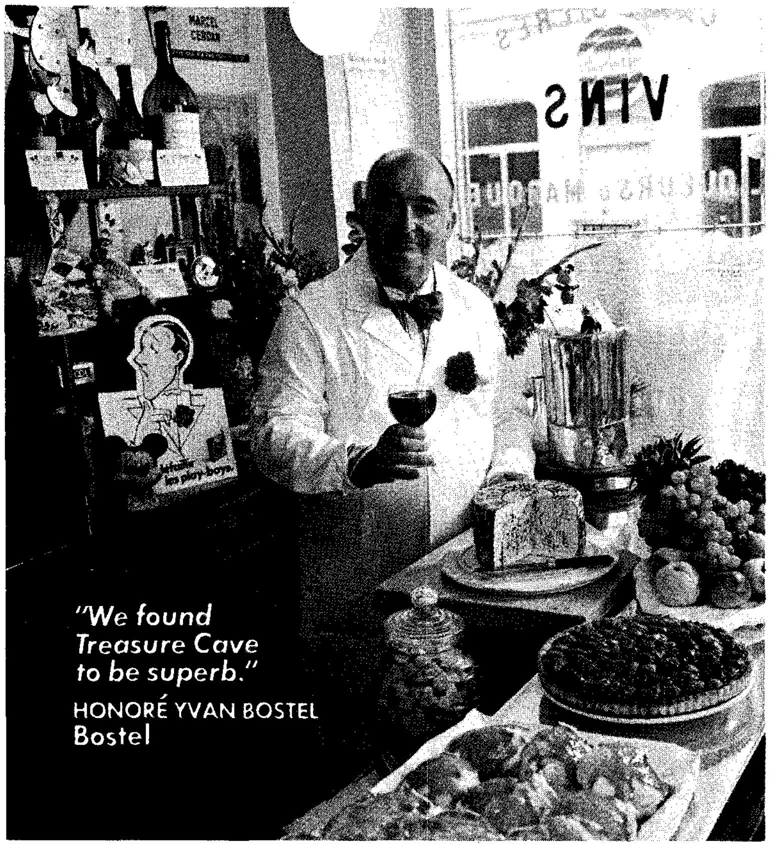

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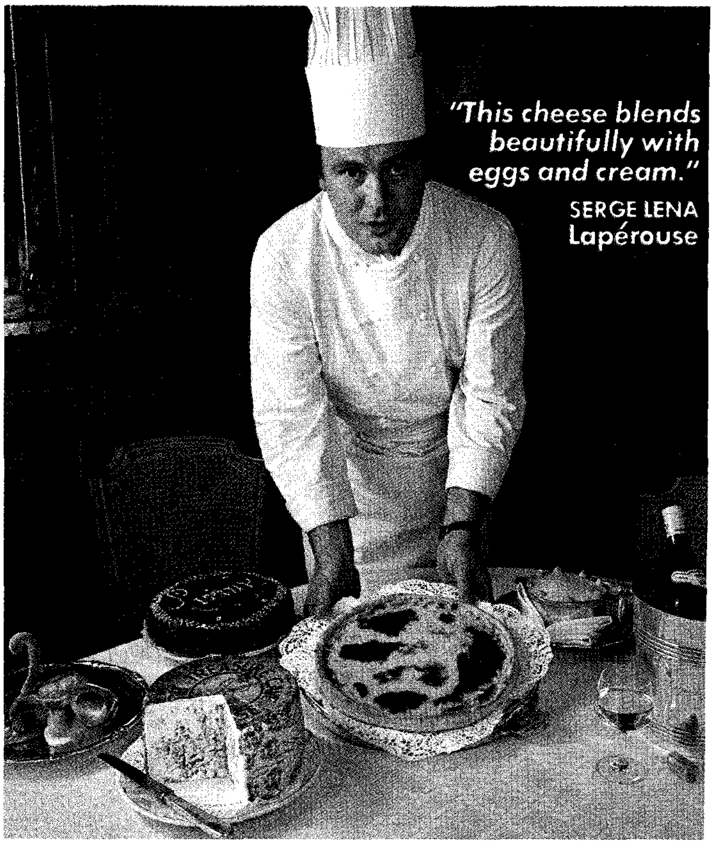

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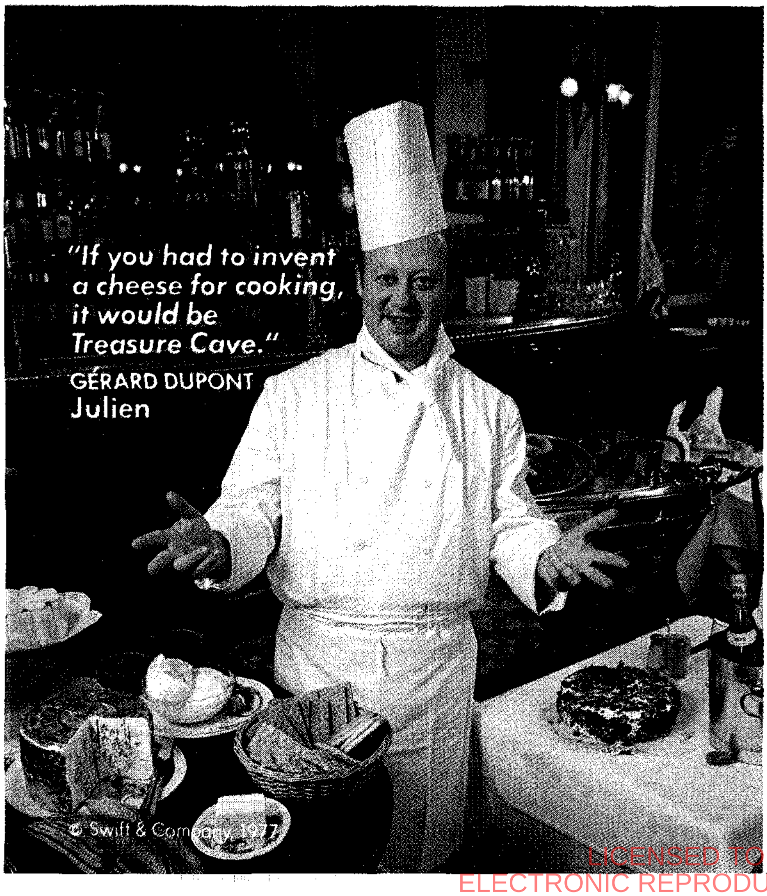

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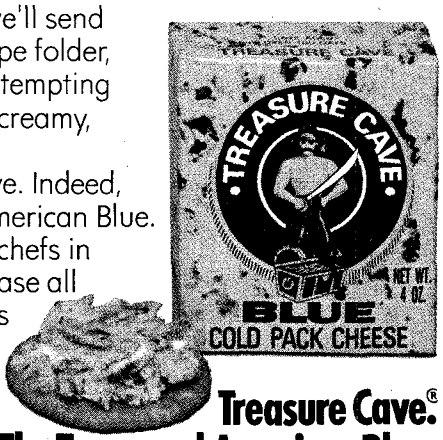

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"...Sam's tape deck is activated, and Maria's 'Casta diva' floats through the hall..."

more," says the first voice. "She has the acting, but not the voice. Dreadful. You should have been here when Birgit did it. Flawless. Flawless."

A blast on a car horn interrupts.

"And what time did *you* get here this fine morning?" sneers the driver, a tall, bearded fellow.

"Listen," I retort, "you know *you'd* be here at six too, if only you could remember the directions."

"You bastard," he says laughing.

"Tenor," I reply accusingly.

Danny, the driver, is another aspiring tenor, but with a difference: He's extremely talented. Already, at eighteen, he's aroused some comment. If he fulfills his potential, he'll join a group that includes Geraldine Farrar, Edward Johnson, Tatiana Troyanos, and Paul Plishka: distinguished singers, former standees all.

My thoughts are interrupted by the arrival of Helen Quinn. "They call me queen of the standees." Helen, as a volunteer, organizes the line.

Helen is a middle-aged, unemployed keypunch operator with a talent for handicapping and the manner of a drill instructor. She wanted to be a singer, she says, but couldn't afford it. Running the line gives her the chance to be in charge of, and responsible for, something. She's done it almost every Saturday for the past ten years.

She arrives with her equipment—pink cardboard cards, numbered and stamped with the date so that they can't be used again. Each member of the line will receive a card that shows his position. It's an efficient system.

At eight, the standing room is 40 strong. I read off the names on the list, and Helen distributes the cards. Now, after two hours of numbing cold, most of the standees troop into the Empire Coffee Shop. We head for various tables, everyone in chosen company.

Together we discuss old happenings ("Remember the *Walküre* Act One when Vickers was pulling the sword out of the tree and lost his grip, and it flew halfway across the stage?"); new prospects (Giuseppe Giacomini, a supremely promising tenor with a bad case of nerves; Sheila Nadler, a new mezzo of whom we expect great things); our views ("Dexter is embarrassed by grand opera"); and miscellanea ("What started you on opera?").

At nine, the line, now numbering 100, is re-formed in the Lincoln Center Garage; at 9:30 it moves upstairs to the house lobby. Sam's tape deck is activated, and Maria's "Casta diva" (Mexico City, 1950) floats through the hall. Helen sits at a bend in the line, ready to remove crashers with her triumphant cry, "Lose!"

At ten, the box office opens—what Met publicity calls "that moment of triumph, when you walk away from the box office holding your tickets to 'Civilization.'" I wonder if it is a moment of triumph for those who buy seats. It certainly is for us—we've frozen for hours to win our admission.

That Met official's attitude of "I hate standees" seems to have filtered throughout the theater. The statement might have been directed only at the Eddies, the Sams, and the Montes, but these days it seems to apply to everyone who watches opera without a seat.

It manifests itself in the contempt of the house staff, in the almost universal indifference of the ushers, most of all in the scorn of the patrons. For every subscriber who graciously surrenders his seat to a standee when departing early, there are five who glare at the seat's new occupant. Some resent our "boorish" behavior (we shout "bravo" at curtain calls); some, the fact that we have taken a $25 seat for a $4 admission; some, perhaps, that we are members of the unwashed.

What of this? Perhaps the stranger standees deserve hatred, though I think sympathy would be nearer the mark. And I suggest that a survey of the orchestra subscribers might turn up an equal proportion of the wealthier odd.

Is our behavior uncivilized? Rudolf Bing once wrote in a memo, "[Standing room] is practically the only source of real enthusiasm in the house. . . ." The money I spend on standing-room tickets in one season would buy me a rear-orchestra subscription, should I choose to purchase one. I do not, because I don't want to be limited to seeing eight operas a year, any more than I want to be limited to reading eight books a year. I buy standing room because I want to hear as much opera as I can, and for an opera house to resent my presence is very strange.

Hours later, the house darkens; the downbeat falls. Each of us in the house finds his own fulfillment, whether recognition, escape, or sheer enjoyment of music. Each finds his own reason for being here, the end of his search. Now, we are all equal: standee, subscriber, staffer. And that is what opera, and art, are all about. ■

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ZESTFUL IMITATIONS, FLACCID ORIGINALS

"...Craig Russell is more fun singlehandedly than all but one or two current Broadway attractions with all hands combining..."

It's a mighty queer state of affairs when the best recent theatrical opening is not theater at all but a nightclub act operating out of a small Off Broadway house. Let me begin by saying that I am not a fancier of nightclubs, female impersonators, or camp. But Craig Russell's **A Man and His Women** is, for the most part, good clean fun; for the rest, it is good not-so-clean fun.

People who know Russell from his good work in that enjoyable movie *Outrageous!* need not be reminded that he is a gifted and personable entertainer. But what he does in his own one-man and many-women show is even more exhilarating than his movie audience might expect. Russell does not have the ideal face for his vocation—a countenance so symmetrical and neutral as to function as a tabula rasa on which you can draw any visage with ease. Rather, he has a pronounced look of his own, which lends itself better to some transformations than to others. But never mind; with his vocal pinpoint accuracy, his stinging appos-iteness of gesture, and a wit that bubbles, crackles, or flashes as the occasion calls for, Russell is more fun singlehandedly than all but one or two of the current Broadway attractions with all hands combining.

There is the dexterity, first of all. With masterly (or mistressly) flexibility, Russell changes from one famous female performer into another and back again at not so much as the drop of a hat or switch of a wig—cinematic dissolves enacted before our eyes by mere flesh and voice. There are moments that are raucous and innocently bawdy, with a Chaucerian or Rabelaisian purity in ribaldry; others (such as the Anita Bryant routine) that are more satirical and risqué; and some that are of a higher order, almost surreal. He gets at the essence of a performer, and even, as it were, beyond it—into the realm of comment, implying the closeness of a star's specialty to mere mannerism, exaggeration, absurdity. Whether he realizes it or not, Russell performs a moral function: reminding us that what we adore

in our *monstres sacrés* is closer to aesthetic vices than to virtues. It could teach us—if we were only capable of learning—to mistrust our more banal enthusiasms.

Some of the jokes are readily accessible to all, some are more recondite, like the one about Maria Ouspenskaya's maharani in *The Rains Came*. In all this, Russell is handsomely assisted by a four-piece band led by Stephen Stucker, and by Tony Marando's costumes. He makes us, while we delight in his *mimesis* and laugh at his humor, comprehend the relativity of showbiz acclaim—perhaps even the relativity of bigger things than that. No little fun, this, and no small accomplishment.

Rum an Coca Cola, by the Trinidadian Mustapha Matura, which Brooklyn's Chelsea Theater has just brought to its Manhattan playhouse, is one of those amateurish doodles that, did they not come from emergent nations, preferably black, would not have a Chinaman's chance of getting produced. The program note itself, unsigned but indubitably from our playwright's pen, testifies to alarming subliteracy. It begins: "The link between Calypso, the lovely daughter of Catlas [*sic*] who consoled Ulysses on her island, and the folk music of the Caribbean isles may be elusory [*sic*] except for the magnetic powers of both. Perhaps Calypso intrigued [*sic*] her king with a song . . ." etc.

Calypso, the daughter of Atlas, whom some sources identify as the goddess of silence, is not easily relatable to steel bands, any more than people who conflate *elusive* with *illusory* and grossly misuse *intrigue* are readily identifiable as performable playwrights. This particular tale of a young would-be Calypso champion, Bird, studying with Creator, a former Calypso "King" turned boozer and near-derelict, contains little genuine stuff of drama and still less originality. The two men work on a number for the competition that is supposed to be superior to the crassly commercial "Rum an Coca Cola," a song they rattle off for dollars to be gleaned from the hands of passing Yankee tourists. Yet "Rum an Coca Cola"—the song, not the play—is sheer *Morgendlich leuchtend* compared to what these two beachcombing Beckmessers are concocting. As for Matura's dialogue, it is no better than his lyrics.

To rustle up a little action, Matura drags in a preposterous bit of sex and murder that he cannot begin to make credible, and that he does not even dramatize, only narrate. Before the play begins and during intermission, Moods Pan Groove, a remarkably leaden steel band, adds its dram of drummed-in dreariness to the proceedings. Donald Howarth has directed; considering the basic lack of a play, it is hard to assess how, though one might easily ask why. As Creator, Leon Morenzie blinks hard during moments of high drama; as Bird, Lou Ferguson actually manages to create a human being out of verbal bric-a-brac, for which I salute him. Wolfgang Roth's set and William Mintzer's lighting are as good as a shoestring can buy, perhaps a little better; there are no costumes to speak of.

The Manhattan Theater Club, which I last caught in a laudable production of *Ashes,* is now presenting **Chez Nous,** of which it is hard to believe that it is by Peter Nichols, the gifted author of *Joe Egg* and *The National Health.* (Where, by the way, tarries the more than acceptable movie version of the latter, directed by Jack Gold?) I reviewed *Chez Nous* for this column from London (*New York,* July 29, 1974), where it left me as cold as it did the English critics and audiences, despite a cast that included Albert Finney, Geraldine McEwan, and Denholm Elliott, granted in less than top form.

This is an unsteady little comedy about two English couples in a farmhouse in the Dordogne, where they are engaged in rustication, reminiscences, a bit of adultery and ill feeling, some pontification about our mores and hypocrisy, and other rather unessential existential speculations. Middle-of-the-road topics all, requiring more than lethargic plotting and mediocre epigrams to breathe life into them *de nos jours,* as they say in the Dordogne. Not even solid British actors could lift *Chez Nous* above the level of *comme ci, comme ça* sitcom.

Why, then, import it to New York, especially in an institutional theater subsidized to offer rather more demanding, less commercial fare? Moreover, Lynne Meadow, the MTC's artistic director, has staged it with utter amateurishness: The characters are always awkwardly positioned, and the speech rhythms are always too fast or too slow. When this is done deliberately, to indicate embarrassing moments, it becomes heightened into sheer ludicrousness. Worst of all, though, is the acting. John Tillinger and Christina Pickles are British, but getting the accents right hardly compensates for his graceless hamming or her utmost dullness. Barbara Caruso tries to suggest her character's heartiness by incessant head waggling, eyeball rolling, and lip pursing. As for Sam Waterston, whose North Country accent comes from somewhere north of Mars, he merely gravitates between churlishness and apathy. As I gravitated out of the theater at midpoint, I wondered why this most inept of actors keeps getting good roles and lavish reviews instead of being booed off the stage. ■

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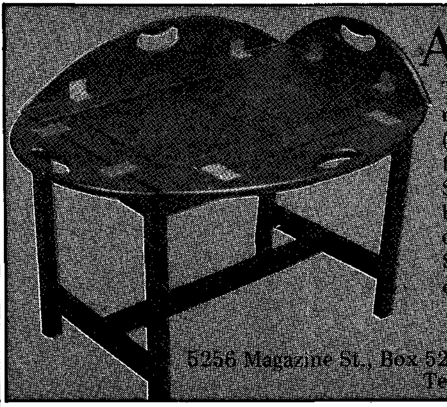

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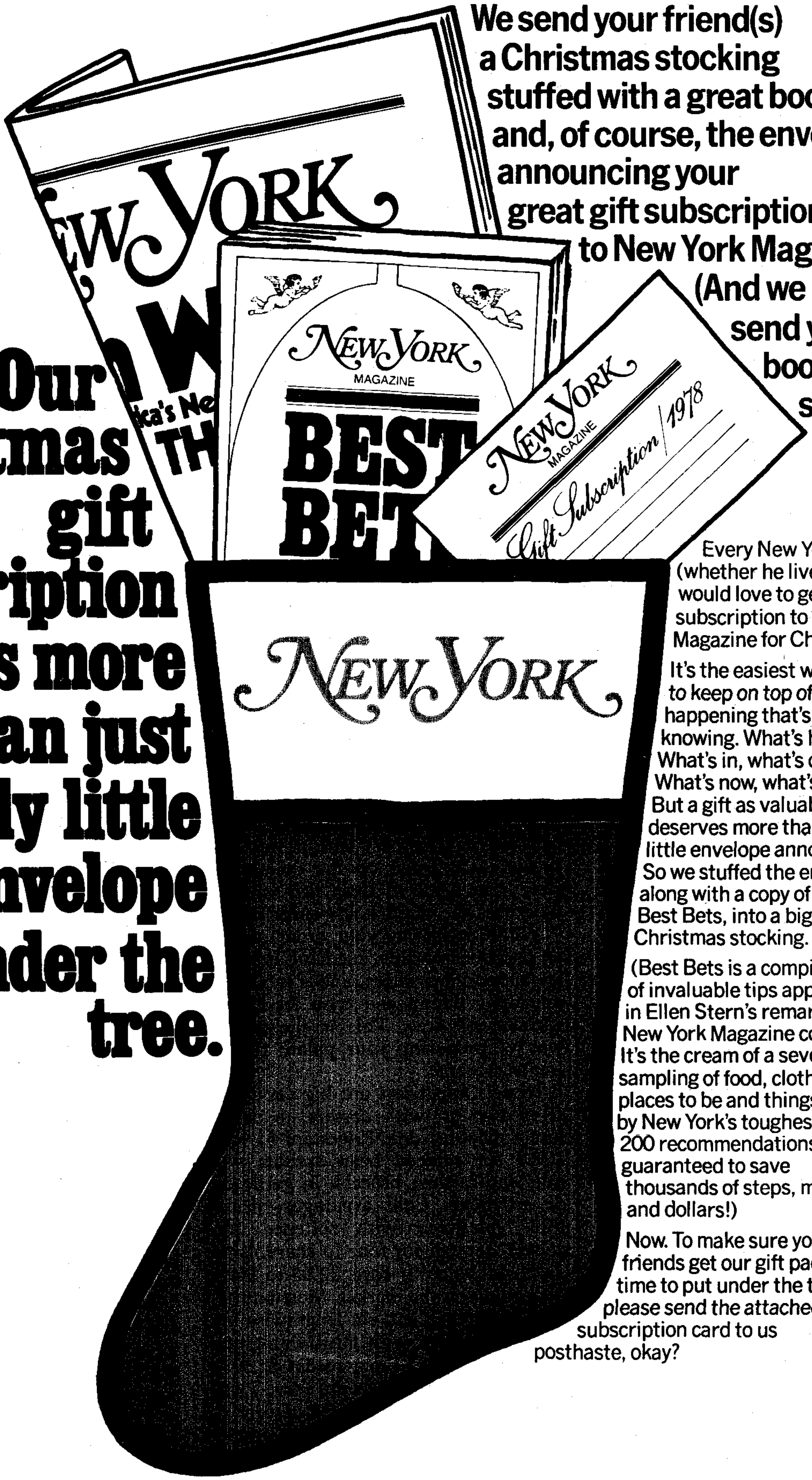

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FISH STORY

Hisae Vilca's "places" are mirror images of her food philosophy. As a child in Japan, she was always hungry; as a young waitress in the United States, she lived on bread crusts discarded in the preparation of French toast. "Flabbergasted" at the popular acceptance of easily prepared foods, she has formulated a guideline for herself as restaurateur. She feels there is too much cholesterol in most formal cuisine; that the answer to What's good today? cannot be food from the steam table; and, modestly, that if one uses fresh produce, one doesn't even have to be a good cook. In addition, Ms. Vilca believes that portions should always be large.

Hisae's Fish Place, 570 Hudson Street (at 11th Street), 243-4212, is a monument to Hisae's credos. Every dish is cooked to order, in generous portions that beg to be shared.

The large, bustling room, trimmed in brick and pale wood, is partitioned off from a long bar. Candlelit tables, some round, some square, are of bleached wood. The high noise level was just reduced—the ceiling has been soundproofed.

The simply dressed table help, always pleasant, will inform you of the daily specials not listed on the menu. The restaurant deals in fresh fish, and the daily market often holds surprises.

While pondering your order, munch on parboiled carrots, zucchini, broccoli, fresh cucumber slices, and a mound of unusually plump and crisp fresh bean sprouts, all free. This is the house's way of preparing your palate for the treats to come.

Hisae's appetizers are big enough to serve two or, with dessert, to constitute a meal for one. Prices are $1.95 to $2.50 for sautéed bean sprouts with nuts and raisins; broccoli in garlic oil; or artichoke. Cold asparagus, pencil-thin, splattered with softened blue cheese, enough for four to share, is the author's choice. It costs $2.95 to $3.50, depending on the market. Most unusual is the cold eggplant, cut lengthwise into quarters, spread with miso vinaigrette, sprinkled with sesame seeds, $2.50.

All supper selections are served with a large hunk of lemon, cut decoratively, and a bowl of brown rice topped with raisins and walnuts. An outstanding value is fresh mixed vegetables, Oriental style, shareable by as many as four, for $4.50. For the same price, savor steamed mussels with garlic and fresh cooked tomato. Swordfish teriyaki is served with caps of mushrooms, green-pepper strips, and scallions, and sprinkled with sesame, $5.95.

Red snapper is often available. An entire fish, blushingly pink, heavily embossed with shredded garlic that turns brown from broiling, is $6.95. The waiter will fillet the fish, and it can be shared. Another good buy is a pound and a half of steamed lobster for $6.95.

Unforgettable, though above our price range, is a special of plump Louisiana shrimp, sixteen of them, with a dish of warmed soy dip, for $7.50.

Homemade desserts, ranging in price from $1.95 to $2.50, include fresh fruit in kirsch, fruit pies, and chocolate cake. Unless you say "don't," yours will be served beneath a mound of fresh whipped cream. In every sense, these desserts are too much. Share one.

Hisae's coffee is good. Milk for the coffee is presented in a wine decanter. A wine list is available.

The management is happy to provide two plates for any order. Hisae's Place is not just a good, moderately priced restaurant; it represents a foray into tastes and textures handled with care both in the kitchen and in presentation.

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Illustrated by Doug Taylor

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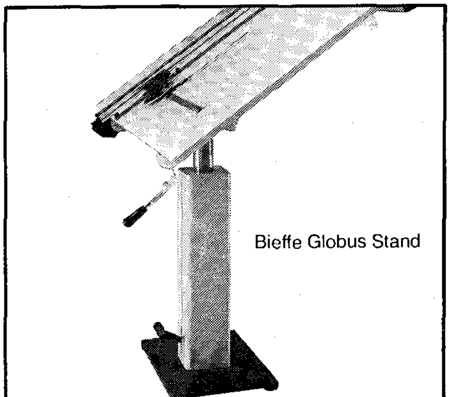

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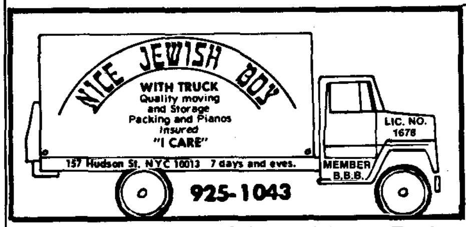

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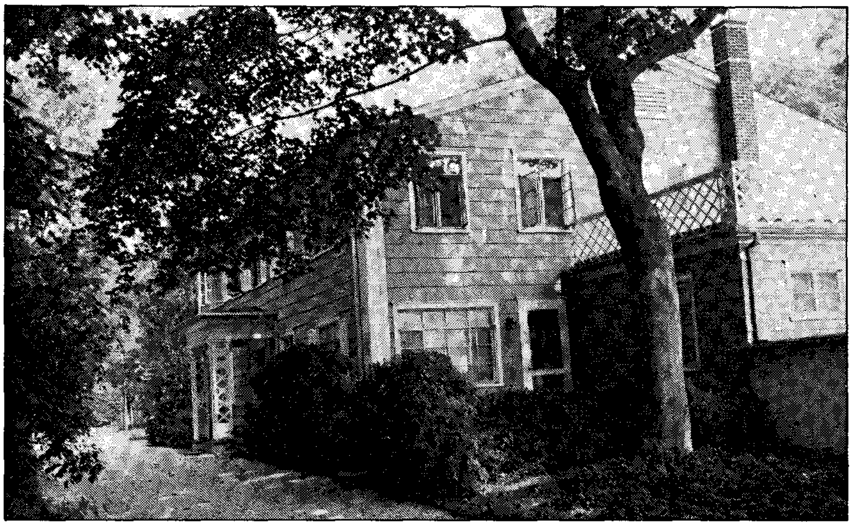

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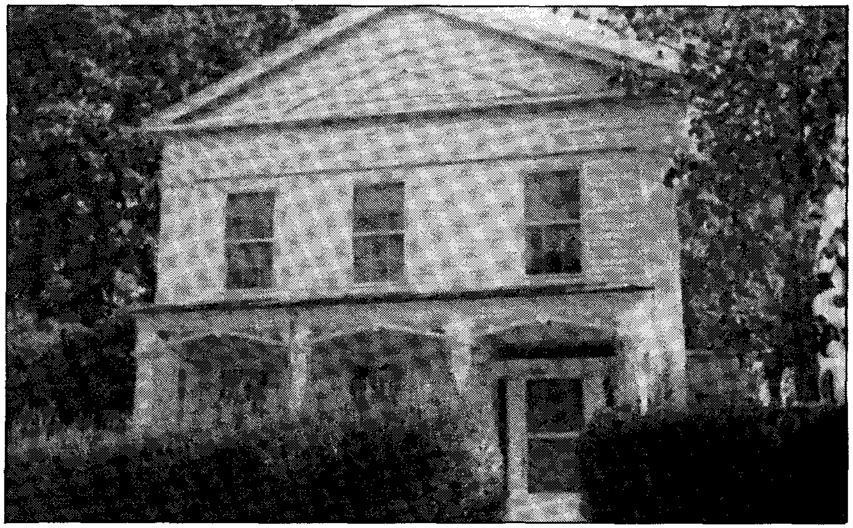

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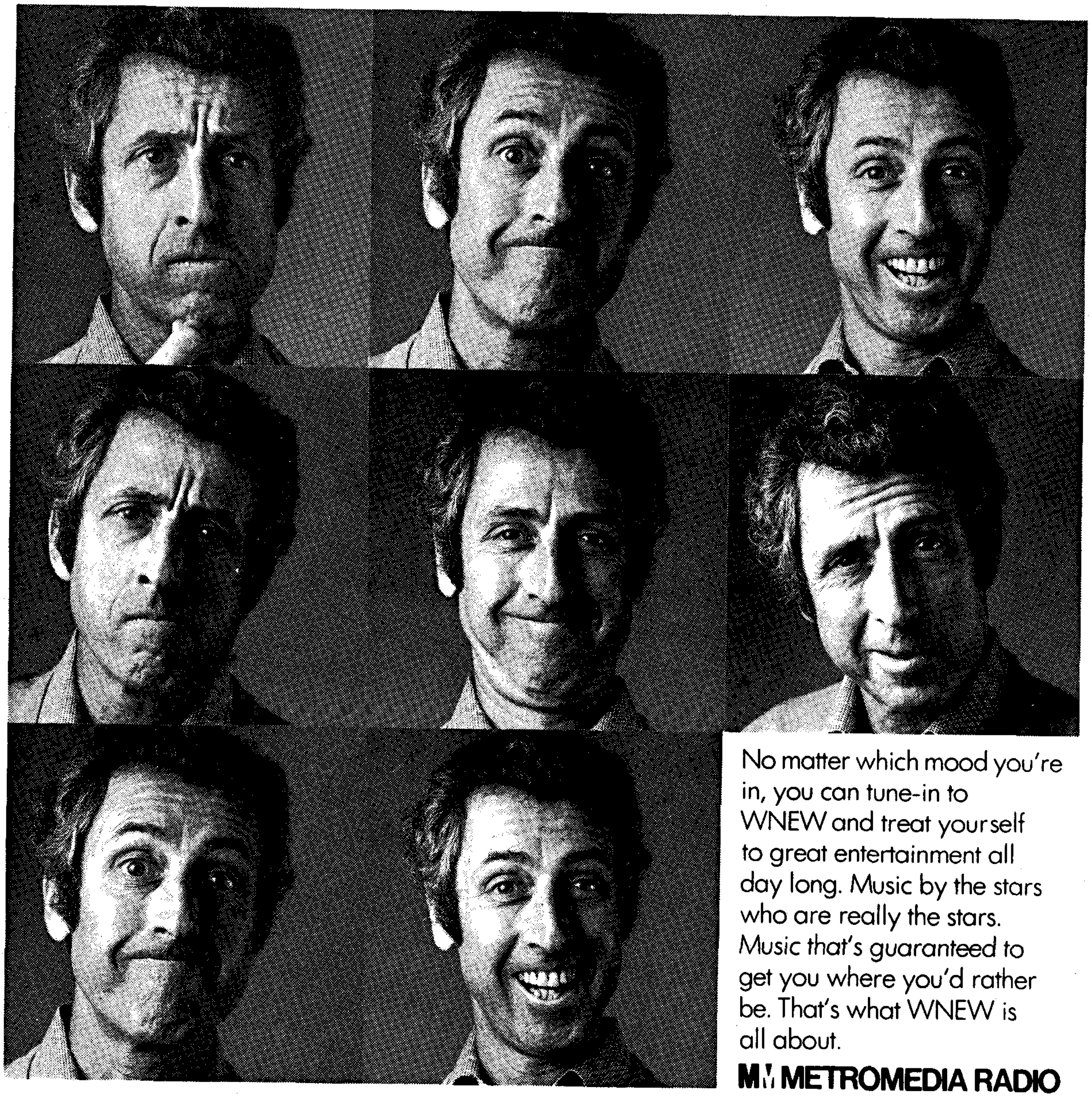

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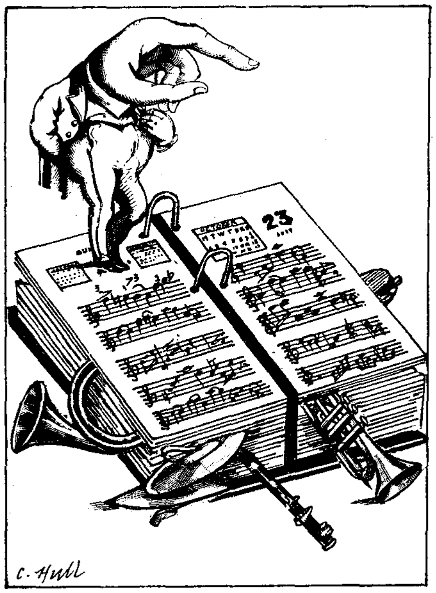
"...Dexter and Levine's new *Rigoletto*, fresh and vivid, is the very model of a modern way of honoring past masterworks..."

Helene Hanff's *The Duchess of Bloomsbury Street,* which I am reading in spare moments, has me under its spell. This is the sequel to *84, Charing Cross Road;* after a twenty-year love affair by mail with a London bookstore, Ms. Hanff finally gets herself to London. Immersed in the book, I can think of no writing manner other than by diary entries; I shall pay tribute to the author, and solve my own problem (dealing with eight events in five measly columns) by cribbing her format. I wish I could crib her style.

October 23. Driving toward Manhattan, I hear William Bolcom's new Piano Quartet on the WNCN broadcast of the **Chamber Music Society** at Tully Hall. Bolcom's two lives come together most agreeably in this piece: the solid mastery of a fairly abstruse harmonic style that started him out as one of our most important progressive composers, and the wit and elegance of his championing of ragtime and old popular songs (on his own, and as pianist for his wife, Joan Morris). Bolcom is also a wonderful ragtime composer himself, as his "Graceful Ghost" demonstrates. The new quartet is full of amalgamation and observation. In the midst of some intense counterpoint in the first movement, the cello takes up the bass line from Chopin's Barcarolle; later there is an endearing pseudo-rag section; finally, a boisterous apotheosis. This all could be smart-alecky but isn't. The piece remains suspended between two stools but never falls.

I arrive at Tully in time for the next concert that night, the last of three by the **St. Paul Chamber Orchestra** under Dennis Russell Davies. What a splendid ensemble this is: an airy, light sound with, for Mozart and early Schubert, a perfect blend whereby strings and winds become equals. Have I ever heard the Schubert Fifth made more lovable, or treated with such respect for its modest proportions? Heinz Holliger, soloist in Mozart's C major Oboe Concerto, is stupendous. Dwight Peltzer plays a new piano concerto by Alvin Brehm (whom I had just heard as bass player in the Chamber Music Society broadcast. It's an extended, well-constructed piece, much beholden to Bartók at the expense of any real profile of its own, somewhat academic in its when-all-else-fails-throw-in-a-fugue outlook (see also Mr. Tippett's symphony, below). Peltzer, whom I used to hear quite often in California, is an exceptional musician who ought to be better known; the Brehm piece doesn't really challenge what he can do.



October 25. From Peltzer to Zeltser, first name Mark, soloist with Leinsdorf and the **Philharmonic** in Prokofiev's Second Piano Concerto. He's the Russian-Jewish émigré whom I'd heard in a stunning, spur-of-the-moment recital in Spoleto last year, now making his American debut: a man with an awesomely able set of fingers, and obvious flair for big, romantic, sweeping pieces. The Prokofiev gets a stunning performance, outspoken but also eloquent. Michael Colgrass's *Déjà Vu,* for percussion and orchestra, also makes a hit, although I find it little more than empty, showoff stuff, like most of his other scores.

October 27. Berlioz's *Béatrice et Bénédict* in concert performance at Carnegie, with Ozawa and the **Boston Symphony.** A radiant, delectable score; why do we hear it so seldom? The concert format, for once, is well managed, with Shakespeare's words (from *Much Ado*) nicely delivered in English by a group of actors, and the music sung in French. Frederica von Stade is the Béatrice, and words of adequate praise do not come easily: a lesson in style, in honoring both the beauty and the meaning of words, in spinning out vocal lines until they float unencumbered. Stuart Burrows, the Bénédict, is also excellent, as is Gwendolyn Killebrew in the small role of Ursule. Ozawa apparently has a special affection for this piece, and the orchestra plays gorgeously for him.

Afterward I join friends for supper at the Russian Tea Room. Von Stade comes by with her husband, Peter Elkus. What did she think of that awful *Cenerentola* last summer in Paris? I discreetly ask. Discreetly, she makes a face. "We tried to burn it one night," volunteers Peter, "but the damn thing wouldn't catch."

October 28. Kenneth Schermerhorn and the **Milwaukee Symphony** at Carnegie, and the return, after many years, of the superb pianist Michel Block. He returns in two oddly chosen works, Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy* and Ravel's Left-Hand Piano Concerto, but serves ample notice that he is one of the huge pianistic talents: a brilliant technique and, especially in the Beethoven, a robust, original, musical imagination. Also on the program is Samuel Barber's *Prayers of Kierkegaard,* with Evelyn Lear and the Rutgers University Choir: a spacious, exalted score, now 23 years old, and clearly one of Barber's authentic masterworks. Schermerhorn's orchestra, however, is not quite first-class, and I am constantly annoyed by what looks (and sounds) like conducting by profile, rather than by an educated right hand.

October 31. A new **Rigoletto** at the Met, musically and dramatically triumphant, visually less so. John Dexter and James Levine are equally the

Illustrated by Cathy Hull

"... Tippett's new symphony is mere manipulation, lacking in creative heat ..."

vitalizing forces here; both—the one on the stage, the other on the podium—seem to know exactly how to make major statements out of the manipulation of movement. There is, in both men's work, an obvious obsession with turning a familiar masterpiece into something fresh and vivid. The way they both handle movement—soloists and crowds always doing something important and relevant, the musical lines surging ahead in the service of drama—makes this *Rigoletto* the very model of a contemporary way of honoring great works of the past. Given a cast of absolute top quality—Placido Domingo, obviously having a glorious year; Ileana Cotrubas, her radiant voice suffused with dramatic throb; Sherrill Milnes, stepping in at the last minute for Cornell MacNeil, splendidly forthright—this has to be one of the notable accomplishments of the Met's new artistic regime. The opera has, properly, been restored to its three-act format; save for one stanza of the Duke's second-act *cabaletta,* it is being performed without the usual disfiguring, unjustified cuts.

I am instinctively hostile to any new production that replaces one by Eugene Berman, although the former *Rigoletto* was not one of Berman's masterpieces at the Met (as were the short-lived *Otello* and the happily current *Don Giovanni*). Tanya Moiseiwitsch's new costumes are sumptuous, stylish, and nicely planned to go well together in large groupings. Her setting, however, is not so successful. There is a unit set, a rotating multileveled round tower (with a startling resemblance to Brueghel's Babel)—busy in detail, interesting to work on, but not in itself attractive. The flown side pieces, especially the balconies in Act II with their ugly painted-on drapes, clash badly with the central unit. The set is brilliantly used by Dexter and wonderfully lit by Gil Wechsler, but it casts its own unpleasant shadow.

November 4. Solti and the **Chicago Symphony,** at Carnegie, perform Michael Tippett's Fourth Symphony, composed for the orchestra and introduced a month ago. I wish I could partake in the current surge of affection for Tippett's output. Much of his music has been recorded; I find some elegance in *The Midsummer Marriage;* the early oratorio, *A Child of Our Time,* obviously a cry from a pacifist heart, could win anyone over with its mingling of passion and folkish simplicity; the Third Symphony, with its odd experiments with jazz and blues elements, is interestingly put together. But—*Child of Our Time* aside—I find Tippett's work mostly merely manipulative; the intricacy of his constructive process breeds no creative heat but exactly the opposite. Soon, I imagine, Tippett's scores will be closely studied in composition seminars; but, as with the drawings in Gray's *Anatomy* that I pored over in my premed days, there is a difference between good paper construction and human warmth.

So, also, this new symphony. It is a one-movement work lasting about 28 minutes, with several thematic blocks introduced in ensuing sections and meshed together in a peroration. (When all else fails, as I was saying, throw in a fugue.) But I find it impossible to listen to the work as the composer surely intended; instead, I keep jotting down all the composers who contributed: a Sibelius texture here, a passage out of *Le Sacre du Printemps* there, the oscillating chords from the last page of *Wozzeck* somewhere else. Serendipity in a composer's style is no sin, provided the composer overrides his material. Tippett does not. The work is gorgeously scored—although, here again, the frequently appearing wind machine forces you to listen only to the strangeness of its sound, not how it belongs in context—and its clear, dry-point writing is congenial to Solti and his marvelous orchestra. But to what avail? At the end comes the Bruckner Seventh, a piece with no value of its own, at least acceptable as a showcase for the Chicago's incredible brass.

November 8. Young Concert Artists at 92nd Street YM-YWHA with **Steven de Groote** demonstrating the judges' wisdom at the recent Van Cliburn Piano Competition. A spectacular talent, wise beyond his years (24), de Groote plays with a fine pliancy of phrase, and a superb range of lovely, unforced piano tone (even on a dull-sounding instrument). He is particularly fine at managing the quasi-mystical, meditative qualities in Chopin's curious *Polonaise-Fantaisie,* and makes the Brahms *Händel Variations* seem about half their actual length. As an encore he plays a Mozart andante with fine wit and affection. Bravo! ■

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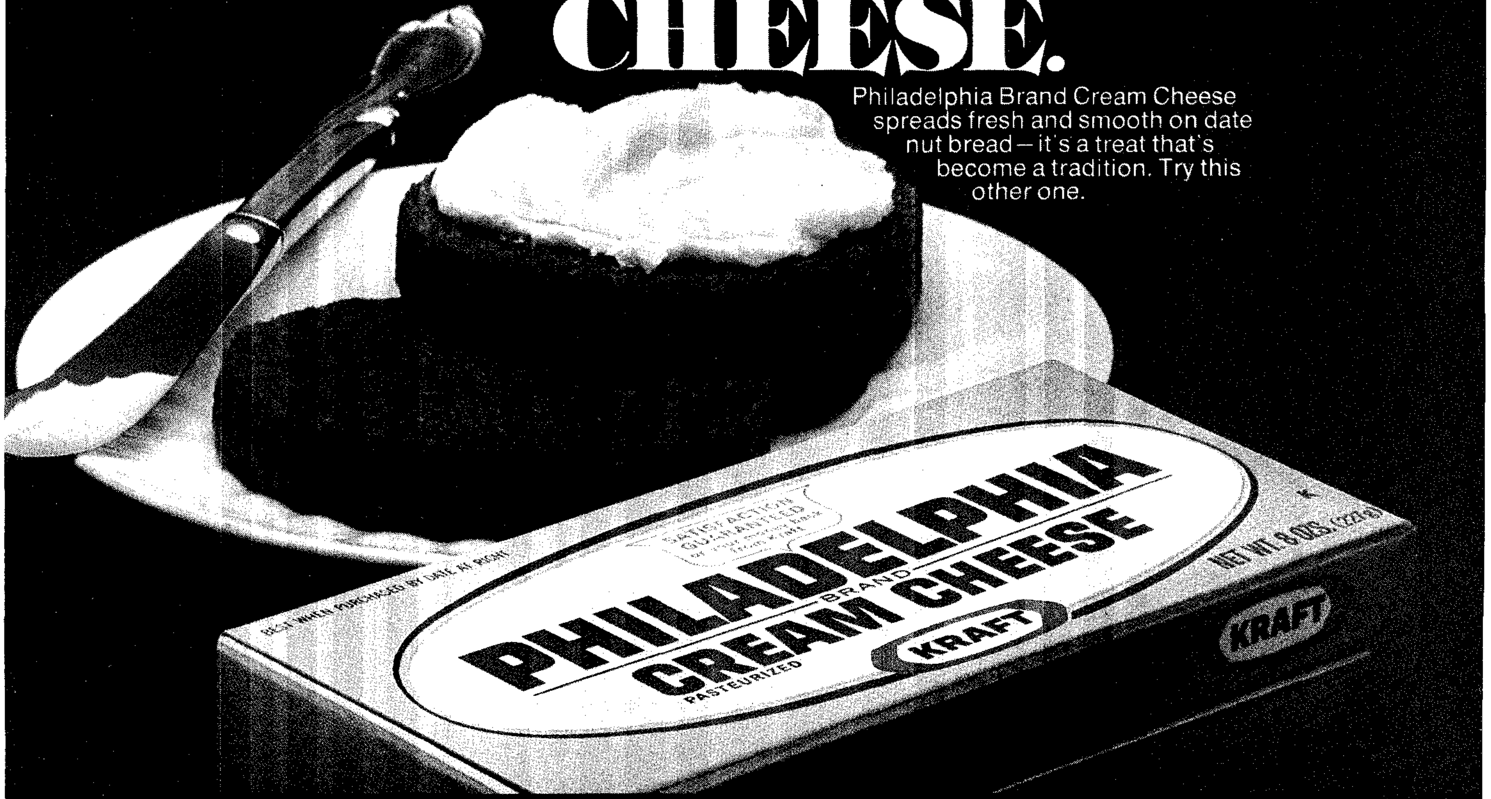
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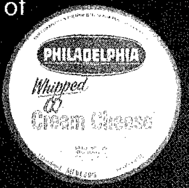
Combine softened cream cheese, sugar, juice and rind, mixing until well blended. Add eggs, one at a time, mixing well after each addition. Pour mixture into crust. Bake at 450°, 10 minutes. Reduce oven temperature to 300°; continue baking 30 minutes. Combine sour cream, sugar and vanilla. Carefully spread over cheesecake. Continue baking 10 minutes. Loosen cake from rim of pan. Chill. Before serving, top with pie filling.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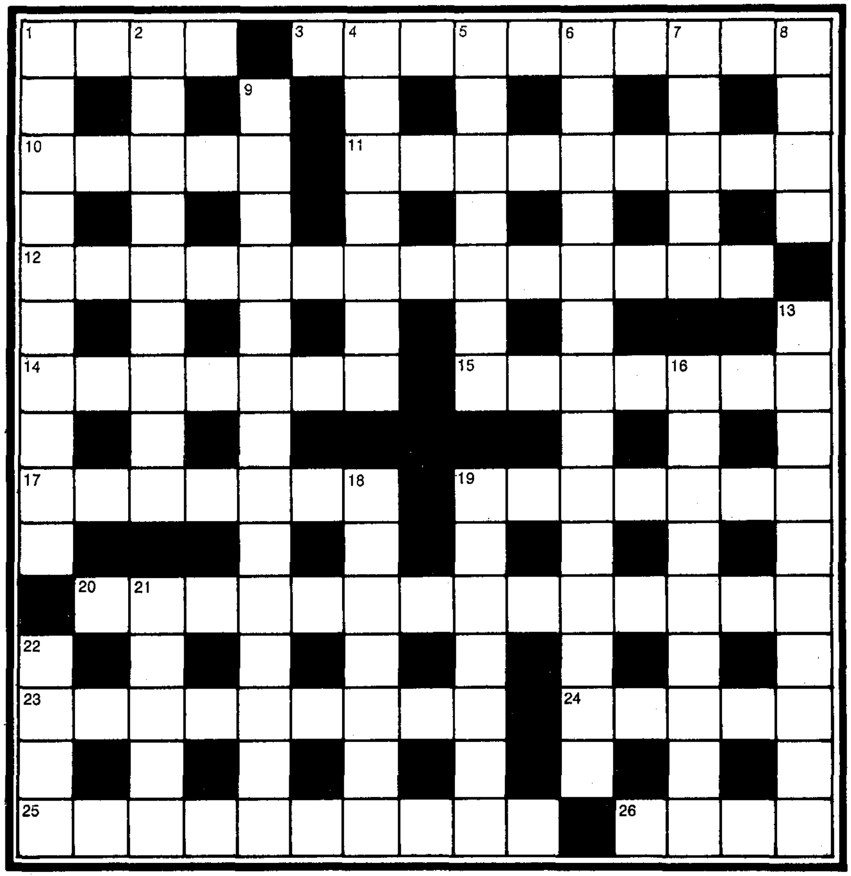
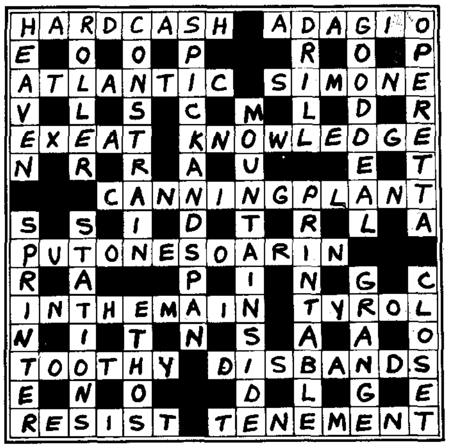
WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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Clues

ACROSS

1 Something to wear for shoots. (4)

3 The message about it being on colour is to be believed. (10)

10 Weapon used in clan ceremonial. (5)

11 Part of London in which I throw my weight about? (9)

12 Die in the Bible. (4, 2, 3, 5)

14 Outdoor address to writer before broadcasting. (4-3)

15 Unusual fans for colour. (7)

17 Finished without me being altered. (7)

19 Gilbertian means of crossing Salisbury Plain. (7)

20 The priest gives an indication of the main directions. (8, 6)

23 Writer about god with sign for a Roman name. (9)

24 Name for a part of the world where there is no morning. (5)

25 Material for fool as well as prophet. (10)

26 "That same eye whose——doth awe the world" (*J. Caesar*). (4)

DOWN

1 Horticulturist who might make rubber glow. (4-6)

2 She may give Eve double gin. (9)

4 I appear in the list as a reveller. (7)

5 Archaeological objects seldom found scattered round the north. (7)

6 Autumn double. (5, 2, 7)

7 Letters for a wild beast. (5)

8 "England expects" discovers her in retreat. (4)

9 Freely advised nuns on a tragic love story. (5, 3, 6)

13 Be expert in distributing dud tanners. (10)

16 Being profound possibly gives one credit. (9)

18 Powerful reverse for a lot of people in the police. (7)

19 What is left over for a bachelor to open up. (7)

21 Stone for an entrance. (5)

22 Imitates in the cheapest material. (4)

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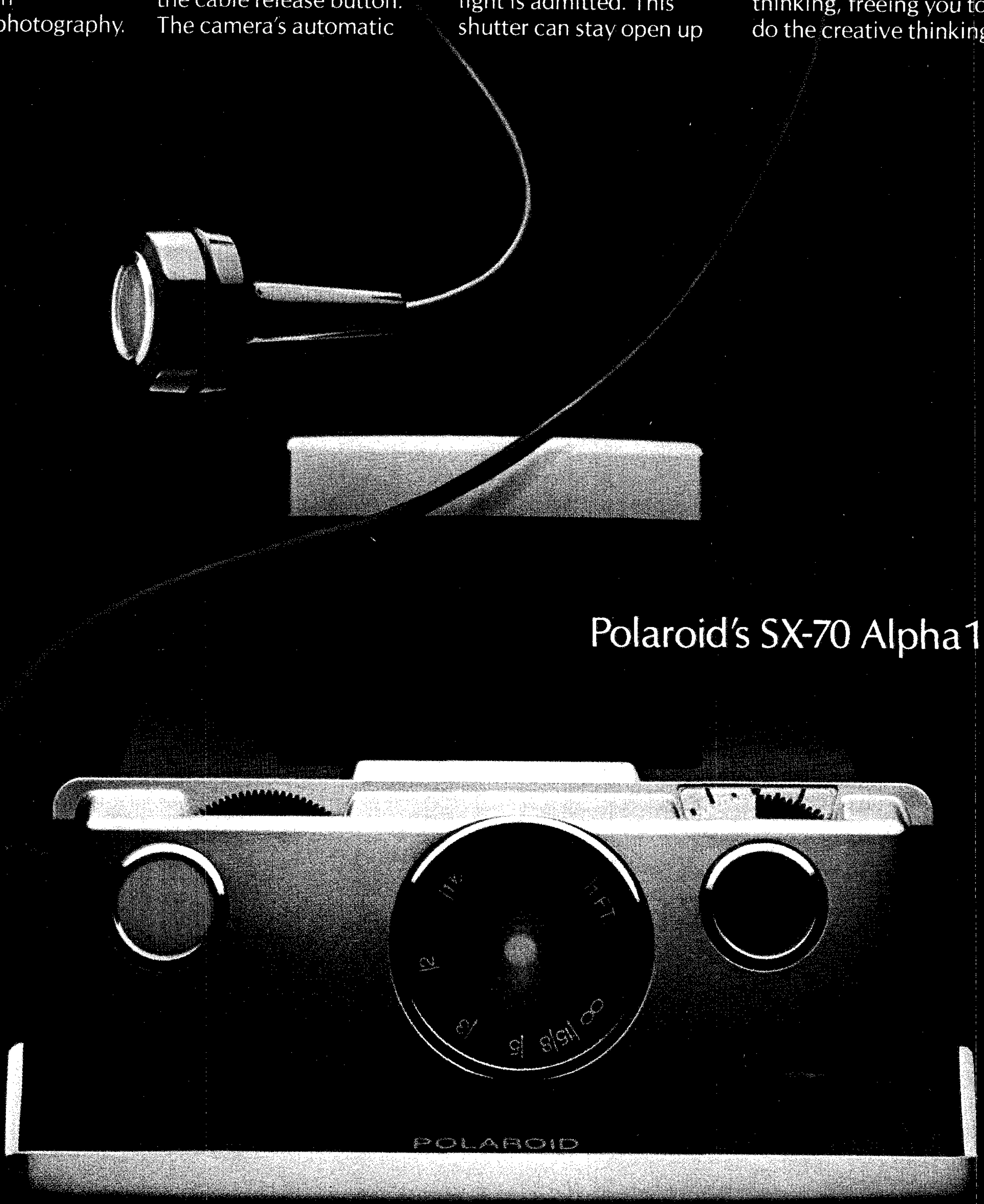

Polaroid's SX-70 Alpha 1

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Invitation to the Dansk—One of the leaders in Scandinavian designs for the home is having its three-day warehouse clearance of first-quality discontinued items and good seconds, all contemporary Danish designs and all priced to clear. Savings of 33–75 percent on items like: teakwood bar board, first quality, was $19.95, now $6; 2-qt. enameled casseroles, seconds, were $32.95, now $20; stainless-steel cutlery in a discontinued pattern, five-piece place setting was $21.95, now $7.50. Also candleholders and candles, stemware, carving boards, plastic accessories, and much more. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Dansk International Designs, Ltd. (warehouse), 275 Kisco Ave., Mt. Kisco, N.Y. (914 666-2121); by car: Saw Mill River Parkway to Kisco Ave. exit, left to first road on left; or take Interstate 684, turn left onto Rte. 172W, turn right at hospital on Main St., then thru Mt. Kisco to Kisco Ave., right to warehouse; Fri. 8 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 8:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; 11/25–27.*

Use your bean—Those new wonder-noshes, the Jelly Belly jelly beans, in green apple, root beer, watermelon, coconut, tangerine, peanut butter, coffee, baked apple, chocolate pudding, and very cherry, sold in gourmet shops at $2.50 a lb., and regularly sold here at $2.29 a lb., will be knocked down for one week only to $2.09 a lb. All dentists take note. *Balducci's, 424 Ave. of the Americas, at 10th St. (673-2600); Mon.–Sat. 7 a.m.–9 p.m., Sun. 7 a.m.–5 p.m.; thru 11/20.*

Joys of cooking—*Haute* kitchenware is on sale here for two weeks, and some of the items are: hardwood carving boards, well-and-tree, 17½ in. long, were $15, now $10.50; heavy Portuguese copper cookware, now 30 percent off (examples: 2½-qt. covered saucepan, was $42, now $29.40; 11-in. au gratin, was $35, now $24.50); China terra-cotta-colored earthenware teapots with built-in, removable strainers: four-cup, was $6.95, now $3.95; five-cup, was $7.95, now $4.95; French white porcelain 1-qt. soufflé dish, was $6.95, now $3.95; French tin-coated-steel fish poacher, heavyweight, in sizes from 16 in. (was $63, now $44.10) to 28 in. (was $105, now $74.85); plus pot racks in various sizes at 30 percent off, Sabatier knives, and other items. Checks accepted; no credit cards on sale items; exchanges made. *The Well Tempered Kitchen, 2080 Broadway, at 72nd St., second floor (595-8077); Mon.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–6:45 p.m., Sun. noon–5:45 p.m.; closed Thanksgiving Day; thru 11/28.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Plugging in—For Christmas buying, this Lower East Side shop is reducing the price on a number of electrical appliances, including: Kitchenaid K45 with dough hook, list $169.95, here $119.95; name-brand vegetable juicer with automatic pulp ejector, five-year guarantee, list $89.95, now $61.95; Black Angus self-cleaning rotisserie broiler, list $121.95, here $61.95; Corning Corelle twenty-piece table service for four, list $34.95, here $21.95; Corning six-cup teapot, list $9.95, here $5.95; Salton ice cream maker, list $24.95, here $14.95; overseas voltage converter, list $12.95, here $7.95; 1,300-watt dual-voltage hair dryer, list $19.95, here $12.95; Remington men's shaver, list $24.95, here $19.95; suction-held knife sharpener, $3.95; Magna Wonder Knife, nonelectric Swiss slicer, usually $14.95, now $10.95. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges made. *Dembitzer Brothers, 5 Essex St., at Canal St. (254-1310); Mon.–Thurs. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.–2 p.m., Sun. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Shady dealings—This Upper West Side store specializes in roll-up and other blinds, shades, etc., including guaranteed cord-locking devices, decorative valances, accessories for hanging, and sturdy weaving, at very competitive prices. Although they stock a vast range of sizes (up to 120-in. width for immediate pickup), they will also custom cut to specifications on the spot. They have tortoiseshell bamboo shades (example: 36 in. by 72 in., $13.99); tortoise-and-black-matchstick bamboo shades (example: 72 in. by 72 in., $38); matchstick bamboo shades (example: 24 in. by 72 in., $7.99); wooden Roman shades in walnut and natural colors (example: 60 in. by 72 in., $34.99). White lacquer available too. American Express, Master Charge, Visa accepted; no checks; exchanges possible. *New Frontier Trading Corp., 2394 Broadway, between 87th and 88th sts. (799-9338); seven days a week 10 a.m.–7:30 p.m.*

African arts—For just two days, African sculpture and handicrafts from Upper Volta, Mali, Kenya, Ghana, Ivory Coast, Ethiopia, etc., will be discounted 40–70 percent, below wholesale in many cases, and there will be hundreds of items from which to choose at this gallery. A few examples: Bali elephant mask from Cameroon, was $90, now $35; Ashanti glass beads, were $7, now $3.50; ostrich-egg-shell necklace, was $22, now $10; Bamun chieftain's neck ring from Cameroon, was $90, now $35; Ivory Coast Senufo initiation mask, was $50, now $25; ten strands of myrrh, were $8, now $4. Many one-of-a-kind sculptures at half price, also woven wall hangings, metalwork, calabashes, saddlebags to wear as purses, rugs, baskets, leather goods, etc., all handmade and all priced very low. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Tribal Arts Gallery, downtown branch only, 84 East 10th St. (982-4556); Fri. and Sat. 11 a.m.–6 p.m.; 11/18, 19 only.*

Prime coats—This is a good place to find men's name-brand clothing at any time, with labels removed, but a special two-week sale thru the end of November reduces prices farther. Coats and suits from famous makers are priced thus: all-wool, all-cashmere, or all-camel's-hair coats, elsewhere $220–$300, usually $125–$145 here, now $110–$125; suits with natural or padded shoulders, wools and blends, elsewhere $185–$300, usually $85–$145 here, now reduced an additional 10 percent. Slight irregularities will be pointed out; no alterations on sale merchandise. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *L.S. Men's Clothing, 580 Fifth Ave., at 47th St., Suite 510 (575-0933); Mon. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Tues.–Thurs. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Fri. 10 a.m.–4 p.m., Sun. (by appt.) 11 a.m.–4 p.m.; thru 11/30.*

Stocking up—A sale on stock commission from now thru the end of December is a "tax-switching special." R. F. Lafferty & Co., with a seat on the American Exchange, will charge a commission of 10 cents a share or less, minimum charge of $50 per transaction, on all types of accounts—cash, margin, option, etc.—on all major listed exchanges, CBOE, OTC, and the Third Market. *Call Marvin Greenberg, R. F. Lafferty & Co., 50 Broad St. (269-6636).* ▬

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 302

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

1. The day that the world ended, two women were having lunch at the Plaza, and one of them was late. . . .

2. A nearsighted professor lived on a desert island with his pet and the complete Modern Library. . . .

3. A rabbit walked into a men's clothing store, and the clerk said, "May I help you, sir?"

Above, get thee to a punch line, or three jokes heading nowhere. Competitors are invited to select one of these and complete the joke, employing no more than 100 words (including supplied intro). Cleanliness and/or cleverness recommended.

Results of Competition 299, in which you were to reply to the following "Author's Query" (*New York Times Book Review,* September 25, 1977): "I am working on a book on Robots—in art, films, history, literature, and in connection with technology, artificial intelligence, teaching, and ethics. I would be most grateful to hear from anyone who has been involved with robots in any way." Jasia Reichardt, London.

Report: First, apologies to Jasia Reichardt. And thanks to students at Pearl River, New York, High School for funny and articulate entries. And so to bed. *Does not compute.* Oh, wait. The repeats: Entries written on actual computers, or in computerese. Robot talk, as in Gekto nodar fropwix. Entries from Hal, itself. And R2-D2. *Many* entries beginning "I have been married to a robot for sixteen years . . ." Entries from government employment agencies. Lawrence Welk. Muzak. Yul Brynner. (I've never seen them together.) And the "Emily Latella" entry—talking of robots versus sailbots, Robot Goulet, Peter Robot, and Jason Robots Jr. (you remember him). Entries from sci-fi buffs, as in "I Was Held Prisoner on a Spaceship by Three Robots From Another Planet." Reading these, I don't know. Being nuts isn't all its cracked up to be.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Dear J.R.: Let me call your attention to these little-known automata: 1. Robot of Robot's Rules of Order. 2. Rob Ott, Mel's brother, the first switch-hitter to do so simultaneously. 3. R. O. Bot of the Bot fly family, who, with between 1 and 5 million brothers, destroyed the cattle population of Botswana. 4. Alpha and Rho Bots, whose lettering system and dry-goods store changed Greece. And 5. Noifsandor Bots, founder of the minimalist school of grammatical construction.

Paul Zachos, Valatie, N.Y.

Dear Jasia: My, what a cute name. My name is Farrah. And guess what? I just happen to be married to . . .

Lucille Pucciarelli, Newark, N.J.
sp. mention: Lelia Vincent, Johnston, R.I.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Dear Ms. Reichardt: For your book on robots, you may be interested in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation of the Herb Jaffe production of *Demon Seed* in Panavision and Metrocolor, starring Julie Christie, also starring Fritz Weaver, with Gerrit Graham; screenplay by Robert Jaffe and Roger O. Hirson, from the novel by Dean R. Koontz, with music by Jerry Fielding. Yours sincerely, Flack and Flack.

L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.
sp. mention:
Helen Zimmerman, Freehold, N.J.

Jasia: Oh, God—what now? Robots? Are you still painting? I had your poem framed! Did you know Alice died? Not suicide, of course, as we thought it should be, but, officially, food poisoning. Terrible! I'm comingxx over next June—will you have time (and room???)? Tipi still waits for you to come home, poor thing. Do you xxneed a proofreader (or a bad typist)? Don't write—call call *call*—I'm *always* home. XXX's. Dorothea.

Eric W. Kritz, San Francisco, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

Dear J.R.: For robots in literature, may we direct your attention to two new book titles: *Oliver's Story* and *Dreams Die First?*

Gene Jacobs, Houston, Tex.

Dear Jasia: I'm the funniest computer in the MIT billing department. I've aspirations (unaspirated lives aren't worth living) to be a lie-down comic. Consider *this* (it's a nice word but I wouldn't want to define it): What do you get when you cross a hybrid-microelectronics hardware designer with a terminal software engineer? "Unnatures" spelled backward, or a wrench that melts in your mouth, not in your hand. Now take my program, please.

Robert M. Hunt, Cambridge, Mass.

"BIBLICAL ROBOTS" or "AMTRAK OF THE GODS." While various tribes were busy begetting in order to populate the world's first serious game . . . robots infiltrated society and were chronicled as the genesis of both judges and kings. They were forced to make an exodus from their planet, Leviticus, in great numbers. As members of a fraternal order, they roamed biblical lands disguised as purveyors of psalms (although they had no agent).

Meredith Rile, NYC

I live next to a family of Robots. The father. Oral Robots, repairs hopelessly broken appliances by the laying on of clamps. His son, Robin, was a well-known batting practice machine for the Philadelphia Phillies.

Don Lessem, Cambridge, Mass.

. . . then he said, "Listen, at these prices you won't see many more of us."

similarly: Joan Fisk Gorman, Potomac, Md.
Gregory Horowitz, NYC

Robots! You want robots? You should have been sitting in my courtroom for the last . . . John Sirica.

Mary L. Gillenson, White Plains, N.Y.

Keep up the good work. All info possible is needed now to stop the menace of robots. I am visiting your time period from the twenty-fifth century. Our contact on Earth is Felix Rohatyn.

Jack Ryan, NYC

Dear Ms. Reichardt: God bless you. Perhaps robots may now take their rightful place in society without having to pretend they are anything other than robots. Gratefully, Kathryn Murray.

L. Gallego, Long Island City, N.Y.

Come off it, Jasia. You know I was romantically involved with that robot mate of yours. I'd heard he'd come back to you and you're welcome to him. . . . I've also been told that you're saying I broke his heart. May I point out that this is just an expression. . . .

Norton Bramesco, NYC

Would my experience as an extra in the film *Gadget Goes to Far Rockaway* be of interest to you? (High point: heroine's well-tempered rendition of "Bessemer Mucho"). I also appeared in the undistributed *The Robot Rabbi,* shelved when it was discovered the title character was inadvertently fashioned of pig iron.

Neil Levine, Merion, Pa.

My Dear Ms. Reichardt: Before you become more deeply involved in your book, let me direct your attention to a manuscript published in February, 1977, entitled *The Book of Robots and Their Relationship to Art, Films, History, Literature, Technology, Artificial Intelligence, Teaching, and Ethics.* The author is Eric Rossum. Have a good day. Sincerely, Eric Rossum.

Judith Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.
similarly: Gene Schinto, Greenwich, Conn.
David N. Brown, Trenton, N.J.

I am working on a book on Reichardts, in Art, Films, History, Literature . . . Robbie, MIT, Cambridge, Mass.

Stuart Knobel, Anderson, S.C.
sp. mention: Paul Weiss, Washington, D.C.

I am working on a book on the derivation of unusual names. Using the enclosed stamped envelope, could you provide me with the origin of the name Jasia?

Robin E. Olesen, Westport, Conn.

Repeat. JASIA. You are not programmed to write a book. RETURN TO BASE. Throk.

Terry Martinelli, Yonkers, N.Y.
sp. mention:
Msgr. A. V. McLees, St. Albans, N.Y.

For years I have used a robot which very closely resembles me to make personal appearances in my place. Although the robot is, on the whole, very satisfactory, none of my engineers has been able to solve its major problem of stumbling over small objects. Sincerely, Geral Ford.

Music Faculty Conference Room,
Fresno State University, Fresno, Calif.

Perhaps the name Jack Haley *Sr.* means little to you, but I once appeared . . .

Wally Olesen, Westport, Conn.

There was a robot in my class at Bronx High School of Science and we were crazy about each other. We were going steady until my parents found out it wasn't Jewish . . .

Judith R. Goldsmith, Woodmere, N.Y.

I am Tobor. I can type fifteen words. I can play tic-tac-toe. I can speak. I am Tobor. Ican type fifteenwords. I can play tict-actoe. Ica nspeak. I am Tobor. I can type fifteen words. Ican play tic-tac-toe. I can speak. I am Tobor. I can type fifteen words. I can play tic-tac-toe. I can speak.

Jane M. Ash, NYC
sp. mention: Lee Bailey, NYC
Evelyn Levine, Merion, Pa.

To Jasia Reichardt: Regarding your enquiry, call (212) LK 5-1984. If a robot answers, hang up. Karel Capek.

Joel Schechter, Brooklyn
sp. mention:
Ross Allen, Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Mr. ROBOTS: Did you know that the ROBOTS family name is mentioned in early medieval records? That there were ROBOTS present at many of the great events of history? At the Midwest's largest genealogical research firm, we are able to provide you, complete with crest suitable for framing . . .

Fred Raymond, Dunedin, Fla.
sp. mention:
Shelley Hanson-Little, Fresno, Calif.
Robert Gerster, Fresno, Calif.

Presently we have nothing in our library involving robots. However, we are prepared, for a fee, to satisfy any erotic needs either in 8- or 16-mm, black-and-white or color, sent to you in a plain brown wrapper . . .

Jonathan Abrams, Brooklyn
sp. mention: Amy Schreiber, Brooklyn

I can present definitive proof that robots built the Egyptian pyramids.

Andrew Mezzetti, Flushing Meadows, N.Y.

A recent expedition to the Black Forest discovered four Phillips-head screws and a sheet of titanium that appear to be one thousand years old. Nearby, drawings of a flying ship and references to der Nutzerboltzen (the stiff-legged metallic one) were found. Was this not an extraterrestrial visitor and the origin of the otherwise inexplicable Tin Woodman legend? For details see my *Medieval Robot: the Schwarz Wald Visitor from Outer Space.*

Edwin Schallert, Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Reichardt: I used to go with a girl whose uncle hired a guy who once dated an actress on *Lost In Space.*

Pam Like, Vincennes, Ind.

My robot doesn't need a castle rising in Spain, or controls like the kind that you find on a train. His feet can step and walk, his lips can move and talk, and then his heart stands still. In his mountain greenery, technicians fix his machinery. His figure's less than Greek, his oil's a little weak. So my robot left me and married an angel. He thought that the change would be very good for me.

Joan Falper, NYC

I have several robots who are able to get honorable mention in the *New York* Competition (but no prizes). Pericles Crystal.

Maria Conti, Warwick, R.I.

Att. J. Reichardt: Robot that writes weekly *N.Y.* Comp. entries for Crystals, Laiken, Paul, Ryan, and other constant winners seeks additional clients and would appreciate a plug in your forthcoming book. Hon. Mention, at least, guaranteed. Write: ROBOT, P.O. Box Y1998, Radio City Station, NYC. *Postcards,* PLEASE.

Albert G. Miller, NYC

I am involved in a love-hate relationship with a robot named Albert G. Miller, who has an unusual talent.

Viktor Blume, Sayville, N.Y.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 302, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by November 25. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York.* First-prize winners will receive a two-year subscription to *New York,* and runners-up will receive a one-year subscription. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of December 19. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards, please.**

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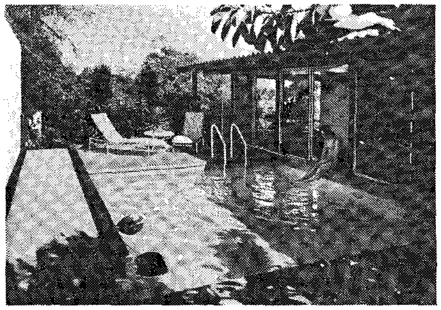

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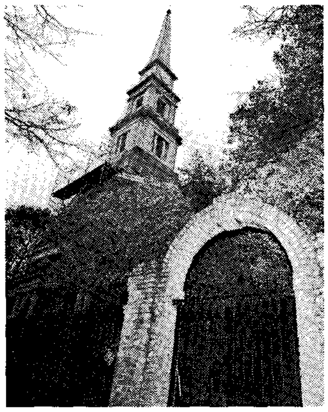
New York Page of Lists/Stephanie Bernardo

NEW YORK'S HAUNTED HOUSES

"...One night a man dressed in evening clothes appeared at the door of 12 Gay Street, then promptly vanished into thin air..."

Although England has more reputed ghosts per square mile than any other country, New York has its share of famous and not-so-famous spirits that haunt a handful of houses scattered throughout the city.

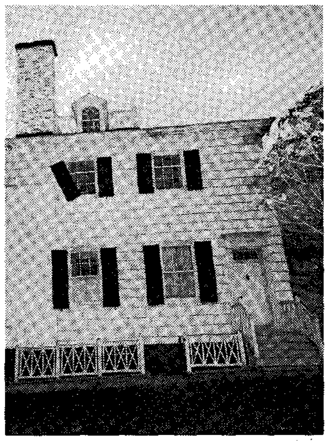


St. Mark's in-the-Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

Ghosts have been seen in this 1799 church on several occasions: a woman who appears in the center aisle of the nave and at the rear of the church, and another spirit in the balcony. Sounds, somewhat like the rapping of a cane, have also been heard, and many people believe this is the spirit of Peter Stuyvesant—old "Peg Leg" Pete himself—whose body lies buried in the family crypt at St. Mark's.

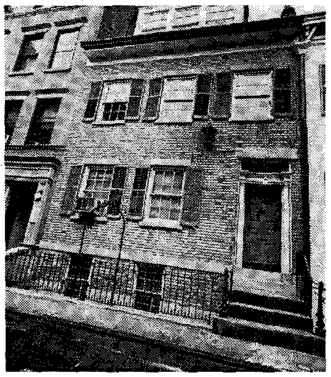
226 Fifth Avenue

Hans Holzer, New York's most famous ghost hunter, spent five months investigating the hauntings that occurred on the top floor of this building. The ghost of a Confederate soldier, General Samuel Edward McGowan, once haunted the top-floor apartment until Holzer established communication with his spirit. Once the spirit had divulged the details of McGowan's murder (which had been made to appear a suicide) he was freed from his emotional entanglement with the building and was able to leave New York.



The Morris-Jumel Mansion
Edgecombe Avenue and 160th Street

Built in 1765 for Roger Morris, this mansion served as General Washington's headquarters during the Battle of Harlem Heights in 1776. It was purchased in 1810 by Stephen Jumel, a French merchant, and restored to its original beauty by Jumel and his wife, Eliza. Currently, the mansion is maintained as a museum by the Washington Headquarters Association, and on several occasions visitors have seen resident spirits: In January, 1964, a group of schoolchildren saw the ghost of Mme. Jumel standing on the second-floor balcony; and on another occasion a teacher and group of children reported seeing the ghost of a soldier who had died there.



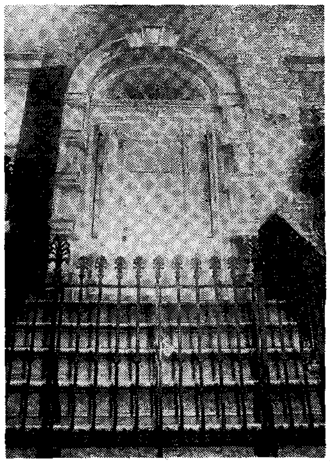
12 Gay Street

This home was once owned by Mayor Jimmy Walker, and more recently it has been host to numerous unseen entities walking up and down the stairs at night. There has only been one ghostly appearance: One night a man dressed in evening clothes appeared at the front door and promptly vanished into thin air before the watcher's astonished eyes.

428 West 44th Street

This townhouse (on the right) was once owned by actress June Havoc. While Miss Havoc lived here, she heard tapping noises at various times of the day and night.

Two séances were conducted here by Holzer and the famed medium Sybil Leek, and two spirits were contacted. One was the spirit of a young woman named Lucy Ryan, who lived in New York around 1790. She was eventually released from the house, but the other spirit proved more stubborn. Alfred, as he called himself, continued to produce noisy phenomena for some time after the investigation was completed.

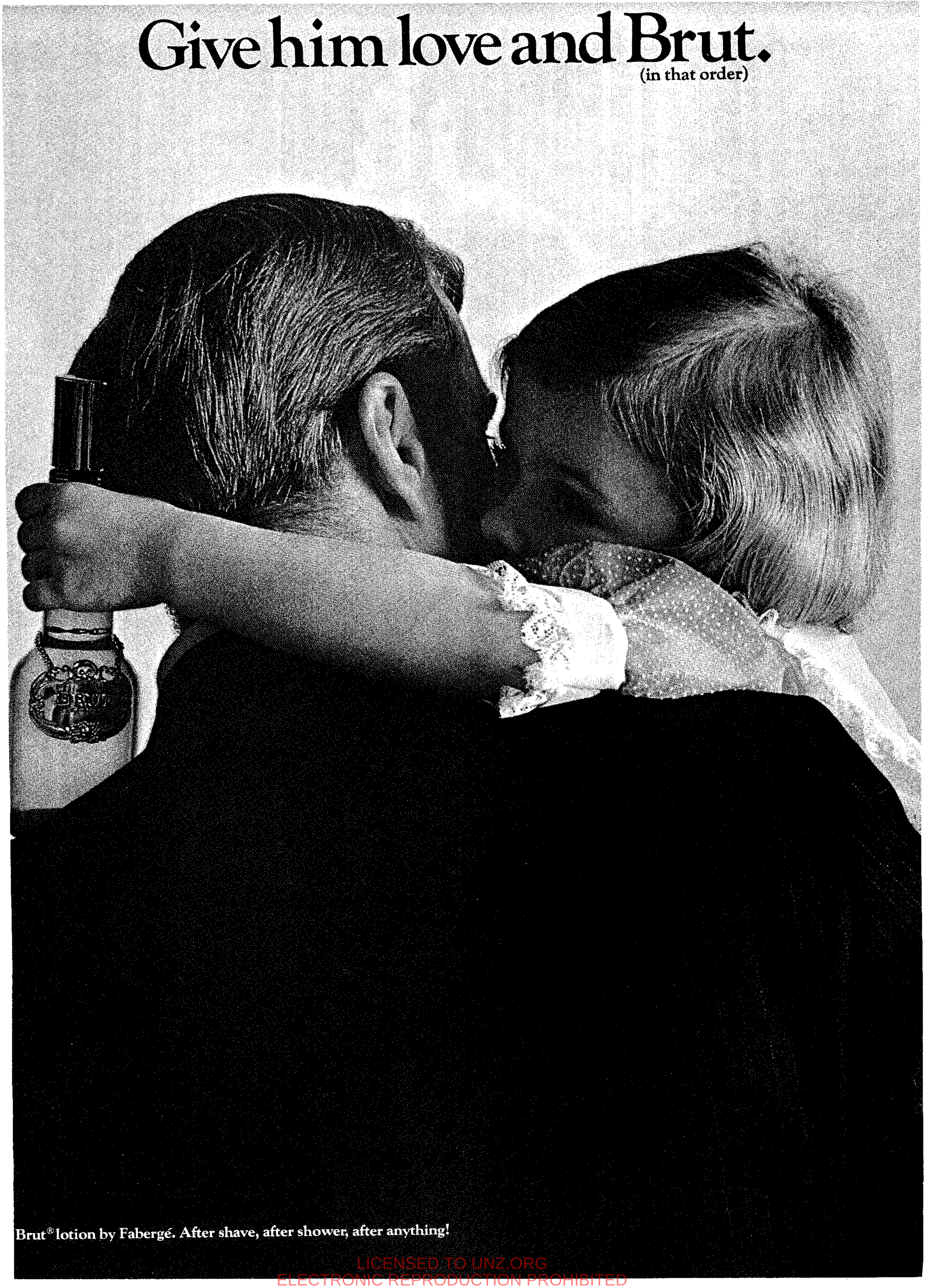


Old Merchant's House
29 East 4th Street

Once the home of Seabury Tredwell, a wealthy New York merchant, this house is reputedly haunted by a small, elegantly attired woman in nineteenth-century dress believed to be Tredwell's daughter Gertrude. Although the details are not known, it is rumored that Gertrude died tragically here after the birth of an unwanted baby and the disapproval of her family.

Several witnesses have reported manifestations, and there is a strange white area around a third-floor fireplace which appeared in photographs taken by Holzer. No attempt has been made to exorcise the spirit. ■

Photographed by Benno Friedman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